

10662 df 41

+

Book sold by W. Reeves, at Fleet Street

W. B. This book not only gives a particular Description of most of the Countries mentioned in the sacred Scriptures, and therefore highly necessary to be perused by all, but also of many other Places that are very little known by the People in Europe. It likewise gives a

of the History of the Progression of the Human Race. In short, this is the cheapest book of the kind ever printed, as it affords the Reader both Entertainment and Instruction, and is a very proper Exercise for the young mind. It is also a valuable Addition to the Library of every Family, which will ever be regarded by the World in general, and enable them to speak with propriety of Men and Things, at present but too little known among us.

MEMOIRS

O F

Madame DE STAHL.

[Price bound Three Shillings and Six-pence.]

M E M O I R S

Mohammed DE STAHL

IN TWO PARTS

CONTENTS
A particular Account of the Life and Works of
Mohammed de Stahl, a Frenchman who lived
in Persia, and who was employed by the
Court of the King of Persia, in the
management of the affairs of the
Treasury, and the supply of the
army, and the other important
business of the State, from the year
1722 to 1762. By the late
Mohammed de Stahl, Esq. And a
Persian, who lived in Persia
from the year 1722 to 1762.
Translated from the Persian
by the late Mohammed de Stahl, Esq.
and a Persian, who lived in Persia
from the year 1722 to 1762.
In a Persian Manuscript.



A Series of Letters
to the Hon. the Secretary of State
for the Affairs of India, and of Persia,
from the late Mohammed de Stahl, Esq.
and a Persian, who lived in Persia
from the year 1722 to 1762.
Translated from the Persian
by the late Mohammed de Stahl, Esq.
and a Persian, who lived in Persia
from the year 1722 to 1762.
Historical and Biographical Memoirs of the
late Mohammed de Stahl, Esq.
and a Persian, who lived in Persia
from the year 1722 to 1762.
Printed and sold by W. Baskett, in Pall Mall.
M DCC LIX.

M E M O I R S

O F

Madame DE STAHL.

In TWO PARTS.

CONTAINING,

A particular Account of the Plot, for which the *Spanish* Embassador, great Numbers of the *French* Nobility, and *Madame De Stahl*, were committed Prisoners to the *Bastile*, and to several other Prisons and Castles in that Kingdom. Her Conduct under Confinement; and the Integrity she preserv'd, notwithstanding the Artifices that were made use of to induce her to a Discovery. With the Intrigues of several Persons of High Rank, from some of which she had a narrow Escape: And a Relation of some State Transactions, which throw new Lights on the *French* History. Likewise some Account of the Conventual Life, this Lady having been brought up from her Infancy in a Nunnery in *Normandy*.

THE WHOLE BEING

A Series of very extraordinary and interesting Events;

And is interspers'd

With Characters and Anecdotes of several of the *French* Nobility, and of Persons either belov'd or detested for their Virtues or Vices.

Written by HERSELF, *in Her last Illness.*

Translated from the *FRENCH*.

To which are added,

Historical and Biographical Notes, by the Translator.

Le Vrai seul doit plaire; le Vrai seul est aimable. BOIL.

L O N D O N:

Printed and sold by *W. Reeve*, in *Fleet-Street*.

M.DCC.LIX.

M E M O I R S

OF

MADAME DE STAHL.

IN TWO PARTS.

CONTAINING

particular Account of the Plot, for which the
said Madam de Stahl was committed Pri-
soner to the Bastille, and to several other Prisons and
Galleys in this Kingdom. Her Conduct under Con-
finement; and the Integrity the pretence, to which
she was the Author that were made use of to induce
her to a Discovery. With the Language of several
Persons of High Rank, from some of which she had
a narrow Escape: And a Relation of some strange
Transactions, which throw new Lights on the French
History. Likewise some Account of the Conventional
Language, this Lady having been brought up from her
Infancy in a Monastery in Germany.

THE SECOND PART.

A Series of very extraordinary and interesting Events;

And the

With Characters and Anecdotes of several of the French
Nobility, and of Persons either beloved or detested for
their Virtues or Vices.

Written by HERSIELE, in her last Years.

Translated from the FRENCH.

To which are added,

Historical and Biographical Notes, by the Translator.

Is here sent out plain; is not sent out in a double. Bore.

L O N D O N: Printed by

Printed and sold by W. Rees, in Fleet-Street.

M.DCC.LIX.

~~Purpose of every other~~
~~Advantage~~
gent, and Miss De Lancy's Beha-
vour, before the Recommendation
of Truth, being such, that the Police
of the Politician, the Letter of
the Scholar, and even the Philo-
sopher and the Christian, will meet

TO THE
READER.

THE advantageous Mention
made of this PIECE in all
the FOREIGN REVIEWS, in-
duced me to look into it; and, to
use the Style of my Superiors, the
Censors of Books, "After a care-
ful Perusal I have found nothing
in it contrary to good Manners,
or which should hinder a Transla-
tion of it." I am even so san-
guine as to think, it bids as fair
to answer the worthy Bookseller's
Purpose

viii To the READER.

*Purpose as many other Memoirs or
Adventures. The several Inci-
dents, and Miss De Launay's Beha-
viour, besides the Recommendation
of Truth, being such, that the Polite
and the Politician, the Lover and
the Scholar, and even the Philoso-
pher and the Christian, will meet
with Entertainment in it.*

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS

O F

Madame DE STAHL.

AS it is not in my Power to increase the Revenues of Foundations for the Health and Relief of the Body, or of the Retreats of Devotion; that I might not depart without some Token of my Regard for Society, I have drawn up these Memoirs, wishing that, according to the natural Tendency of them, they may promote the Tranquillity and moral Improvement of my Readers.

My Fate has been the reverse of what is seen in Romances; where the Heroine, from a Cottage rises to a Throne. In my Childhood, I was treated like a Person of Distinction; but afterwards I came to know all my Meanness, and that there was nothing in the World I could call mine. My Mind failing at first to take the Turn natural to Calamity, has ever been struggling against the Subjection which afterwards became my Lot; and hence proceeded the Wretchedness of my Life.

My Father, on some Account industriously concealed from me, was obliged to remove into *Eng-*
land;

B

land; my Mother, then young and beautiful, remaining in *France*. Some Directors however raising Scruples in her about being apart from her Husband, she went after him; but the Climate disagreeing with her, she returned to *Paris*, where soon after I first saw the Light. The want of a Subsistence reduced her to look out for a Retreat, which she obtained in the Abbey of St. *Sauveur*. Madame *De la Rochefoucault*, the Abbess, by the Interest of some Friends, generously admitted her without any Expence; and, when I was to be taken from Nurse, even allowed my Mother to bring me into the Convent.

A LITTLE before, *Lewis XIV.* had assumed to himself the Nomination to all the *Urbanist* * Abbeys; but this being opposed by the Pope, most of the Nuns who had been nominated to these Abbeys, and had gone to take Possession, instead of returning to their House, chose rather to betake themselves to other Convents, and there wait the Issue of the Contest.

THE two Mesdames *De Grieu*, who were among the Candidates, had retired to St. *Sauveur*, and took a particular Liking to my Mother; that, when she returned with me, I became their Idol. Being in a strange House, where they had no Employments, they fell into that Lassitude which fastens on the first Object of Amusement; and they loved me with that Vehemence, which Leisure and Solitude communicate to Sentiments of all Kinds.

THOUGH

* Nuns of the Order of St. *Clara*; so called from Pope *Urban*, who drew up Rules and a Discipline for them.

THOUGH only in my third Year, some Things came from me, which, on Account of my Age, were cried up as Witticisms; and the Favour of the Abbess I gained by an Incident, perhaps beneath relating. She was Sister to the witty Duke *De Rochefoucault*, and had herself a great Share of that Talent; but Wit is no Preservative against Whims, or rather exposes them the more. Her Apartment was the Infirmary of ailing Dogs. Here lay the Lamé and the Incureable. Some rolled about in a Fit of the Falling-Sickness, and others were all over mangey. None of any Beauty were admitted as Patients, the Lady well knowing that there would be Doors enough open for their Relief. Mesdames *De Grieu* frequently took me with them, in their Visits to her; and one Day, just as they were sitting down to Supper, I happened to tread on the Foot of one of the poor Creatures, that it set up a terrible Yelling. The Abbess reddened with Anger, that a kind Person, next to whom I was placed, whispered to me, to ask Pardon. Not comprehending that she was the Party offended, I got down from my Chair, and went and kneeled before the Dog which I had hurt, and, it seems, made my Excuse very movingly. This took Effect, and placed me in her Favour. The Marchioness *De Silleri*, her Sister, and Mesdames *De Saint Poin* and *De Bois Feurier*, her Nieces, used to divert themselves, in chatting with me. Indeed my Understanding was clearer than is usual at such an Age. This may be said without any Vanity; as Children, from being accounted Prodigies of Wit, are known to degenerate into a monstrous Stupidity.

THESE happy Qualities were cultivated by all the Instructions my Age was capable of. My Company

were grown-up Persons, and this helps to give a rational Turn to the Mind. They also knew enough to answer all I could ask. The Satisfaction of one Curiosity started another; that I was perpetually asking Questions, and always had my Answer. Instead of being lulled asleep with Tales, my Head was furnished with the Elements of Sacred and Prophane History; and so well arranged, that I, at Times, quoted them very pertinently. Such Aptitude increased the Fondness of these Ladies who interfered in my Education, that they prevailed on my Mother entirely to give me up to them.

THE Dutcheß of *Ventadour* having made my Mother an Offer of being Governess to her only Daughter, she accepted of it, and the Conditions were both honourable and advantageous. But this Kind of Life, and especially the Inclinations of her Pupil, being incompatible with her rigid Devotion, she left the Place without staying for Mademoiselle *De Ventadour's* Marriage, which was soon after concluded with the Prince *De Turenne*.

AFTER a Year's Absence my Mother joyfully returned to the Convent, where the Ladies she had left me with would not deliver me up to her. They looked upon me as their Child, and my Education was their chief Employment.

THEIR strong Affection begat in them a Desire of a Station which would enable them to do me more Good, that they made Interest for an Abbey. It was talked of a long Time before it succeeded, and I foretold that it would not be 'till I had reached my eighth Year. Fools and Children are known sometimes to prophesy, by speaking at Random. Nothing occasions a greater Stir in a Convent, than the Promotion

tion of a Nun to an Abbess. Every Step towards this Object is carefully watched; and as Mesdames *De Grian* were suspected to look that Way, I was questioned as one who, to be sure, was the Depositary of their Secrets. My Answers were all frivolous. I talked of my Doll and Baby-House, 'till it was concluded that I was still too much a Child to be intrusted with any Thing; and thus I kept the Secret, without any Breach of Truth. Lying was what I had not learned; for, as to own any Fault always insured my Pardon, I was never put to contrive Evasions. It is by Strictness and Severity that most Children are made deceitful and Lyars.

THE eldest Sister was at last appointed for the Priory of *St. Lewis* at *Rouen*. She soon sat out, in Company with her Sister; and my Mother, having enough to do with herself, readily consented to her taking me with her. The Ladies stopped at a pretty Seat of their Brother's on the Road. I was overjoy'd to see new Objects; and still more, when we arrived at *St. Lewis*. Soon after my Mother, in one of her affectionate Letters, informed me of my Father's Death. I had never seen him, nor do I know whether it ever came into my Head that I had a Father; yet I bestowed some Tears on him, though why I cannot tell.

THE Convent of *St. Lewis* was now a little State, where I reigned supreme. The chief Care of the Abbess and her Sister was to please my Humour, and prevent my Desires. I had a Room in her Apartment, than which nothing could be more convenient and elegant. No less than four Sisters attended me, and the Rovings of my giddy Fancy kept

them all sufficiently employed. When checked in nothing, we desire a great deal.

THE Abbess's Nieces, whom out of Regard to her Family she had taken under her Care, were, though much against their Wills, my Playfellows; and the whole House found themselves obliged to pay their Court to me. As all about me courted my Favour, I little dreamed of any Regard being due to them; accordingly I shewed them none, not even to the Ladies, whose blind Fondness had erected this little Empire for me.

AN Annuity which they had from their Family, went for Masters, and furnishing me with Necessaries; and it was but asking, and I had. They wanted every Thing, that I might have more than enough. Indeed love them I did, but it was without knowing my great Obligations. Of all that was done for me I made so little Account, that it seemed to me as if no more than natural. It is only by our own Industry and Labour in the Acquisition, that we come to know the true Value of Things: In fine, mean as I was, I contracted all the Faults of the Great; and this has since taught me to bear with, and extenuate such Failings in them, and has shewn me how prone we are to conceit that every Thing is made for us.

By this extreme Indulgence to all my Faults, they must necessarily have grown to settled Vices, had not the Devotion, which in my earliest Years I closely adher'd to, restrained my infant Passions, before they had gained any Force. Religion was the chief Object which filled my Soul. I had also an uncommon Knowledge of it; and this, with the Forwardness of my Genius, procured me the Participation of its most sacred Mysteries, before I was quite eight Years of Age.

Age. Such a distinguishing Privilege encreased my Pervour. I loved Reading; and, as the Convent Library consisted only of devotional Books, I every Day employed some Hours in them, and the rest of my spare Time was given to Prayer and Meditation. But this, it was feared, would affect my Health, and Measures were taken to cure my Zeal; but having hitherto been a Stranger to the least Controul, they rather added Fewel to the Fire. I used to hide myself for spending, in pious Exercises, the Hours which I was thought to be killing in Diversions; and with them intermixed some easy Studies.

SEVERAL Years passed in this Manner; and, such was my Affiduity, that I grudged every Moment otherwise employed, and even had my fine long Tresses cut, that my Head might be the sooner dressed; whereas, it was then the Fashion to be very curious about the Hair. A Woman has her Charms more at Heart than her Passions, and mine for Reading did not render me insensible of the dear Sacrifice I had made. This first taught me Repentance, and now my Ardour for being a Nun abated. I began to see into the Consequences of an indissoluble Engagement, where all Repentance would be not only vain, but possibly productive of Evils not to be thought of without Horror; that, from that Time, to the Age of taking the Veil, it scarce ever came into my Thoughts.

IN the Convent were several Boarders, considerably my Elders; and some of these I admitted to a Familiarity with me, by Way of a little Amusement after my serious Occupations. They lent me Romances, which made such strong Impressions on my Mind, that I have not felt those Emotions under my own
real

real Adventures, as I did for those of the fictitious Persons there exhibited. Amidst all the Freedom allowed me, an Eye was had to my Actions; and, being above concealing any, my whole Behaviour was easily known; amongst the rest, my reading these seductive Books, which I was very seriously told to forbear. I obeyed so punctually, that though I had stopped in the Height of a most striking Incident, I would not proceed to the unravelling of it, and withstood many Sollicitations to go through with it privately. Few Things ever cost me more Struggle. However, I became struck with the Ideas of the Passions, and the Sentiments, whence they arise, insinuated themselves into my Mind, though without any determinate Object.

MADemoiselle *De Silly*, whom in my Infancy I had seen at *St. Saviour*, came to live at *St. Lewis*. She was a very amiable Lady, of a happy Genius, well improved, guided more by her Views than her Sentiments, and with a proper Candour and Firmness. I attached myself to her with all the Vivacity usual to our first Impulses. My whole Study was to please her. I modelled my Inclinations to her's; and, as she delighted in Books, I read by her for whole Days. Till then I had met with no Books, which either raised or satisfied my Curiosity; and how often have I since lamented the Loss of five or six of those Years, the most proper for the Culture of the Mind, but wasted in what Girls are usually taught, as Dancing, Singing, and playing on the Spinnet; Things for which I had neither Liking or Talent.

My Abbess and her Sister had taken care I should want no Improvement suitable to a Child, but of any Thing further they had little Notion; and I

was

was totally at a Stand, when Mademoiselle *De Silly* opened me a new Field. She was then superficially studying * *Descartes's* Philosophy. This was an Enterprize I joined in with extreme Delight. Afterwards I read with her Father † *Malebranche's Enquiry into Truth*, and was ravished with the exalted System. To try whether I understood it, I used to exercise myself in foreseeing the Consequences of his Principles, and was generally right, and this made me to believe I understood it: As a novice Head, void of any Opinion, may take in abstract Ideas more readily than such as are already stuffed with a Multitude of fluctuating Thoughts, which are apt to superinduce a Confusion. Another Truth is, that the Passion for Knowledge is more active before any other

* He was born in 1596, and died 1650 in Sweden, where Queen *Christina* was for burying him in the Royal Vault, and with suitable Pomp; but the French Embassadour obtained Leave to bury him in the *Romish* Manner. His Corpse was afterwards removed to *Paris*, where his Obsequies were performed with uncommon Splendor. His Philosophy, however, was near being condemned by the Parliament of *Paris*, and his general Character among the Learned of his Time was, *Doctissimus Geometer, Philosophus mediocris, Theologus nullus*. See a good Account of him in a very entertaining Book, called, *Lives of French Writers*. Vol. II. p. 94.

† Born in 1638, died in 1715. The chief Subject of his *Enquiry after Truth*, is, *That all Things are seen in God*. He was a most extraordinary Person, that an *English* Officer, who had been taken Prisoner, protested he did not grudge his Misfortune, as it gave him an Opportunity of seeing *Lewis XIV.* and Father *Malebranche*. See *French Writers*. Vol. II.

comes to be felt, and the Attention closer at an Age naturally free from Cares and Business.

With this supposed Discovery of Truth I was so taken, that any Avocation put me in a Fret. Diversions, Company, every Thing, except Study and literary Conversation, was odious to me. However, with all my Thinking, some very alarming Thoughts arose in me. I trembled, lest Philosophy might corrupt Faith. I feared, that these metaphysical Ideas might be too strong a Food for a young Mind; and, as nothing is to come in Competition with Piety, I resolved to desist, 'till I could pursue my Studies without Danger: A Sacrifice which went almost as much against me, as cutting off my Locks.

MADemoiselle *De Silly*, whom I consulted, praised my Caution. No Thought presented itself to my Mind which I did not submit to her Decision. My Love was equal to any Self-Love; nay, I thought I loved her better than myself. I am sure I took an Aversion to some People, for seeming to shew more Esteem and Friendship for me than her.

THIS first Attachment, extreme as it was, did not however secure me from a slight Touch of a more common Passion. A Brother of my Abbess brought a Gentleman, in Love with her Niece, to spend a few Days. This to me was a Novelty. From some Words which passed betwixt them before me, tho' about something quite indifferent, I saw into their Dispositions. With this Discovery I was not a little elevated within myself; and, to follow it, I watched their Proceedings with an Attention beyond mere Curiosity. My Remarks I communicated to Mademoiselle *De Silly*; who, being more experienced than myself, immediately knew of what Nature the Concern

cern was which I gave myself about it. But this she hid from me, as a Knowledge often dangerous; for a Sentiment, its Nature being unknown, may happen to be over-looked and evaporate of itself: Whereas that which disturbs, and one strives to expel, engraves itself thereby so deep in the Fancy that it is with extreme Difficulty it can ever be effaced.

HOWEVER, the Melancholy into which I fell, after this Company went away, gave me to understand that I had not been insensible of the Chevalier *De R-----*'s Accomplishments, though nothing extraordinary. His Person, every Thing he said, even to the Tunes he had played on the Lute, were ever running in my Mind. I acquainted Mademoiselle *De Silly* with my Disorder; and now she owned, that she had perceived it before me: Advised me not to be uneasy, nor examine myself too curiously, the Evil often encreasing by the Mind's dwelling on it. Her Advice, with the frightful Idea of an indissoluble Union, broke the Charm, and the next Morning I waked perfectly free and chearful; and if ever I thought of my Flame, it was only to laugh at it with Mademoiselle *De Silly*, to whom I owed my Deliverance.

BEFORE this Adventure, a Gentleman, by some juridical Authority, came several Days successively to my Convent. Happening to fall into Talk with me, he was surprized to find in a Girl of only betwixt Thirteen and Fourteen, a Fund of such Knowledge as might become even a Man of a much more advanced Age. Monsieur *Brunet*, for that was his Name, desirous of a further Acquaintance with me, asked Mademoiselle *De Silly*, to whom his Conversation was not less agreeable, that he might be permitted

to visit her. She readily consented ; and, as we were inseparable, he at the same Time saw me. It was not long before he made himself our constant Visitor every Afternoon, playing the Gallant pretty equally with Mademoiselle *De Silly* and myself. I could however perceive, that the Scale turned on my Side.

With these Meetings, I was infinitely delighted ; for Monsieur *Brunel*, besides an exquisite Discernment, was versed in the most valuable Sciences. He wanted only those Graces which are acquired no where but in the polite World, yet please beyond more solid Endowments. I had no Manner of Liking to him, yet was tickled with that he had for me. Our first and last Conquests are those we most pride ourselves in. To please when very young, is already something ; and still to please when in the Decline, is a great Matter. This amused me, without affecting me. I watched every Word of Monsieur *Brunel*'s, in order to find out what he thought of me ; but when he spoke too plainly, or claimed some Return, I perfectly loathed him : So true it is, that the Heart resists against any Demands which it does not anticipate of itself. Yet, with all my Indifference for Monsieur *Brunel*, I was nettled at hearing he had a former Mistress, with whom he spent Part of his Life : However, it produced no Jealousy, as I had no Love for him. Our Acquaintance indeed subsisted 'till his Death, which I heard with the Concern due to the Loss of a valuable Member of Society.

MADAMOISELLE *De Silly*, my best Friend, was now obliged to go to *Paris* ; and, though her Absence was to be but very short, it grieved me beyond any Thing I had ever met with. In order to emerge from

from the Kind of Annihilation to which I was reduced, by the Absence of this excellent Lady, I had Recourse to a new Occupation. In my first Studies I perceived the Inconveniency of not being acquainted with Geometry, and had still retained a Desire of acquiring some Tincture of it; but now the Necessity of exercising my Mind with Ideas which should entirely fill it, determined me to this Science, and in it I found a useful Amusement. The best Way of quieting the Perturbations of the Mind, is, instead of combating the Cause of them, to present other Objects to it, whereby it may be insensibly diverted and alienated from the former. This Remark proved of especial Service to me a long Time after, and in another Sort of an Affair.

THE Convent of St. *Lewis* was in bad Circumstances, at the Time of Madame *De Grieu*'s being made Abbess of it; and a Famine, with which *France* was visited some Years after, reduced it to the lowest Misery. The Nuns being now ill-fed, could not digest some Expences, conceiving that they were partly at their Cost. The Abbess and her Sister had Annuities from their Family, but it was thought that they did not suffice for keeping their Nieces; and still less so, for all that was done for me. I became the But of the Murmurs, which soon formed Cabals; and then proceeded so far as to put the Archbishop of *Rouen*, Mr. *Colbert*, on suppressing the House, or ejecting the Abbess. On his visiting it, after hearing the many general Complaints, he declared that Madame *De Grieu* must either resign her Abbey, or dismiss me and her Nieces. I found no Way to bear the Expectation of such a Sentence, but by arresting the Agitation of my Mind, by an

intense Application of it to abstract Matters; and, I believe, by early Custom, this so beneficent Expedient might be improved to a Habit, and thus we may save ourselves a great deal of fruitless Disquietude.

MALICE soon informed me of his Grace's Determination. There is no expressing the Convulsions of the Abbess and her Sister, that their Grief dulled all Sense of my own. At last, after a Consultation betwixt them and me, and the dear Mademoiselle *De Silly*, who had long before been returned to St. *Lewis*, the Abbess concluded that she would offer to resign the Management of the temporal Concerns of her House, producing Accounts in Proof of her Care and Rectitude; and to live with her Sister, her Nieces and me, on her Allowances from her Family, without taking a single *Louis* * from her Benefice. Nothing could be better for keeping me with her, and save any Suspicion of being a Charge on the Convent; but this could not be brought about, 'till after many Negotiations. The Archbishop had nominated a Superior †; this was the Abbé *De Gouey*, who was incessantly pestering the Abbess with Letters, and these were to be punctually answer'd, besides the Necessity of writing Abundance of others. The Abbess being extremely at a Loss, appointed me her Secretary. The Desire of being serviceable to her, I believe, taught me that Address in Writing, so necessary in Treaties of this Kind. My Letters were approved by some Friends with whom she advised. She gained her Ends. I remained with her, and here was an End of all Complaints.

THUS

* A Gold Coin worth about Twenty Shillings.
 † Who has the Inspection of a Convent.

THUS some Years passed quietly, 'till Mademoiselle *De Silly* was finally sent for to her Father's Seat in *Lower-Normandy*. Here was another sharp Affliction; and a large Blank it caused in my Life. My Eagerness for Study was slackened, since I had perceived that Truth, after a laborious Pursuit, at the Instant one thinks to grasp it, vanishes.

IT was not long after Mademoiselle *De Silly* went away, when I was taken with the Small-Pox, and as bad as bad could be, without dying. I was not concerned neither for my Life, nor for my Face. The Pain was all; yet did not that hinder me from desiring to be removed, that no Body might suffer by me. I already understood that in Morality, as in Geometry, the Whole is greater than its Part, and resignedly prepared for Death: Yet, such was my Weakness, that on my Recovery, I could not bear to look at my Face, however little I had valued it; and it was not 'till three or four Months after, that I accidentally met with it. Women who lay the least Stress on their Charms, and seem to overlook them, yet have them more at Heart than they themselves think.

SINCE my Bookishness had abated, I was become more sociable, and contracted Acquaintance with Mesdemoiselles *D'Epinay*, who came to spend some Time at St. *Lewis*; and engaged me, when they left it, to visit them at an Aunt's, with whom they lived. Monsieur *De Rey*, an Acquaintance of these Ladies, grew very fond of me; which I was very indifferent about, except the Pleasure of Pleasing: But when I came afterwards to be acquainted with his noble Sentiments, I conceived a very particular Esteem for him.

My Abbess fell dangerously ill, which filled my Mind with melancholy Reflections on my Condition. I had nothing, and she could leave me nothing. The only Resource in View was to take the Veil, and now this Taste had quite worn off; and for this I must have accepted the Portion, kindly indeed offered me by a Lady, but to whom I did not care to be under such Obligations: For besides that the Abbess of St. *Lewis* had not Interest enough in her House to get me admitted gratuitously, the State of the Convent would not allow of any such Overture.

ONE Day, when labouring under these Thoughts, I was disclosing them to Mesdemoiselles *D'Epinay*, whose Concern for me deserved my entire Confidence, in came Monsieur *De Rey*. He perceived my Dejection; and, when I went away, asked what was the Matter? As they knew him well, they readily told him, that, in the Want of a Fortune, I had some Thoughts of becoming a Nun. He seemed very much affected, and the next Day coming to see me, he told me, that he had heard of my Design, and conjured me not to make my whole Life miserable, but rather comply with what he would do for me: That, being married, he could not offer me his Person, but he would secure to me a Sufficiency for living in what Manner, and where I pleased: That as a Proof of his having no private Views, in what he would and could do for me, he consented, if I required it, never to see me. I was amazed at such an Offer, and only thought of refusing it; nay, so imperfect were my Ideas of Things, that I was near taking Offence at what has since appeared highly to deserve my utmost Esteem and Gratitude; though

though with no Alteration of my Opinion, as to the Refusal.

THE Abbess happily recovered, and I resolved never to think about what would become of me, 'till I was actually deprived of the Resources I found in her Affection.

I HAD generous Offers from another Quarter, and which I likewise declined. Monsieur *Brunel* one Day brought with him the Abbè *De Vertot* *, a Person of a most lively Fancy. In what Light he looked on me I know not, but he immediately became transported with a vehement Kindness for me. In the Book-sellers Shops my Deserts were his common Topick. Little suspecting his Zeal in whatever related to me, I roundly opened to him my Situation, and Want of any Provision hereafter. On this he proposed to purchase an Annuity for our two Lives; and mention'd it to some of my Friends, who advised me to accept of it, but I would not. I had early determin'd to prefer Indigence to a suspicious Obligation; and afterwards I discerned in the Abbè's Sentiments, and particularly in his extravagant Opinion of me, all the Symptoms of a Passion. When he was setting me off, with all the Flights of his luxuriant Fancy, I used sometimes to say, "You will one Day, to your Amazement, see me as I am." His Forwardness, though checked by the Decorum of his Age and Character, and the Respect which ever accompanies a Desire of Pleasing, was too prominent not to offend me; and accordingly they produced in me an Aversion, which

C 3

I never

* Died in 1735. An admirable Historian. *Lewis XIV.* of his own mere Motion, nominated him a Member of the *French Academy*. See *Lives*, &c.

I never should have had for one of his literary Merit, had I been indifferent to him.

AN unexpected Event gave me the Pleasure of being again with Mademoiselle *De Silly*, without whom there was no Happiness for me. Her Mother coming to *Rouen*, on Account of a Law-Suit, brought Mademoiselle with her. I was overjoyed at seeing her, but much more at her kind Offer to take me to *Silly* for some Time, and her Mother was pleased to express a great Desire for it. My Abbess and her Sister, though extremely loath to part with me, freely consented; and were even glad of giving me this little Recreation, though at the Expence of their own Quiet.

I SET out, full of Joy, as being with a Person whom I had always most tenderly loved. I arriv'd at a pretty handsome Seat; something melancholy and ancient, like its Owner, whose Conversation and Behaviour was very dry: However, in a short Time, both he and his Lady, who also was of a reserved Politeness, came to like me, and with them I stayed as long as it suited me.

THE old Marquis *De Silly* was averse to Expence, and the Marchioness too devout for much Visiting; that for some Time I saw only two or three neighbouring Gentlemen, of whom I had scarce taken any Notice, 'till the Chevalier *D'Herb---* came. After a Party at Ombre, he went away; promising to return, and make some Stay. I felt that I wished he might come again; and, on enquiring into the Cause, I said to myself that he was a Man of Wit and agreeable Conversation, much to be wished for in such a lonely Place: But examining what Grounds I had for my Opinion of his Wit, and
carefully

carefully recollecting what he said, I found only, *Gano, three Matadores, and sans Prendre* *. At his second Visit, when he was fuller of Talk, this supposed Wit totally vanished; and all I found in him was an agreeable Voice, which indeed he had, and something of a more janty Air than those Persons I usually saw.

HE came frequently without any Invitation, and staid a long Time without being pressed; whence Mademoiselle *De Silly* and I judged, that one of us had pleased him, but which was not easily discernible. I betted on her Side and she on mine, that it became a Business to both, to discover whose was this Conquest. A very slender one indeed; but, in Solitude, Objects become inflated, like Things put into an exhausted Recipient. This Contest went no further than Pleasantry; yet on hearing that he had formally declared himself, and that it was not for me, I felt a Vexation which I did not at first know what to make of. It was followed by more violent Movements: In short, it was nothing less than Jealousy itself, with all its Concomitants; and this is the only Fit I ever had, though not without Circumstances, in which it would have been less unbecoming.

AFTER spending five or six Months at *Silly*, it was high Time to return to the Convent, but I could not get away without promising to come again next Year. This the Marchioness was the more desirous of, as she expected her Son to spend the Summer there, and with some proper Company he would not be so soon tired of the Country. He had been one of the Prisoners taken at the Battle of

* Card-Terms.

of *Hochster*, and carry'd into *England*; where the Air having brought on him a consumptive Disorder, he had been allowed to return to *France* on Parole: And I had heard so much of him, that I longed to see him.

I MET with a very joyful Reception at my Convent, where I lived as usual with my select Friends, Monsieur *Brunel*, Mesdemoiselles *D'Epinay*, and Monsieur *De Rey*, who still shewed a great Regard for me: Yet, from two or three slight Circumstances, I discerned some Decrease in his Sentiments. I often used to visit Mesdemoiselles *D'Epinay*, where he seldom failed of being. As they lived very near the Convent, I generally walked home, and he handed me. In the Way was a large Square, and, in the Beginning of our Acquaintance, he constantly kept along the Sides of it, whereas he now crossed it; whence I concluded his Love to be diminished, at least the whole Difference of the Diagonal to the two Sides of the Square.

I WAS impatient for the Time of returning to *Silly*; though since the Torture of Mind I had undergone, from the Preference given to my old Acquaintance there, my Fondness for her was not quite so passionate. I went thither. The Heir of the Family was expected, and nothing talked of but he. He came, and all the House went to receive him; I not so fast, that when I came up, he was going to his Apartment. He turned about, to give some Order. I was struck with the Beauty of his Person, and the Dignity of his Carriage, as quite different from any Thing I had ever seen. He at first was reserv'd, and spoke little. Some Books he had brought with him were his Company. This kept,

kept him in his Chamber ; or now and then he took a Walk, but it was alone ; that, except at Meal-Times, we seldom saw him. However, tho' he seldom gave himself the Trouble of speaking, he spoke so well, that his Wit and Sense appeared, without any Design of his to shew them.

If his Beauty charmed me, I was no less provoked at his Coldness ; and his Sister, who had known him more sociable, was little less offended. This made the usual Subject of our Talk. One Day walking in a Wood, where we imagined ourselves alone, we gave full Vent to our Indignation ; but, though unperceived by us, he was so near, as to over-hear us. Finding the Discourse to turn on him, he stopped, for we were then sitting ; and thus he came to know our undisguised Sentiments. He did not show himself ; but, on our return he said to us, that he had heard a great deal of Ill spoken of him, and not in Jest. "Whoever complains of you," answer'd I, "cannot be in a jocular Humour." This Answer pleased him ; "So," reply'd he, looking at me, "I find in the Vale of Auge, what I little expected." He then owned the Pleasure with which he had heard our Talk, though we had not spared him.

SINCE that Time he thought us worthy of his Company. Walking, Reading, every Thing now was in common. Thus I spent whole Days with a Person who pleased me infinitely, but whom I had not the least Thought of pleasing : For I could not dream that one used to converse with the finest of Women, and unquestionably to be loved by them, should have the least Regard for me ; as having neither Beauty, nor any of the polite Allurements.

In

In the mean Time I had the Pleasure of continually seeing a Person, whose Presence only made my Happiness. He attended to what I said, and sometimes applauded; but with a Delicacy which flatter'd Vanity, without putting Modesty to any Pain. He seem'd, and was in Reality, so penetrated with what pleased him; that it never wore out of his Memory. He has often recall'd to my Mind Things said by me many Years before. It was so much the Humour of the House to be taken up only with the young Marquis, that I could give Way to my Inclination, without distinguishing myself; yet some Sallies escap'd me, which spoke too plainly. One of these was, that on my giving him a Purse, sent me from my Convent, he toss'd his to a Chamber-Maid of his Mother's, who was none of the least assiduous in her Attendance on him. Whether I was for having this Purse, or only that she should not have it, I caught it by the Way; and this before the Marchioness, one of the most serious of Women, I was younger in my Want of Experience than my Age, but hitherto had never felt what may be called Love: For that Fit in my fourteenth or fifteenth Year, was only the Effect of romantick Ideas; desiring to have a Passion, which, as I conceited, would make me a Person of Importance: And, as to the subsequent Fit of Jealousy, it was no more than the Vexation of mortify'd Pride. Neither, in the least, resembled those Sentiments, which now had insinuated themselves into me; and I don't know how it happen'd, that I never thought of opposing them. They appear'd to me void of Danger, as they would have no Return; and all I imagin'd I had to do, was to conceal them.

MONSIEUR

MONSIEUR *De Silly*, from a Fear of engaging with me, or giving me an Opportunity of explaining myself to him, was very cautious of finding me alone. I, though firmly determined not to say any Thing to him, passionately wished for this Meeting, which he so circumspectly avoided; and when I had found out the Cause of his Vigilance, it made me still more desirous of some private Talk with him, that I might give him to understand how very far I was from forgetting what I owed to myself, and thus remove his Fears.

THIS Satisfaction at length I had, in one of our usual Walks. Mademoiselle *De Silly* excused herself as indisposed: The Mother, who in all Things consulted her Son's Amusement, bid me go with him. There was now no receding. We walked to some Distance, and he much more uneasy than myself, that not a Word came from him. This little Triumph open'd my Mouth. At first, I took Notice how delightful the Country looked; but this not being far enough from the Topicks I was for avoiding, I soared up among the celestial Bodies, and ranged the whole System of Nature. In this lofty Region I firmly kept myself, 'till our return home. Monsieur *De Silly*, cured of his Disquietude, civilly joined in the Conversation; which, though the Subject was serious, had been carry'd on with Sprightliness and Pleasantry. One Advantage I reaped from it was, that he saw I knew how to speak, and be silent; and, at the same Time, I felt that delicious Joy, unknown to those who never resist the Motions of their Hearts.

MONSIEUR *De Silly* now no longer shunned me. He seemed even to be glad of an Opportunity of talking

talking with me; and besides an Esteem, with which I was not a little elevated, he manifested a tender Concern for every Thing relating to me. One Proof of this, was some little Advices which he used readily to give me, and the Success never failed. In fine, I found in him all I could desire, except Love; which, to myself I did not seem to desire. I found a Kind of Pleasure in loving without Fear or Conflict, secure from any Weakness; and my only Care, that of disguising my Sentiments: But at this, as I have said, I had little Skill; and, to be sure, a Person of the young Marquis *De Silly's* Penetration and Experience in Gallantry must have known, and perhaps better than myself, my Dispositions towards him. Indeed he never gave me to see that he had perceived them, not even when afterwards we lived together in an intimate Confidence. I only came to know, a long Time after, from his Sister, that he had not been without Temptations to attach himself to me; but that convinced within himself that the Union would be only temporary, he had been withheld by the Esteem which I had raised in him, and Compassion for the Wretchedness he should bring upon me. Accordingly he would sometimes say, with Earnestness; "Oh! how I should hate the "villainous Wretch who should deceive thee!"

MADemoiselle D-----, who had lived in the Convent of St. *Lewis* with Mademoiselle *De Silly* and me, being then at a Seat within a Mile and an Half of the Marquis's, was invited hither. Having been at several Courts of *Germany*, and in *England*, she was qualified to open a new and agreeable Field of Discourse. The Marquis seemed pleased with her Conversation. It was insisted on, that she should stay

stay some Days with us. Monsieur *De Silly's* Accomplishments had a very rapid and strong Effect on her. He was not without some of that Coquetry, usual to genteel Persons; and though Mademoiselle could not pretend to Beauty, and had but little more of Wit, he diverted himself with his Conquest, and did not publickly omit the Means of securing it. All this I saw so unconcernedly, that I can still scarce conceive how, having felt all the Horrors of Jealousy, for one I so little valued, I was then entirely free from them; unless the Origin of this Passion lies rather in Vanity than Love, and that not imagining I could have been weighed in that Balance which inclined to Mademoiselle *D-----*, my Honour was not affected. So light did I make of this Affair, that Miss, after her return home, having declined the repeated Invitations for another Visit, I went myself to fetch her; glad at my Heart to efface, by this Step, the Indications, which others less guarded might have given of my Sentiments. Besides, it rejoiced me to see the Charm by which I had been fascinated, operating on all others; as thus, my Excuse for not having avoided it was its being unavoidable. So little uniform are the Effects of Passions, that, at the same Time I appeared thus indifferent, I grudged the least Complaisance Monsieur *De Silly* shewed to any Person whosoever. I became exasperated at something of a more serious Nature, in which I perceived a Failure of what I jealously reserved to myself, his Esteem and Confidence.

A GREAT many Packets and Letters came to him, concerning which he used to hold long Consultations with his Mother and Sister. I saw there

D

was

was some Affairs on the Carpet of great Importance to him, and which I must not be let into. To me, this was as an Affront. I left off speaking to him; and scarce answer'd, when spoke to. He observed my Discontent, without guessing the Cause; and, having a real Friendship for me, he was for clearing up Matters, and making me easy. Accordingly one Day, as I was hastening to the Marchioness's Apartment, through a Room where he was walking deep in Thought, without seeming to take Notice of him, he came up to me; and, stopping me, made me sit down by him. He spoke with such Grace, and so feelingly; so well repaired the Want of Confidence, which had offended me; seemed so concerned at my Uneasiness; so pleased with the Cause of it, that I never liked him better, nor was ever more easy under the Ascendant he had gained over me. He was indeed such, that his Soul seemed to govern mine. No Sentiment affected him, but the like was in me. His Chearfulness, his Melancholy, his Tranquility, his Disquietude, all his different Dispositions became mine; not from any Care in me to conform to them, but by a secret assimilating Operation.

THIS Affair, the Mystery of which had thrown me into such Uneasiness, obliged the Marquis *De Silly* to go to Court sooner than he intended, or perhaps wished: For though he had there a Mistress, and every other Appertenance of a Man of Gallantry, he was not tired of being at home. Here he saw, what is seldom seen in the World, artless Sentiments, the Truth of which was the more known to him, from the great Care in concealing them. Here he also enjoyed solid Conversations, which offer'd new Subjects

Subjects of Science to his Mind, and enabled him to perceive his Readiness in comprehending them, of what Nature soever they were. His Ideas were clear and lively, his Expressions simple and noble. Nothing affected, nothing forced, ever appeared in his Talk or Behaviour. He had too much Wit to think of showing it. War was his Passion; this fixed his Attention on whatever related to it: And, I believe, if I may be permitted to judge on this Head, that he was possessed of all the Talents by which military Distinction is acquired; and that he had no less the Capacity, than the Air of Command. Ambition was the main Spring of the Motions of his Soul, and possibly had infected its Virtues. It caused his Errors, and these his Misfortunes. In him indeed, it seemed not so much an Eagerness after Promotion, as only an Endeavour to obtain the Place which belonged to him.

His Departure, tho' it was not to be without a Return, gave me a very sensible Grief; which, however, I pretty well disguised: But when he was gone, I seemed as if I had ceased to live. My Eyes, no longer seeing their favourite Object, looked at nothing. As he did not hear me, I could scarce bring myself to speak. I don't know whether I so much as thought. However, I understood that every Instant carried him at a greater Distance from me, and my Torture encreased proportionately.

SOME Days before Monsieur *De Silly* left us, I had received the following Letter from the Abbé *De Vertot*, who had got himself invited to come and see him, though known in the House only by the Reputation of his Works.

" MADemoisELLE,

" I HAVE been waiting for Monsieur *Brunel's*
 " Return, that I might the better answer the
 " Honour of your Letter, and the obliging Offers
 " in it, as in that of the Marquis *De Silly*. But
 " the Incantment probably still lasts ; and I do
 " not expect him 'till the Beginning of next Week.
 " If he is as impatient as myself to be at *Silly*,
 " we shan't exceed the End of the Week : And it
 " must be a very long Journey indeed which I
 " would grudge, for the Honour of seeing you, of
 " paying my Respects to Mademoiselle *De Silly*,
 " and for the Hopes of obtaining the Friendship
 " of the young Marquis *De Silly* her Brother.
 " The tranquile Enjoyment of his Conversation will
 " be an abundant Recompence for this Jaunt. We
 " wretched Chroniclers should be very happy,
 " could we transplant into our Works the Delicacy
 " of his Thoughts, the neat, strong, exalted Turn
 " of his Expressions ; or, in a Word, could we
 " write as he speaks. This among Friends. But
 " I frankly own to you, that I never saw any Person
 " deliver himself with that Wit and Dignity. Such
 " a Genius over-whelms Study and laborious
 " Reflection, with Mortification.

" VERY long may you enjoy such a sweet Si-
 " tuation. The Assemblage of Graces, said to con-
 " centre in Mademoiselle *De Silly's* Person, will
 " complete the Incantment without my interfering :
 " And I don't know whether to draw you from
 " so charming a Place, the most powerful Incan-
 " tations

Madame DE STAHL. 41

" tations must not be called in. The Hopes of
" being an Eye-Witness of your Felicity will make
" me divest myself of a certain philosophick Ti-
" midity, and the decent Shame of coming to a
" House where I am not known. Your Merit,
" and that of my Fellow-Traveller, must be my
" Pass-Port : And that of both is too resplendent
" for an Umbra of yours to be taken Notice of.
" I have twice had the Honour of seeing Mademoi-
" selle *De Grieu*. She told me, that she was
" continually lamenting your Absence. I might
" well believe her ; for I perceived that my Con-
" versation was no farther agreeable to her, than
" for the Pleasure of mentioning your Name to
" me, and bringing it into every Thing we talked
" of. I am, very respectfully, Mademoiselle,

" *Yours, &c.*"

A LETTER so suitable to my Ideas pleased me.
But the Arrival of the Abbè with Monsieur *Brunel*,
after the Departure of the Marquis *De Silly*, as
much displeased me. It seemed to me unseasonable,
and no more than a Fetch, of which I feared the
Motive would not long be hid. They stay'd a
Week at *Silly* ; and it was a long Time after
they were gone, before the Marquis came home.
The Joy which his Return must have given me,
and the Circumstances of it, have long since
slip'd out of my Memory, which has so faithfully
retain'd a Crowd of *Minutiæ*, which it might very
well spare. I have even but confused Ideas of any
Thing that pass'd after this. I only remember,

that he was more pensive and gloomy than before. Some Moments of Trouble and Agitation strongly denoted that new Sentiments had taken Possession of his Heart. I had some Thoughts, that I was not out of the Question ; but the Developement proved to my Confusion. I brought him to own that he loved ; and I found it was not me : However, he did not perceive the Shock this gave me. His Sister now was in his entire Confidence. He spent the Days with her, so that I very seldom saw them.

THE Seat of *Silly*, where I had received a new Being, for so I call the Alteration produced in us by new Sentiments ; this Seat, I say, became uneasy to me. I had spent there a Part of the Year in a Kind of Enchantment, the breaking of which threw me into a deep Melancholy. I thought that the Change of Place, and the Variety of Ideas consequent to that, would tend to abate the Hurry of my Mind. Winter was now at hand, and Mademoiselle *De G-----*, our Neighbour, was returning to *Rouen*, and I went with her. This Departure, which I look'd upon as a Relief, probably did not cause in me a Grief like that when Monsieur *De Silly* left us, as I have not retained the same Remembrance of it : Indeed our Concern is usually less when we go away, than when others go from us.

SOON after my return to my Convent, I received a Letter from Monsieur *De Silly*. Joy and Amazement, at receiving a Mark of his Regard, made such an Impression on me, that the Superscription and Form of the Letter remain'd so clearly impressed on my Imagination, that looking for it, on Account of what I am now writing, I immediately distinguished

guished it from a thousand others. I cannot forbear inserting it here, wondring how I could be so much moved with what has so little moving in it.

L E T T E R.

" I WAS willing to give you Time to discharge
 " the Multitude of Commissions with which
 " you was loaded, before I would send you mine.
 " The Principal, and that on which you will be
 " pleased to bestow Part of your Attention, is to
 " return soon ; without Préjudice however to the
 " Pleasures, Amusements, or Affairs, with which
 " you may be taken up where you are. Accept
 " of my Compliments on all your late Conquests,
 " though your Modesty restrains you from sending us
 " Word, yet they have reach'd our Ears. Adieu,
 " Mademoiselle ; if our Concern for you could have
 " saved you from Fatigue, you would have arrived
 " at *Rouen* in Health and good Spirits."

I WISH I had my Answer to this Letter. It did not say more, though I think it contained more ; and that there was, as it were, something in the Lines, not expressed by any Words. He writ to me again about more Commissions, and these little Connections gave me infinite Pleasure, 'till I should see his Person. This, I flatter'd myself, would be next Summer. He was to be at home, and I had promised to return.

IN the mean Time, to give some Range to the Sentiments which then took up my Mind, I fell to writing Tales and Romances, introducing several
 Pictures

Pictures of the same Original ; some in profile, and others full-faced. I also drew the Persons concerned in my Adventures, and did not omit myself, as to Temper, Qualities, and Sentiments. These idle Composures served instead of Confidants, the Use of whom has always appeared to me both abject and dangerous. These have been faithful Depositories of my Secrets, having never seen the Light ; of which, indeed, they were not worthy.

WHAT did not relate to the predominant Idea of my Mind, has left no Trace in my Memory. I know nothing of all I did, 'till the following Summer, when I depended on returning to *Silly*. But the Face of Affairs changed. The old Marquis, whom I had left in a bad Way, died ; and by Reason of the Discussions of Affairs, and Family Altercations, which will not admit of Witnesses, I was not reminded of my Promise. This provoked me ; and, to divert myself, I closed with the Offer of Mademoiselle *De la Ferté*, Niece to a President of the Parliament of *Rouen*, to go to her Father's Seat, at about three or four Leagues from *Silly*. I thought that being there, the Marquis and his Mother could not avoid sending me an Invitation, but I did not acquaint them of my Journey.

NOTHING could be more delightful. The first Part of it was on the River, and our Boat was followed by another with a Band of Musick. Monsieur *De la Ferté*, though in Years, was sociable and gay ; and besides Wit, knew a great many Things, and such as are heard with Pleasure. A Brother of his, an Abbé, a very agreeable Person ; his Daughter, young, pretty, with Sense and good Temper ; and his Son, ugly and soft, made up our Party.

THE

THE River beginning to wind off from our Road, we got into Coaches which attended on us, and the next Day brought us to *Roeux*, the Monsieur *De la Ferté's* House; an old Seat of an odd Figure, like a *Gothick* R, as many of the ancient Seats in *Normandy* are built in the Shape of the first Letter of their Name. The Neighbourhood was a perfect Paradise. The soft Murmur of falling Waters, which has so soothing an Effect on agitated Minds, was continually heard. Nature, at one View, displayed a variegated Scene of its most slightly Beauties. Meadows, intersected by several Brooks, terminated in rising Grounds, cover'd with Woods, opening, as it were, to exhibit a View of the Sea. Never have I seen, not even in Painting, so fine a Landscape, as that which every Side of this House commanded.

HOWEVER sad the Situation of my Mind was at my coming, I took a Delight in being here, which was encreased by that of the whole Family, in having me with them; and especially the singular Esteem shewn me by its worthy Owner, and his daily Cares to make my Stay agreeable. The Company who visited there was of the best, and all the Amusements of the Country we had to Satiety: Yet never losing Sight of the Object which had drawn me hither, I writ to the Marquis *De Silly*, on I know not what Pretence; giving him to understand, by the Date of my Letter, where I was. In his Answer he expressed himself amazed, yet still no Invitation. I had such a Longing to see him, that even this did not discourage me. I writ back, and, in Monsieur and Mademoiselle *De la Ferté's* Name, acquainted him, that they intended a Visit to him and

and the Marchioness. He sent me Word that, at any other Time, he should have been very glad of their Company; but that now, amidst such a Multitude of embarrassing Affairs, a Visit would be extremely inconvenient to him. The Excuse was the more favourably interpreted, as it was at my Instigation the Offer had been made; for I needed but intimate any Thing, and I was gratify'd. However, the Marchioness *De Silly* sent me a Message, that, if I would come alone, it would be a Pleasure to them; and that her Son's Post-Chaise should take me up at a Place, whither I might go in the *Caen* Stage, which pass'd by the End of *Roeux* Avenue. I immediately let her know the exact Time of my Departure, that I might be sure of finding the Carriage at the Place appointed; but my Eagerness for the Journey had made me so very hasty, that I was to be gone, before I could have any Answer. I was up very early, though I could not set out 'till the Afternoon; and hurried every Thing, but the Stage did not come the sooner. I went to the End of the Avenue to wait for it, and Mademoiselle *De la Ferrié* with me. I could not conceive what made it stay so. At length it appeared, and, to be sure, at its usual Hour; but if I was over-joyed, my dear Acquaintance was as full of Grief. In I got, not questioning but that a League further I should leave it for the Chaise, which was to carry me to *Silly*.

We had gone about a Quarter of a League, when the People in the Coach, talking of one Thing and another, said, they had met the Marquis *De Silly* going Post to *Versailles*. If the Sky had fallen I could not have been more stunned. I was on the

the Road to see one whom I should not find, and who had not thought it worth while to trouble himself about advising me of it, or what would become of me; for his Chaise, on which I depended, was the only Vehicle I could have to carry me to the End of a difficult Road I had to go through: Yet I flatter'd myself that, some Way or other, the Want of the Chaise had been made up; but, on coming to the Place, neither Horse nor Man was there, nor any News of any Thing. This raised in me violent Emotions. I was in a Coach, which, if I stopped, I must have alighted and remained in the Highway, or gone on in the Road which did not lead to *Silly*. Whilst I was casting about what to do, the Coach went on; and at such a Rate, that I found myself at *St. Pierre sur Dive*, where the Coach lay that Night, and so was I obliged to do. Here was I in an Inn, without Acquaintance or Relations; only a Footboy, who had been lent me. The Frightfulness of the Place, with the Uneasiness of being next kin to alone, threw me into a Trouble, beyond more considerable Incidents of my Life, because when they happen'd they were less disproportionate to my Degree of Strength. Though at that Time far from a Child, I was used to nothing. Courage is of very slow Growth, in a conventual Education.

WHEN I was a little come to myself, I asked how far it was to *Silly* House? They told me, I had passed it only by a League, but that, from the Place where I was, no Carriage could go thither; and I must either take a Horse, or go to *Caen*, which was still four Leagues further. Had I been told that I must get upon a Dromedary, I could not have been

been more frightened : Yet this there was a Necessity for ; and, in the mean Time, I was to take up with the filthiest Bed my Eyes had ever beheld. The Back of it was against a thin Partition, which separated my Room from another, where I had seen some Soldiers and Waggoners go in. The Unavoidableness of hearing their Ribaldry, was what did not the least discompose me ; and most agreeably was I surprized to hear them dispute about the Antipodes, and the Figure of the Earth. Though the Indelicacy of my Apartment would not allow me a Wink of Sleep, I waited with tolerable Serenity for Day-break, when I began to think of proceeding to *Silly* House. I was put on Horse-back, but more like a Bundle than a living Creature ; the Footboy, who had followed me, leading the Beast by the Bridle : But the worst was, the Guide lost his Way. Thus were we obliged to leave the Horse at a Brook, which I crossed over a Board ; and the rest of the Way I footed it, without knowing where we were, amidst a heavy Rain, and in the *Pais d'Auge*, so famous for dirty Roads. At length I reached *Silly* House ; but all over Mud, and such a Figure, that it was some Satisfaction to be in no Danger of meeting the Marquis *De Silly* ; so extremely does a Woman dread making a disagreeable Impression.

A THOUSAND Excuses were made, for not sending me Word of the Disappointment ; but Monsieur *De Silly*'s Departure was so precipitate, as not to admit of a Moment's Delay. I feigned myself pleased, with little Cause for it ; and, after no burthenome Stay, I returned to *Roeux*, but how I no longer know : And thence to *Rouen*, where I found every

every Thing as I had left it, except the sudden Death of Monsieur *De Rey*. This I had heard at *Roeux*; and though I had never loved him, and his Love of me had been at an End, it gave me a very sensible Concern.

THE Remainder of the Year I spent in my Convent pretty quietly; where I, from Time to Time, received Letters from Monsieur *De Silly*, but always about his own Concerns, without one Word for me. This I could not digest, but what irritates Passions does not extinguish them. Soon after my Return, Mesdemoiselles *De Neuville* came to board at St. *Lewis*. The eldest was extremely pretty, and her Behaviour not amiss. A short Time produced betwixt us a more than superficial Acquaintance; and as our Sex are never so much in a Hurry about any Thing, as to disclose their Secrets, she told me that a Match had been on foot betwixt the old Count *De Novion's* Son and her; that the Father, after opposing it, had fallen in Love with her, and was himself for contracting that Marriage, which he had so exclaimed against in his Son. She protested to me that if she was so lucky, her House should always be open to me. She even showed me the Letters which the Count used to write to her, and communicated to me her Schemes for putting the finishing Hand to her Project, unknown to a Family which, she might think, would have opposed it in every Manner possible. The Count had seen Sixty, and she was about Eighteen; with no Fortune, and small Expectations. To me her Hopes seem'd visionary; yet by some very bold Strokes, contrary to all Prudence, she succeeded.

E

THUS

THUS I lived whileing away my Time, and little dreaming of the terrible Tempest which impended over me. My dear Abbess fell so dangerously ill, that I saw she was not for this World. Never was Grief greater, or more just. Of her I held every Thing, and now became destitute. Being a Religious, it was out of her Power to do any Thing for me. During her Illness, which lasted only a Fortnight, my Thoughts were fixed on her ; but when she ceased to live, then I saw the Abyss into which I was fallen. Her Nuns lamented her now dead, as much as they had persecuted her when alive ; and indeed well worthy was she of all their Grief. I never saw in any Person such a Fund of real Goodness ; so much Sweetness, so much Concern for others, and Neglect of herself ; nor more Punctuality and Attention in all her Duties. Madame *De Grieu*, her Sister, who had lived with her from their Childhood, was in a Disconsolateness which heightened my Sorrows. The Abbey by Right was hers, but now the former Cabals were again in Motion ; and, by their Machinations, procured it for a Nun, who had been at the Head of the Malecontents. St. *Lewis* was now no Place for us ; besides, we must have paid for our Board, and Madame *De Grieu's* Annuity would not suffice for her and me, who had nothing. Whither to turn, we knew not. She indeed might have removed to the Abbey of *Jouarre*, as being a Nun ; but she could not think of forsaking me, and likewise a young Niece, who was almost equally dear to her. The best Way, she thought, would be to take us along with her to a Convent at *Paris*, where something might offer.

IN

IN these perplexing Circumstances, Father *Mailard*, to whom I was very well known, and who formerly had been a Partizan of Father * *La Chaise*, but then banished to *Rouen* for eclipsing his Master, came to acquaint me, that he had received a Bill for paying a Quarter's Board for me at the Convent; and that, if I was for staying, it should be punctually continued, and without giving myself any Concern about the Matter. He told me that the Letter had no Name, nor could he also conceive from whom it should be. The more Fortune oppressed me, the more determined was I to be my own Support, that I declined this suspicious Resource. Afterwards I found out that this generous Stranger, was no other than the Marquis *De Silly*.

THE Abbe *De Vertot*, then at *Paris*, whom I had informed of my great Loss, and that the Air I breathed was now all my Substance, sent me immediately a Fifty Pistole Bill, which the very next Day I sent back to him. Monsieur *Brunel* also made me an Offer of whatever Money I might have

E 2 Occasion

* A Jesuit. *Lewis XIV.* chose him for his Confessor in 1675; and, amidst all the Vicissitudes of a Court, he retained that Office till his Death in 1709, aged 85.

The following Particulars may let us into his Character. He gave an Abbey to one of his Brothers, to whom a Pack of Hounds would have been a fitter Gift. He accumulated Benefices for one of his Nephews, who was a Disgrace to the Family. He placed at the Head of the richest Convents in *France* three of his Nieces, and one of a most infamous Life. He drove in a glittering Coach, drawn by six mettlesome Horses. He had a splendid Seat near *Paris*, where Luxury and Magnificence reigned. All incompatible with the austere Vows of a Jesuit.

Occasion for. I refused every Thing ; it being my firm Purpose to accept of nothing, whilst it was uncertain whether I should ever be able to make Returns. I was now in the most critical Moment of my Life. I found the Necessity of strengthening myself with steady Principles, such as should secure my whole Conduct. Rather than disgrace my Character, I determined to bear Penury or seek a Service ; for, certainly, it is only by our personal Behaviour that we are debased. Without this Trial I should not know myself. It has taught me, that we sink under Want, not so much from its Weight, as from our own Weakness : Yet, not to be extreme in my Firmness, I accepted of Ten Pistoles from a Friend of my own Sex, who was willing to run the Hazard of lending me them. This was the Lady who had spent some Time with me at *Silly*, and was now come to live at *St. Lewis*.

MADAME *De Grieu* was invited by a Brother of hers, who had an Estate in *Normandy*, to come to his House in her Way to *Paris*, her Niece being Daughter to this Brother. No Mention was made of bringing me, which gave her a very sensible Concern ; but Mademoiselle *Du Tor*, an old Acquaintance and a Lady of uncommon Merit, made me an Offer of her Uncle Monsieur *Du Roler's* House, with whom she lived. Here I began to feel the Change of my Condition. Hitherto I had always lived where I was the capital Object, and where every Trifle, if it concerned me, made an Event ; now I must put up with plain Civilities.

ONE Day I had the Head-Ach. This heretofore would have set the whole House in a Bustle, Abbess, Sisters, and Maids. Here only once

or twice a Message came, to know if I did not want any Thing. I shall never forget my silly Surprize at seeing so little Account made of what before I had seen treated with such Concern and Affiduity. Six Weeks I spent here, 'till Madame *De Grieu* set out for *Paris*; and must own that, in every Respect, I was very kindly entertain'd.

MADemoisELLE *Du Tot*, besides a great deal of Wit, was unexceptionable in all her Behaviour, that it was something painful to live with her, exposed to judicious Criticisms which could not be retorted. Her Uncle, was Son to Madame *De la Croisette*, once Maid of Honour to the Dutchess *De Longueville*, had seen the World; and, at a very advanced Age, retained all its Manners. His receiving me into his House called for the more sensible Acknowledgments from me, as some Time before I had affronted him in a Song, which I impertinently made at an Entertainment given by himself. This broke off all Acquaintance; but now, in regard of my Misfortunes, he generously over-looked my Petulancy.

WHILST I was waiting the Time of going to *Paris* Mademoiselle *De Neuville* perceiving, by the Letters of the aged Count her Suiter, that he was beginning to cool, took a Resolution of going to him at *Paris*, with her Sister and a Kind of Governess, and to take a furnished *Hôtel*; and this was about the Time that Madame *De Grieu* and I were to be there. Mesdemoiselles *De Neuville*, who had shewn a great deal of Sympathy with my Misfortunes, offer'd to take me with them. I frankly gave them to understand, that I did not approve of their Journey, but go they would, and I would

not let the Opportunity slip. We alighted at the lesser *Hôtel de Charillon*, where they contrived a Lodging for me.

THUS I was now at *Paris*, but what would become of me I knew not. I waited on several Persons, to whom I had Letters of Recommendation. My highest Hopes were to be Governess to a Child in some House of Distinction. Fortunately it was an Office I liked; and liking, I conceived, implied a Talent. This was a strange Abasement for one who had lived like me, to go begging from Door to Door the Favour of People, to whom I was unknown; to stand their Examinations, and fastidious Coldness. Nothing coming of these painful Walks, I gave them over.

SOON after my Arrival at *Paris*, Monsieur *Brunel* took a Journey thither, and called upon me; bringing with him Monsieur *De Fontenelle* *. They were intimate Friends from their Youth, which they had passed at *Rouen*, of which City they both were Natives. The Conformity of their Genius and Temper had perfectly united them. Monsieur *Brunel* came from Time to Time to *Paris*, purely to visit him, and had often mentioned me to him. I was acquainted with him by his Works, but especially by the *History of the Royal Academy of Sciences*, which he annually sent to his Friend, who never failed giving me the perusal of it. And Thanks to the Light which Monsieur *De Fontenelle* throws on every Thing he treats of, I understood a great
Part

* A Man of admirable Learning, Wit and Morality. Was perpetual Secretary to the under-mentioned Academy. Died about three Years ago. Was above Ninety, yet with scarce any Decay of his Faculties.

Part of it, though far above my Years. Thus I had previously the high Opinion due to him, and was over-joyed to know him, and to be known by such a celebrated Person; at least, as he could on Occasion favour me with his good Word, which must always be of great Weight.

I was still in my furnished *Hôtel*, where I had not been above four or five Days, when I received a Letter from the Marquis *De Silly*. He had two Months before writ me a very dry Compliment, on my afflictive Loss: But this was of another Kind.

" MADEMOISELLE,

" I AM told you are at *Paris*; and, from my sincere Concern for every Thing which relates to you, I am very glad of your Choice.

" You will perhaps be surprized at a Letter from me, stuffed with Admonitions. It is not much my Way to give any, and less to commit them to Paper; but you are one of my Friends, and I thought it my Duty to speak to you as such.

" CONSIDERING your Views, the shorter Stay you make in a furnished House, the better. That is not the Place, where I would have you make your first Acquaintance.

" My Morality will appear to you rigid; but methinks, in your Situation, I would lay aside all Ornaments. Your Age may hurt you; and it concerns you to obscure it. For the same Reason, let me recommend Circumspection to you in the Choice of your Friends of both Sexes. I would have you more intent on the Reputation of your Sense, than of your Wit. By all Means make
" use

“ use of the most simple Expressions ; and especially
 “ avoid such as are scintifical, though more signi-
 “ ficant. Let me beg of you not to be carried
 “ away with the Temptation of displaying your
 “ Erudition. In fine, I would have you at first
 “ taken up only with the Care of raising a solid Repu-
 “ tation, without any Study to please by Charms
 “ and Graces. But I apprehend that my last Maxim
 “ clashes with Nature. The Desire of Pleasing
 “ may possibly be natural to your Sex. Without
 “ inverting the Order of Things, seek to please only
 “ by Simplicity. Let there be nothing of Affecta-
 “ tion in your Manners.

“ ENOUGH for this Time, and perhaps too much.
 “ Adieu, Mademoiselle ; I desire you to be persuaded
 “ that you may at all Times depend on me.”

THIS Letter perfectly shewed the Sentiments
 which Monsieur *De Silly* had for me. I was very
 much moved at the great Friendship and real Con-
 cern for my Conduct which it expressed : But I was
 offended, that he should suspect me of Fondness
 for Pleasing ; and that he should mistake, for a
 general Taste, what I only had with regard to him.
 I did not conceal this Resentment in my Answer.
 He thought that his Advice had displeased me, as
 plainly appears from the Letter which I received
 from him two Days after ; and it was this.

“ MADEMOISELLE,

“ MY Letter has produced in you the Effect
 “ which I imagined ; and I could not forbear
 “ laughing, at the second reading of it. The
 “ first

" first Motion of Persons of Wit, and consequently
 " of Vanity, is, I believe, to reluct against Advice,
 " as intimating a Superiority.

" I AM little surprized that you were so dis-
 " pleased at the Surmise I had, that you could aim
 " at Pleasing ; and there, indeed, your Complaint
 " is well grounded.

" AFTER this, though with your Leave, I can
 " easily bring myself to think, that Women have
 " some Dispositions towards it. To speak seriously ;
 " I did not mean as you took it. The Charms and
 " Graces were those of your Mind. I am certain
 " that your Discourse will always be adapted to
 " your Company. But when those with whom
 " one has been used to live are Persons of Wit
 " and Learning, one easily contracts a Custom of
 " using certain Terms. After all, I am thoroughly
 " persuaded, that you do not stand in Need of Ad-
 " vice. Adieu, Mademoiselle ; and I beg you
 " would rely on me, above any Body."

MADAME *De Grieu* arrived at *Paris* with her
 Niece some Days after me. On the Road, they met
 the Marchioness *De Silly*, who was coming to
 settle there, and enter herself in the Sisterhood
 of *Miramion*. I was with Madame *De Grieu* at
 a Brother's of hers. He had not imbibed the Preju-
 dices of the others against me, and we stay'd very
 cheerfully at his House in the *Marais*, 'till a Con-
 vent offer'd.

I HAD a Sister, who was with the Dutchess *De*
la Fertè. She came to see me. Some Years before
 she had taken a Journey to *Rouen*, purely to be
 acquainted with me ; for before we had never seen
 each

each other. At that Time she was vexed at the Difference of our Situations; the Respect shewn to me by the Sisters, and the extreme Indulgence of the Abbess, with the Regard paid to every little Command of mine, displeased her: And the Civility shewn to herself, being only Arguments of the Sway I bore, encreased her Vexation. She had a natural Kind of Wit, a free Carriage, and a tolerable Person. The Light in which she viewed me, could not but awaken her Indignation; but when she saw me fallen from my Glory, Nature returned. She expressed a great deal of Affection, and gave me some Cloaths and Linnen, of which I now began to be a little bare.

At last we met with a Convent. This was *La Presentation* *, where Mademoiselle *De Grieu* and myself were to be received at a low Rate. I had just enough remaining to pay a Quarter, at the End of which I saw no further Resource. A little before its Period I was taken so ill, that I had some Hopes of dying; but I was disappointed. One never dies in the right Time.

WHEN I was on the Recovery, and almost in Despair, my Sister came to see me; and, with great Transports of Joy, congratulated with me on the Fortune which she imagined was now before me. She told me, that going to *Versailles* with her Dutcheß, she had informed her that she had a younger Sister, brought up remarkably well in a Country-Convent. She said, that I knew all that could

* An Order of Nuns erected in France in 1617, in Honour of the Virgin *Mary's Presentation*; or being brought to the Priest to be initiated into the Sheepfold of God.

could be known; and enumerated to her Grace the Sciences, which she pretended I was Mistress of, but murdering the Names of them. My Sister, as knowing nothing, readily believed that I knew a vast deal. The Dutchess, who was no wiser than herself, believed every Word, and thought me a Prodigy. In the whole World there was not a Person more ardent in her Fancies. She arrived at *Versailles* with her Mind full of this supposed Prodigy, which she cried up in all Companies; and especially at Madame *De Ventadour's* *, her Sister, where the Cardinal *De Roban* then was. Her Imagination became inflamed by the Warmth of her Elocution, and she said a hundred Times more than had been told her. Such an extraordinary Treasure was to be secured. The Dauphine was still living, and thought to be pregnant; and if she brought a Daughter into the World, it was imagined I could assist in her Education. In the mean time I was to be sent to *Jouarre*, to be about Mesdemoiselles *De Roban*, who were all three there, in order to make so many Master-pieces of them.

My Sister, after this Narrative, told me that I must by all Means wait upon her Lady and thank her: That she was to return to *Versailles* that very Day; and, after paying my Duty, I should immediately return. I was not Mistress of a Gown fit to make my Appearance in, that I borrow'd one for a few Hours of a Boarder in the Convent; and, after passing through my Sister's nice Hands, I went with her. We got to the Dutchess's just at her awakening. She was highly delighted at the Sight of me; said a thousand Things in my Praise; as,

* Then Governess to *Lewis XV.*

in the Height of her Prepossession, how could she judge otherwise? After a few Questions on her Side, and some very plain and possibly insipid Answers on mine; "Bless me," said she, "never Creature talked so finely! She comes just in the Nick of Time to write a Letter for me to Monsieur *Desmarests*, which I must send him immediately. Come, Mademoiselle, some Paper shall be brought to you; and you need only write." "But what must I write, Madam?" answer'd I; much out of Countenance. "You may give it what Turn you please; it must be right. I insist on his complying with what I ask." "But Madam," replied I, "still I should know what you would say to him." "No, no, you understand me." What could I gather from such vague Sallies? But it was in vain to insist on any further Explanation. At last, connecting the broken Sentences which came from her, I pretty nearly guess'd the Matter in Hand. This was but one Part of my Task; for I was quite unacquainted with the Customs and Ceremonials of the great World, and I very well perceived that she would not distinguish a Fault of Ignorance, from the Want of good Sense. However, the Paper I took; and, while she was getting up, fell to writing, merely by Conjecture. At length I finished the Letter; and, with a palpitating Heart for the Success of it, went and delivered it to her. "Well," cry'd she, "this is just the Whole of what I was for saying to him. 'Tis really strange that she should hit my Thoughts so well. *Hetty*, your Sister is a surprising Girl. Oh! since she has such a Knack at Writing, I must have another Letter to my Steward;

Madame DE STAHL 61

"Steward; that may be dispatch'd while I dress." There was no asking a second Time what she intended to say. A Torrent of Words issued from her Mouth with a Rapidity, which all my Attention could not keep pace with; and I was still more embarrassed with this second Essay. She had named her Counsellor and her Attorney, who constituted a great Part of this Letter. They were both utterly unknown to me, and unfortunately I took the Name of the one for that of the other. "The Business is well couched," said she, after reading my Letter; "but how could a Girl of your Wit, call my Counsellor by my Attorney's Name?" By this she discover'd the Limits of my Genius: Yet, by good Fortune, it did not entirely lose me in her Esteem.

By the Time I had finished these Dispatches, she was dressed, and now in a Hurry to be at *Versailles*. I follow'd her to her Coach; and, when she had seated herself, and my Sister, whom she took with her, had got in, just as the Door was shutting, and I began to breathe a little; "Suppose," said she to my Sister, "I should take her with us? Come, in, in, Mademoiselle: I'll shew you to Madame "*De Ventadour*." This Order was a Thunder-clap to me; and what especially went to my Heart, was the Cloaths borrowed only for two Hours, but in which now I feared I was to be carried all over the World; and 'twas pretty nearly so. But under all my Perturbation, there was no going back. The Time for having a Will of my own, and opposing that of others, was now over. So in I got with a heavy Heart, yet did she not perceive it, and her Tongue was not a Moment still all the Way. She said at once a hundred Things, which had no

Manner of Relation ; yet there was so much Nature, Vivacity and Grace in her Expression, that one could not but be in some Measure delighted. After a long String of Questions, without giving me Time to answer, "To be sure," said she, "as you know "so many Things, you understand casting a Nativity. There's nothing, in my Mind, comes up "to that." I told her that I had not the least Idea of that Science ; "And why," answer'd she, "learn so many, which are of no Use ?" I plainly assured her, that I had never learned any ; but, without minding me, she now was running on in Praise of Geomancy, Chiromancy, &c. related to me several Predictions concerning her, but of which the Accomplishment was to come. These were followed by a thousand memorable Stories on this Head ; concluding with her last Night's Dream, and some others, equally striking, all which were certainly to come to pass. I listened to the Whole with great Submission, but little Faith. At length the Coach stopped. My Sister and I were ordered to go to her Apartment, and we should find her at Madame *De Ventadour's*, whither she went down. Her Lodgings were in the upper Story of the Palace, that I must have remained by the Way, had not a robust Servant of the Dutchess's, among some others who followed us, fairly carried me up in his Arms. This Fatigue of Body and Mind threw me into a Depression, under which one perceives little, and thinks less. I had not clearly understood what the Dutchess said about presenting me to Madame *De Ventadour* ; and my Sister being equally in the Dark, I thought all I had to do, was to stay 'till she sent for me. Thus we continued in her Apartment 'till Evening,

Evening, when she came quite in a Rage that her Orders had not been complied with. They had not been clearly expressed, but this was not a Representation to be made to her. She had meant that we should come to her, and this we had not done. I, in a respectful Silence, heard her Complaints, Reproaches, and all the Explofions of an unrestrained Impetuosity. At length she became appeased, and thought only of the next Day; saying, she would herself carry me to her Sister's. Here I saw a quite different Person. The Serenity and Sweetness of her Countenance, spoke the Composure and Equality of her Mind. She received me with all imaginable Condescension; talked to me about my Mother, who had been Governess to her Daughter: The Esteem she had for her; the very good Character she had heard of me; and of her Intention to find me a suitable Place. I was afterwards admitted to see the Duke *De Bretagne*, who was then living; and his present Majesty, then but just born. I must also see the principal Ornaments of *Versailles*; so was dragged about every where, that I thought I should have dropped down with Weariness.

THE Dutchess *De la Ferté* had already made such a Stir about me, that I was become an Object of Curiosity; a thousand People flocking about me, to have a Sight of me, examine me, and ask me Questions. To finish the Day's Ramble, it was her Pleasure I should be at the King's Supper; and, singling me out among the Croud, she caused me to be taken notice of by the Duke of *Burgundy*, and, during a good Part of the Supper, talked to him about my supposed Talents and Literature. This was not all; the Day following, being gone to the

Dutchess *De Noailles*, she sent for me thither. "Here, Madam, is the Person I was speaking to you of, who has so much Wit, and knows so many Things. Come, Mademoiselle, speak. You'll see, Madam, how she talks." She perceived me in a Hesitation about answering, and thought of helping me, as the Beginning of a Song is sometimes hummed over to a Singer. "Let us have a Word or two about Religion," said she; "then you shall talk of something else." There is no expressing the Confusion I laboured under, that I don't so much as remember how I acquitted myself.

THIS ridiculous Scene was repeated in other Houses, whither I was carried; so that I saw I was to be walk'd about like a Monkey, or some other Creature, which shows Tricks at a Fair. I had rather have been swallow'd up in the Earth alive, than continue to act such a Part. Possibly there is some Reason for reproaching myself with my excessive Concern, to be thus exposed; as it, in a great Measure, stifled any Sense of what I owed to the Motive of so many fantastical Proceedings, which was no other than a precipitate Desire of doing me Good.

I HAD now past three or four Days under these shocking Perambulations, when the Dutchess came home one Evening, thundering against Madame *De Ventadour* and the Cardinal *De Rohan*, that they did not come to any Conclusion concerning me. As to placing me at *Fouarre*, an Allowance was necessary, and no Body would pay it. "Well," says she to my Sister, "since they are as they are, they must e'en be left to their own Humours. I am Lady enough to make her Fortune, without applying

"ing to them. She shall be in my House, and
"that will be better for her than any other." This
was the only Thing I dreaded. Accordingly I
remained silent and motionless. In her extreme
Agitation, she took no Notice of my Immobility;
but my Sister, when we were alone, very rationally
reproached me for it. I owned to her, that my
Aversion against such a Situation, and the Fear of
saying any Thing which might bind me, had sus-
pended my Power of Speech.

THE Dutchess *De la Ferté* was so provok'd at her
Sister, that she determin'd to set out the next Day;
and now I hop'd that I should soon be in my quiet
Convent again, having never so much longed to see
myself there: But my Travels were not yet over.
The Dutchess told me she was going to *Seaux*, and
that she intended to carry me thither to shew me to
Monsieur *De Malestieu*; than whom there could not
be a better Judge of my Merit. Here was fresh Oc-
casion of Anguish, that I was again to be exhibited,
and on a new Stage.

BEFORE she set out, the Abbé *De Vertot*, her
Relation and intimate Acquaintance, who happen'd
to be at *Versailles*, paid her a Visit. She order'd an
Easy-Chair to be set for him, and left me to stand, as
she seem'd to take a Pleasure in doing, when there
was Company. To put on the Looks of demure
Submission, before one who had always paid me the
lowest Homage was more than I could bear, that
I abruptly withdrew into a Closet, where my Abjec-
tion drew some Tears from me.

IN the Afternoon we went to *Seaux*, and the
Dutchess *De la Ferté*, still full of her Object, did
not fail talking of me with Excess: But the Dutchess

Du Maine, who besides being acquainted with her Exaggerations, seldom lends an Ear to what does not concern herself, scarce minded what she said; yet show me to her she would, and the other in Complaisance at length consented, but bestowed very little of her invaluable Time in taking Notice of me. Madame *De la Ferté*, seeing nothing came of this Trial, desired Monsieur *De Malesieu* to come and see me at her House, and discourse me. He was a long Time with me, and introduced a Variety of rational Subjects; in all which, it seems, he found me tolerably well versed. A Desire to oblige the Dutchesse *De la Ferté*, a like Propensity he had to Exaggeration, and perhaps a Willingness to do me some good Office, led him to confirm all the Wonders which she was every where relating about me. This Testimony advantageously distinguished me at a Court, where Monsieur *De Malesieu*'s Decisions commanded the like implicit Deference, as those of *Pythagoras* among his Disciples. The hottest Disputes were hushed at once, by his *Ipse Dixit*. He said I was an extraordinary Person: It was believed, Visits more than enough. No Word of mine fell to the Ground. Many could not sufficiently admire me. *Baron*, the famous Actor, who had left the *Paris* Stage near thirty Years, had then a Company at *Seaux*. As he set up for Wit, he came to pry into mine; and, in one of his Visits, told me with a Sneer, that the next Night they should play *Les Femmes Savantes*; or, *The Learned Women* * : And

* A Comedy of *Moliere*'s, and thought to be written in Ridicule of Madame *Dacier*, who had composed a Dissertation, to show the Superiority of *Plautus*'s Amphytrion above that of *Moliere*'s.

And that he made no Doubt but I should be there; I answer'd him so, as to give him to understand he would not play me.

THOUGH I was treated at *Seaux* with a Civility above my Rank, and not a Day passed without Plays and Diversions; yet, being in Body and Mind unused to such a Way of Living, it was quite insupportable to me. The Dutchess *De la Ferté*, so far from perceiving it, was continually praising me, that I could so soon adapt myself to the Ways of the World, and set up late; join in whatever was proposed, and never be out of Order. But very far was I from being what I strove to appear. I was naturally of a weak Constitution, which was not mended by the over Care taken to indulge it. It was, to be sure, an Oversight in my best Friends, to bring me up in a Manner so very unsuitable to my Lot; and it is this which gave an Edge to the subsequent Alterations, and has proved the most real Unhappiness of my Life.

At last the Dutchess *De la Ferté* returned to *Paris*; and, to my great Joy, brought me again to my Convent. At parting, she was very lavish of her Caresses; and assur'd me, that if my Affair was not brought to a speedy Conclusion, she would take other Measures: But that, whatever was the Event, I should not be long without seeing her. I was over-joy'd at finding myself again with Madame *De Grieu* and her Niece, whom I entertained with a Recital of my Adventures. Mademoiselle *De Grieu* now became qualified for Friendship. I look'd upon her as my Daughter; for, when taken from Nurse, she had been put in the Convent as my particular Pupil, to humour the powerful Taste
I had,

I had, even in my Childhood, for Preceptorship: But in this I have not been more fortunate than *Plato*, who could not so much as find a Village to establish his Laws in. No Body would listen to my Precepts; not even the young Niece, who imbibed the Jealousy of her Family against me; and never forgave me the Friendship of her Aunt, till she grew able to know that I was not unworthy of it. Afterwards we became more intimately united, than ever I have been with any Person.

My Convent was not far from *Miramion*, whither I sometimes went to visit the Marchioness *De Sully*. One Day I found there her Son, who had only taken *Paris* in his Way. This unexpected Meeting gave me a most sensible Joy: All the Agitations which my Mind had undergone since my last Sight of him, had not dispossessed him of it. That supreme Idea had ever maintain'd its Place, and the Power of affecting me beyond any other; and this Superiority has been my Safeguard from any Seducements, during the Time of my Life, which was most susceptible of them. The Interview was short, and the only one we had; the Mother also was present. What we said is quite forgot.

A FEW Days after my Return, the Dutchess *De la Ferte*, whose Mind still run on me, sent me some Songs of Monsieur *De Malestieu's*; and directed me to give her a Letter on this Subject, which she would deliver to him. I writ; but what, I now no longer remember. Probably an Effusion of Praises; for it procured me the following pompous Answer.

MADE-

" MADEMOISELLE,

" **T**HE Dutchess *De la Ferté's* Departure
 " this Morning, without my being acquainted
 " with it, has deprived me of the Opportunity of
 " sending you the Thanks I owe you, for the excel-
 " lent Letter with which you have honour'd me.
 " I certainly stood in Need of her Mediation to re-
 " commend my Acknowledgements; whereas what
 " she deliver'd me from you, being in itself infinitely
 " valuable, would have been welcome from any
 " Hands. That her Grace had sent you my Songs
 " was a Secret to me, but your Commendations
 " give me infinite Pleasure; and I am not so much
 " my own Enemy, as to oppose a Judgement so sure
 " and decisive.

" **H**AVING so far convinced me of the Precision
 " and Infallibility of your Judgement, that I cannot
 " dissent from it; so, from the Knowledge you
 " must have of yourself, let me know what I am to
 " think of your Merit: As superior Geniuses, like
 " yours, cannot be mistaken in themselves, and owe
 " to themselves that Justice which they, with so
 " much Pleasure, do to others, nothing is more
 " open to them than their own Penetration; and
 " the greatest Effort of their Modesty should only
 " be, to thank the first Cause, the eternal Creator of
 " Spirits, for his Bounty to them. There is not
 " that Person living, Mademoiselle, who is more
 " obliged to him than yourself; and, for my Part, I
 " am infinitely obliged to the Dutchess *De la*
 " *Ferté*, for discovering to me such a rich Treasure.

" Happy

"Happy shall I think myself in being permitted
 "sometimes to approach it; and, once in my Life,
 "to prove, by my Services, the Esteem and Respect
 "with which

"*Seaux, May 30,* "I am, &c."
 "1710."

THE Dutchess *De la Ferté*, highly pleased with the Success of my Letter, soon after came to carry me to see some fine Entertainment at *Seaux*. As she had sent me no Word, she thought fit to stay at the Convent-Gate whilst I was dressing; and, though far from being the most patient of Women, without any Complaint of my Tedioufness. Such was the Force of her Affection for me! She expressed a great deal of Pleasure at seeing me again. I was sensible she had a real Kindness for me, and I could have wished to have been able to attach myself to her; but her Way of Living was too opposite to my Way of Thinking: Then there were other Inconveniences, for which her's should have been the last House I would have chosen. *Louison*, an elderly Body, formerly her Chamber-Maid, now Regent of the whole House, would not have brooked the Distinctions intended me; and even my Sister would not long see them, without an envious Eye: And herein there seemed to me such a Source of endless Bickerings, so contrary to my Temper, that I could rather have put up with any Thing; so I made a firm Resolution, whatever might be the Consequence, to avoid that Rock, and in all my Expressions of Gratitude

Gratitude not to drop a Word which looked that Way.

IN the mean time, as I was not without Hopes that something would be done, I thought of borrowing a little Money, to continue paying for my Board in the Convent. This I had of Monsieur *Brunel*, my oldest Friend.

THE so-much-admired Entertainments and Diversions of *Seaux*, were little to my Taste. The Dutchess seldom went thither without me, and I always saw there Monsieur *Malesieu*, whose Behaviour was perfectly answerable to the Expressions of his Letter.

THE Dutchess always brought me back to *La Presentation*, though sometimes at unseasonable Hours for the Convent. The Abbess, Madame *De Riberalles*, in her exceeding Goodness, would herself come to open the Door, to save any Discontent among the Sisters.

ALL the brilliant Views, from the Dutchess *De Ventadour*, began to be overcast. The Cardinal *De Roban*, as an Evasion, said, that my Principles were a capital Point, and ought to be examined into. Being known to have conversed with Monsieur *De Fontenelle*, Enquiry was made of him concerning my Opinions. He answer'd, that all he knew was, that I had been brought up in a Convent belonging to the Jesuits. This Testimony not being thought sufficient, the Abbé *De Tressan*, since Archbishop of *Rouen*, was commissioned to question me; and the Dutchess *De la Ferte's* House at *Paris* was the Scene of this Solemnity, at which all Parties assisted. This was making a very serious Business of it: However, the Examination was intermixed with such Pleasantry,

Pleasantry, as gained me the good Will of my Examiner, and he made a Report greatly in my Favour; but nothing came of it.

THE Dutcheſs grew more and more inclined to take me into her Family; yet durſt not, for fear of displeaſing Mrs. *Louiſon*, to whom ſhe had not hitherto made known her Intention. I lay there one Night, I don't know upon what Occaſion; but the more I ſaw of the Caſt and Oeconomy of the Houſe, the more I dreaded to make one in it; and the more pleaſed was I with the certain Obſtacle againſt my Admittance.

THE Abbè *De Vertot* was then at *Paris*, and ſometimes came to ſee me at my Convent. One Day, as we were at a Parlour which had ſeveral ſeparate Grates, I ſaw him bow to a Gentleman at another of thoſe Grates; and, aſking him who it was, he ſaid, "It is *Monſieur Du Verney*, the famous Anatomift." I had read his Works, and ſignified to the Abbè how much I eſteemed him. Upon that the Abbè beckon'd to him to come up, and brought us acquainted. *Du Verney*, than whom no Man ever had more Vivacity, raviſhed at the Eſteem for him with which he found me prepoſſeſſed, took a mighty Fancy to me. Being intimate with Madame *Du Vauvray*, who lodged joining to the Royal Phyſick-Garden where he lived, he was not long in acquainting her with the Diſcovery he had made in her Neighbourhood; and adviſed her to make uſe of it. This ſhe the more readily embraced, as in ſuch a Bye-part of the Town ſhe was at a Loſs for Company. He came to me, in her Name, with an Invitation to Dinner; and that the next Day ſhe would ſend her Coach to fetch me. I knew very well that to make one's firſt Appearance in this Man-

ner was something out of Custom: But, on the other Hand, I was not in a Situation to stand upon Punctilios. Acquaintance I wanted; and even Friends, if such were to be procured. I was besides in a Haste, which would not admit of the Retardments of petty Formalities.

Thus I went to dine with Madame *De Vauray*, and was very well entertain'd. Her Visage had something odd in it, but it wrong'd her admirable Mind. She lived in a handsome House built by herself, had a great Number of Servants, a Table delicately serv'd, and every Thing suitable: And besides the beautiful Walks in her own Garden, she had a Key into the King's, which communicated with hers. All pleas'd me so, as to be glad that she would often send for me, and now and then to make some Stay there: And it was not long before I had a second Invitation, when she kept me several Days. My Dutchess was, I believe, at *Fountainbleau*, and I free. Madame *De Vauray*, by reason of the Remoteness of her House, saw little Company; but it was of the best. *Ferran*, her Nephew, a Man of a very entertaining Wit, was often there; also *Du Verney*, when Business would permit him. In fine, I was exceedingly delighted there, and tolerably well-liked. Monsieur *De Vauray* himself, tho' wanting in Complaisance to his Wife, assur'd me, that the oftener I came the more welcome I should be. However, one Day, when he had invit'd a great deal of Company to dine, among others the Dukes *De la Feuillade* and *Roban*, and the Abbè *De Buffy*; Madame *De Vauray*, apprehensive whether it was proper to bring a Stranger into such Company, said to her Husband, that as I observed the Cloister Diet, I should dine in her

Room, and she stay with me. This was softening the Mortification as far as possible, and I received it without taking Notice. I begg'd of her to dine with the Company, and assured her that I could eat very contentedly by myself. Stay with me she would: But on sitting down to Table, she was enquired after. Monsieur *De Vauvray* said, that she had with her a Person, who not being yet sufficiently used to the World, she was to dine with her. Word came, that her Company and mine were desired. There was a general Chearfulness at Table, and the Conversation perfectly agreeable. I said some Things that drew the Attention of the whole Company upon me. I did not neglect it; and this little Triumph gave me the more Pleasure; as it justified the introducing me, and revenged me of the contrary Intention. Afterwards there was no further Hesitation about me; and I was, I suppose, good Company at that Time: Tho' I can no longer see any Vestiges of it in me, I conceive that such a Thing may have been. Thirty Years at least had gone over my Head; and my Wit, tho' ever middling, was put in Action, and animated by the most urgent Motives; as the Desire of Regard, and even of a Subsistence. *mid jinnag lino*
 I was indebted to Madame *De Vauvray* for a pretty large Acquaintance, both among the Fashionable and the Literary. She carried me along with her to several Houses, which many others possibly would not have ventured on, for one so destitute as I was of every Thing which recommends a Person to the World: And the Manner of her introducing me, procured me every where the greatest Civility and Kindness. One Day as the Abbe *De St. Pierre* and Monsieur *De Fontchelle* dined with her, and I was *room* there,

there, the Discourse fell on my Situation, and of the Means to place me in a creditable Settlement. This Abbé, the Friend and Delight of Mankind, moved for proposing me to the Princess, to be about Mademoiselle *De Clermont*, whom she had taken with her; and to whom she seemed to intend a better Education, than is generally given to Princesses. He said, that the Abbé *Couture* was already appointed for teaching her History, and several Things suitable to her Sex and Rank; and that I might be proposed, as capable of assisting such Views, and forwarding her in the Sciences, which she was to learn: That I must apply to Monsieur *Malefieu*, whom I used often to see at *Sceaux*, and desire him to make the Overture to her Royal Highness, with a good Character of me.

AMIDST all my short Excursions to Madame *De Vauvray's*, I took Care to have such Intelligence of the Dutches *De la Ferté's* Motions, as to be always at home in my Convent, when she came for me. Had she known that I went abroad for any other but herself, I don't know what the Consequence might have been.

SOON after the good Abbé's Scheme for my Settlement, she carried me to *Sceaux*: And Monsieur *De Malefieu* came, as usual, to see me. I then let him know the Need I stood in of a Place, something suitable to my former Life; and intimated my View, with regard to Mademoiselle *De Clermont*. He entirely approved of it; and promised to do his utmost to serve me, and with all Dispatch possible.

IT was not above an Hour before I saw him again, when he told me, with an eager Joy, that in going about my Affair he had concluded another, which he thought better; that it was in his Mind to procure

me the Dutcheſs *Du Maine's* * Recommendation to the Princeſs; and that when he asked it, ſhe ſaid to him: "But, Sir, if this young Woman be of ſuch extraordinary Merit, why diſpoſe of her to my Niece? would it not be better to keep her for myſelf?" That he made answer, ſhe could never ſute herſelf better; that I was fit for any Thing; and that I ſhould be of great Uſe to Madame *De Maleſieu*, his Wife, Governeſs to Mademoiſelle *Du Maine*, as an Aſſiſtant in the Cares ſhe took of her Education. That her Grace replied, "The Duke *Du Maine* muſt be brought to allow of this additional Expence."

THIS Propoſal, of all Things, ſuited my Views, that I was over-joyed at it, and gave Monſieur *Maleſieu* a thouſand Thanks. What you have now to do, ſaid he, is to acquaint the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté* of it; adding, that the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* would herſelf make the Affair known to her, and that all would ſoon be ſettled. She did ſo, but the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté* flew into a Flame; ſaying, That a Perſon whom ſhe had pitched upon for herſelf, to be the Solace of her Life, ſhould not thus be ſeduced from her. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine* answer'd, That by what was told her, ſhe had concluded that a Place was wanted for me; and conſequently, that ſhe had no Thoughts of keeping me. The Dutcheſs

De

* Born Counteſs *De Charolois*, as Daughter of that Prince of *Condé*, commonly and deſervedly call'd, *The Great Condé*. His Countenance is ſaid to have had ſome Reſemblance to that of an Eagle, and thus was expreſſive of his Ardour and Intrepidity. He was alſo poſſeſſ'd of an infinite deal of Wit, and very amiable in private Life. Died about 1694.

De la Ferté, after giving full Vent to her Complaints, concluded with saying, That she would not have me against her Will, but that I should be made to speak my Mind.

THIS was what Monsieur *De Maleficiu* came for the third Time the same Day to inform me of, and I was thunder-struck at it. "This Evening," said he, "you are to explain yourself; so consider what you will say." "Do you, Sir, dictate that," answer'd I: "As you have been so kind as to conduct this Point, which is of so great Concern to me, by you only will I be guided in it." His Advice was, That I should say to the Dutchess *De la Ferté*, that I owed every Thing to her, and put myself into her Hands, to dispose of me as she thought fit. Much better had it been to have owned my Reasons against being under her Roof, and requested her Permission to accept of the present happy Offer. This, besides saving the great Inconveniences drawn upon me by such a Duplicity, had been more candid, and more agreeable to my Inclination.

IN the Evening Madame *De la Ferté* came to her Apartment, where I was waiting for her full of Fear, foreseeing the Storm which I was to pass thro'; and most uneasy at being charged with Mis-behaviour towards a Person, who had shewn me so much Friendship. She came into her Chamber, not in one of those Bursts of Passion which were common with her, but with a stately Coldness. Having quietly seated herself, she said to me: "It is with Surprise, Mademoiselle, I have heard, that you are about placing yourself. I imagined you had relied on me. If you did prefer being with a Princess, I ought to have been made acquainted

"with it: But I must know your Thoughts from your own Mouth, and what you intend to do." I answer'd, "Whatever your Grace pleases. I am in your Hands. I owe you every Thing, and you may dispose of me as you please." "Well, Mademoiselle," reply'd she, "since it is left to me, I will part with you to no Body: And depend on my Care, that you shall be no Loser in being with me." She afterwards told me, that she was going to have a pretty Apartment fitted up for me in her House; that I should be there no less Mistress than herself; that, when she was at home, I should be her Companion; and that, when at Court, she would leave me an Equipage, to go and come as I pleas'd.

THIS Plan of Life would not have displeas'd me; had I not withal consider'd the Counter-part; if I had not known that my Sister, at first taken in as a Favourite, was degraded to a Chamber-Maid; if I had not judg'd, that the more violent the Dutchess's Liking of me was, the less durable would it be, and the more Jealousy would it excite among the Flock of Women which her House was full of: For besides *Louison* the Head of them, my Sister, and subordina'tely other Chamber-Maids, she had a Girl, to whom she had given the Name of *Sylvina*, a most beautiful Creature, pick'd up at *La Loupe*, an Estate of hers. This Nymph she idoliz'd, and spared no Cost for dressing her, and improving her Talents; and, among others, her Syren Voice: Yet, after all this profuse Affection, this resplendent Star set in Servitude; a Fate, it seems, as inevitable, as that of *Circe's* Lovers. What should I have done in such a Place? But then, by what Means could I disengage myself?

myself? I waited on Monsieur *De Malefieu*. He told me, there was no Help for it; that the Dutches *Du Maine* would not break with the Dutches *De La Ferre* on my Account; and that, unless I could get clear of myself, there was no farther Hopes.

With this View, I formed the strange Resolution of contriving how to displease this Lady, who was taken with me to Infatuation, and whom I also loved; for my Heart could not continue insensible to her many kind Actions. With all her Faults, she appeared to me very amiable; and the Inconveniences of her Service, I was far from charging as any personal Defect in her.

To conceive the Torture which it costs a good Heart, to thwart itself in doing amiss, it must have been felt; and this is an Experience not very common.

An Opportunity offered of putting this odd Project in Execution, as I was going with her to *La Ferté*. Nothing which could heighten the Pleasure of this Journey to me was omitted. As she knew my extreme Fondness for Mademoiselle *De Grieu*, this Lady must also be of the Party. I grew out of Order on the Road, and now no longer dissembled, as I had used. I gave Way to all my Humours; which, as they were quite new to her, must have seemed more impertinent. Whatever I did not like, I opposed; and spoke my Mind without any Deference to hers: In fine, I used every Freedom, but with a greater Struggle than if I had been under Restraint. It gave her Offence, but not that Disgust which my Forwardness aimed to excite; and this Undertaking was the more difficult to be supported, as I had never seen her more amiable, nor be such pleasant

pleasant Company. In the Country she quite laid aside her Court and Town Loftiness : Every one lived easily with her ; and her Familiarity was such, that sometimes she would get together, not only her Servants but Trades-Folks, place them round a large Table, and play at a Sort of Lansquenet with them. Here she whispered to me, " I cheat them, but 'tis " because they rob me."

WE made a Fortnight's Stay at *La Ferté* : A very fine delightful Seat indeed ; and lived well, in the common Sense of that Expression, though the Dutchess had not brought her Cook ; being out of Humour with him, for asking for Larding-Pins. " Thus it is," says she, " that the Quality are " ruined ; continually Larding-Pins. It has cost the " Marshal *De la Ferté* Twelve Hundred Thousand " Livres for Larding-Pins. I had rather my House- " keeper should order the dressing of my Viſuals." At our Return from this Jaunt, she said to me ; " Your Lodging at my House is not yet ready. I " shall set People about it, and 'till then you cannot " be better than in your Convent : I'll satisfy for " your Board." With great Joy did I go thither, and likewise with Hopes that so many Delays might at length end well. In effect, from a Fear of dis- obliging *Louison*, and a troublesome Affair in which she was then embarrassed, my Reception, which I imagined would be towards the Close of the Year, was put off. In the mean time she writ to me, to send her Minutes of Letters, complimenting the King and Queen of *Spain*, the Duke *De Vendome*, and Madame *Des Ursins*, on a Victory. At the End of her Letter, she bad me pay my Abbess for the Month of *January* ; that she must be deprived of me so much longer ;

longer; but that her Love was still the same. The Entrance of the Year gave me an Opportunity of writing to Monsieur *De Malefieu**, whom I had not seen since the Miscarriage of my Business, the Dutchess never after taking me to *Seaux*. My Letter was little more than the Compliments of the Season, to which he returned this friendly Answer.

"Versailles, January 16, 1711.

"MADEMOISELLE,

"DUCE take the Post that has with-held from
 "me above a Fortnight this precious Testi-
 "mony of your Remembrance, for it is but this Mi-
 "nute that I receive your Favour of the First;
 "but what vexes me still more, is to find that you
 "are again at your Convent. By that I should have
 "concluded the Dutchess *De la Ferré* to be gone on
 "some long Journey, had I not seen her Grace in
 "the Beginning of the Month. I know not what
 "to think of the Continuance of your *Clausure*.
 "The Dutchess talked to me at *Seaux* with so much
 "Esteem of you, and such a Desire of fixing you
 "with her; and, on the Proposal I made to her from
 "the Dutchess *Du Maine*, expressed herself so
 "very

* Was Preceptor to the Duke *Du Maine*, and a Member of the Academy of Sciences, and of the *French Academy*, i. e. for the Improvement of the *French Language*. He died of an Apoplexy in 1727, aged 77. Besides his *Elements of Geometry*, which are very much esteemed, he published several Pieces in Prose and Verse.

“ very obligingly, how much she thought you ne-
 “ cessary to the Management of her Affairs and her
 “ own personal Quiet; that I own, Mademoiselle,
 “ I advised her to follow her Inclination, and to
 “ keep for herself a Person, of whose rare Qualities
 “ she had so just a Sense: Thus I could little ima-
 “ gine that you were not yet settled with that Lady,
 “ who, certainly is a very good Judge of Merit,
 “ and who seemed so prepossessed in Favour of yours.
 “ The next Time I see her, I will endeavour to have
 “ this Mystery cleared up. I have the Honour of
 “ being very respectfully, &c.”

ON Receipt of this Letter I writ back to Monsieur
Malefieu, that I had Reason to believe that the
 Dutchess *De la Ferté* had no longer any Thoughts
 of taking me into her Service; that I might look up-
 on myself as free, and accept of the Dutchess *Du*
Maine's Kindness, if it might still be hoped for.
 This Letter Monsieur *De Malefieu* shows to the
 Dutchess *De la Ferté*; whom it so incensed, that
 she instantly sent me Word by my Sister, that she
 had done with me. I was pierced to the very Heart
 that he had let her see it, and thus drawn upon me all
 the Vehemence of her Indignation, as indeed I had
 deserved it. This I look upon to be the most excep-
 tionable Part of my Life; for though my Sister, who
 probably was not fond of my being there, had set
 forth the Dutchess's Fickleness, and intimated that
 she might keep me in Suspence for ever, I ought not
 to have taken her Word so far, as to inform Monsieur
Malefieu of it in the positive Manner I did: How-
 ever, I acquainted him with this total Rupture, and
 his Answer was the following.

“ *Versailles,*

" Versailles, January 24, 1711.

" THE last Letter with which you honoured
 " me, I have read to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*.
 " It was not with little Surprize, her Serene High-
 " neſs heard of the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*'s Mes-
 " ſage ſent to you by your Siſter. I am order'd by
 " her, Mademoiſelle, to acquaint you, that next
 " Spring, that is, about the Time of her removing
 " to *Seaux*, ſhe will execute her former Intention.
 " In the mean Time ſhe will talk the Affair over
 " with the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*, from whoſe Mouth
 " you cannot but ſee it is fit ſhe ſhould hear, that
 " you are at Liberty to look out for another Settle-
 " ment. This is a Decency which the Dutcheſs *Du*
 " *Maine* holds to be incumbent on her. I ſhall be
 " heartily glad, Mademoiſelle, when all is finiſhed to
 " your Wiſh; as a Retardment of two or three Months
 " does not imply a Miſcarriage. I am, beyond all
 " Expreſſion, Mademoiſelle, &c."

" THIS Letter aſſured me of my Lot, which I did
 not then foreſee to be ſuch as it proved. Eight
 Months I remained at *La Preſentation*, ſeldom or
 never ſtiring out, leſt any Meſſage ſhould come and
 not find me at Home, or my Conduct fall under Suſ-
 picion. It was four or five Months before I heard a
 Word of any Thing.

" How all that wide Interval was filled up, I have
 but a confuſed Remembrance; all I clearly know is,
 that Monſieur *De Silly*, whom his Mother had informed
 of what concerned me, wrote me the following Let-
 ter.

" Camp

" Camp at Follev, August 17.

" **I** THOUGHT you knew me better.
 " How came you to conceive that my Esteem
 " and Friendship are influenced by Situations?
 " I am not to know that Fortune depends more on
 " Accident and Junctures than Merit. I am very
 " glad that you have such Hopes; but much more
 " so shall I be, when you are settled as I could desire.
 " Esteem is a Step to every Thing; endeavour, I in-
 " treat you, to make a speedy Use of it. In a Time
 " when gained by so few, Envy closely follows it. I
 " also desire you will study to please, be complaisant,
 " and shew no more of your Wit than suits those to
 " whom you are speaking: Especially, be not sus-
 " pected of Ambition or Imperiousness. Be contented
 " to shew a discreet Turn of Mind with agreeable
 " Talents. This is much better liked than Wit;
 " the former pleases, and the latter is dreaded. What
 " I now write I make no Question has often occurred
 " to your own Thoughts; and, if I repeat it, it is
 " only that you may see we think alike.
 " Be more particular in the Account of your
 " Affairs, as to one who is not indifferent to any
 " Thing in which you are concerned. Adieu,
 " Mademoiselle."

I was growing uneasy that I heard no farther;
 when my Sister brought me a Letter from the Dutchesse
De la Ferié, and this from Monsieur *Malefieu*.

" *Seaux*,

" *Scaux, September 11, 1711.*

" **A**T last, Mademoiselle, the Time is come. I
 " am ordered, by the Dutchess *Du Maine*, to
 " acquaint you from her, that you may come in three
 " or four Days. The Dutchess *De la Ferté* lately
 " gave her such a high Character of you, that she
 " will put you off no longer. It is an extreme Plea-
 " sure to me, Mademoiselle, that it will soon be in
 " my Way to do you some little good Offices, and
 " show to you in Reality that I am, beyond all Ex-
 " pression, &c."

THOUGH I have it still by me, I here suppress the Dutchess *De la Ferté's* thundering Letter, as unworthy both of her and myself. She directed me to be the next Morning at *Scaux*, that she might herself present me to their most serene Highnesses. My Sister, after giving me these two Letters, informed me, that a Chamber-Maid of the Dutchess *Du Maine* was retir'd to a Convent; that this Place had been judg'd good enough for me, as my Bloom was past; that the Dutchess *De la Ferté* had promoted the Verdict, as an Opportunity of Revenge, and delighted herself with the Thoughts of introducing me into such a mortifying Station.

In this Turn I saw myself ruined, and I was sensible that the indelible Character of an *Abigail* cut off my Fortune from any future Resources; yet was there no declining it. I could not deny the Steps I had taken for getting into the Dutchess *Du Maine's* Service; and it was not for such a one as I to stand

H

on

on Conditions with a Person of her Rank. I was now hated by the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*, as much as I had been loved; had neither Interest or Support, that there was a Neceſſity of bowing to the Yoke.

I WENT to *Seaux*, purſuant to the Dutcheſs's Orders. She led me as it were in Triumph to the Princeſs, who ſcarce caſt a Look at me; and continu'd dragging me about, as a Captive faſten'd behind her Carr, to all the ſeveral Perſons to whom I was to be ſhewn: And, I am ſure, I follow'd her with the Countenance of an insulted Captive. At the Concluſion of this Ceremonial, ſhe ſaid to me, "Now you have no more Occaſion for me; and for the future, I will have no Concern with you." The Loſs of her Friendſhip gave me ſtill more Pain than the Effects of her Reſentment.

THIS firſt Day I paſſed under ſuch a Diſtraction of Mind, which has left me no clear Remembrance of it. All I know is, that I was ſtrangely ſurprized at ſeeing the Manſion appointed for me. This was an *Entresol*, ſo low that I could not ſtand upright in it; and withal ſo dark, that I was forced to feel my Way. There was no breathing, for want of Air; nor any warming one's ſelf, for want of a Fire-Place. This Lodging ſeem'd to me ſo unſupportable, that I was for making my Grievance known to *Monſieur De Maleſieu*. Not a Word would he hear. To all the Eſteem which he had expreſſed for me, to all the Offers he had made, now ſucceeded the Contempt uſually entertain'd of menial Servants. I took care not to expoſe myſelf to it again. Every Body in the Houſe, who before had been ſo forward to make Acquaintance with me, ſeeing how low I was rated, turned their Backs on me.

I ENTER'D

I ENTER'D on Duty. The Part assigned to me was what in the Terms of Art is called, *Les Chemises à Bâir*. Here I was at my Wit's End; having only been used to the little Works made by Way of Amusement in Convents, I was wholly to seek in any other. I spent the whole Day in taking Measures, and executing this important Office; but when Madame, the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, had put on her Shift, she found what should have been at the Elbow was in the Arm. "Whose fine Handy-Work is this?" said she. The ready Answer was, that it was I that made it. She reply'd, without any Passion, that I did not understand Work, and that it must be put into other Hands. The Consequences of my Aukwardness comforted me under it; yet I must say that my Intentions were good, and I had done the very best I could. But with all my Willingness, I discharged my Office very ill, that I have a Hundred Times wonder'd at the Composure with which this Princess, otherwise so impatient, bore with my Blunders. The first Time of bringing her Drink, I pour'd Half the Water upon her, instead of filling the Glass. What with my Short-sightedness, and the Confusion which seized me when I waited on her, I seem'd void of any Comprehension, even of the plainest Things. She one Day bid me bring her some Carmine in a little Cup, which stood on her Toilet. I went into her Chamber where I stood agast, without knowing which Way to turn. The Princess *De Guise* happen'd to pass through it, and, surprized at seeing me thus bewilder'd; "What are you doing here?" said she. "Alas! Madam," answer'd I, "some Carmine----" "a Cup-----a Toilet-----I see no such Thing." Moved at my Uneasiness, she put into my Hands

what without her Help I should never have found. I shall mention some others of my Mistakes; so odd, that they seem'd to favour of Imbecillity. The Dutcheß, being at her Toilet, ask'd for Powder. I took up the Box by the Lid; of Course down fell the Box, and all the Powder about the Toilet; yet the Dutcheß only said, "When you take hold of any Thing, it should be by the Bottom." This Instruction I so well remember'd, that some Days after, asking for her Purse, I took it up by the Bottom; and was surprized to find the Louis pour out of it, and overspread the Floor. Now I was at a Loss how to lay hold of any Thing.

With a like Handiness I let drop a Parcel of Jewels which I took up. One may judge with what Contempt and Pleasure my disciplined Fellow-Servants saw my Silliness.

I ENDEAVOUR'D to gain their good Will. Decency inclin'd me to converse with them, and Necessity forced me; for Winter now begun to be felt, and there was but one common Room for us to warm ourselves in; so that Part of the Day I spent in their Conversation, to which I modelled mine. I said what I thought suited them; but, whether I was out in my Guess, or did not naturally enough come into their Ways, I drew upon me their Aversion. It was what I had not against them, but a little Distaste; and I chose to bear the Cold, rather than the Vexations of their Humours, and the Tedioufness of their Talk: So I used to shut myself up in my Cave, where I found an effectual Consolation in Reading and Reflection.

BUT even this Hole I had not entirely to myself. The first Chamber-Woman, who lay every Night at the

the Dutchess *Du Maine's*, shared it with me in the Day-time. She had her sleeping Hours; also Times for her Husband's Company. During these I used to take up my Abode in a Grove; and, in rainy or cold Weather, all my Shelter was the Galleries. At *Versailles*, where we used to spend the Winter, my Dwelling was still less supportable. No Ray of Light had ever visited it; and my Companion, worse than she at *Seaux*, scarce ever stirred out of it Day or Night. The Scantiness of it obliged me to be continually disputing the Ground, 'till the Smoak forced me to quit it.

THE two Chamber-Women with whom I alternately lay were at Variance, that to be Friends with one, was making the other my Enemy. To avoid intestine Broils, I used to expose myself to a foreign War, and changed my Treaties with a regular Inconstancy, according to the Season. I would have brought about an Accommodation, but that was past the Skill of the most able Politician. Something may be done with Persons of ordinary Passions, whose Views are upright and their Concerns known; but it is otherwise with them whose Ideas are sinister, their Movements preposterous, and their grovelling Interests hid in the Dust.

IN the mean time, my Sister, fretting that I was not entirely liked by the Sisterhood of Chamber-Maids, informed me, that they thought me cold, fly, and formal; that it was taken for Pride and Contempt; and that it behoved me to give no Room for such detrimental Reports. I was now become so docile, that I said to her; "Well, what must I do?" "You must," answer'd she, "now and then visit the Women of other Ladies who are

"in the House, and say a great many obliging Things to them." "Be it so," reply'd I, "when ever you please." The good-natured Girl, overjoyed to find in me such happy Dispositions, immediately carried me into a very numerous Assembly of these Persons. Some were playing, others looked on. Having seated myself among the Idle, and chose her who happen'd to sit next me as the Subject of my Elocution, I poured myself out in Compliments, Encomiums and affectionate Airs; in fine, I address'd to her, if not all that was in me, what was very far fetched. Here again unlucky! this Person whom I had chosen to practise upon, was of the very lowest Class of this Order of Beings. My Want of Discernment, as it was called, expos'd me to further Mockery, though to me all their Physiognomies seem'd to be as much alike as those of a Flock of Sheep. Next my Sister hurried me to *Versailles*, among the Dutcheßes of *Anjou's* Women; who, I thought, must be something more elevated. They ask'd me, if I had a great many Vails and Prequisites? how this turn'd out? what I made of that? Things which I knew nothing of, that I to them also appear'd stupid. But so much for my Vocation, and indeed too much.

I HAD not been a Fortnight in my Place, when the Marquis *De Silly*; who, it seems, had other Thoughts of it, writ me the following Letter.

"MADEMOISELLE,

"THOUGH it is a long Time since I have heard any Thing of you, my Concern for you is still the same. It gives me a great deal
" of

“ of Satisfaction, that you are settled for Life with
 “ the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*. I begged for you the
 “ Place which you are entering upon, on the firſt
 “ Notice of its being talked of. I am only ſorry
 “ to think that it will no longer ſute you to give
 “ us your Company for ſome Days, being now fre-
 “ quently at *Silly*. I have not forgot the Pleaſure
 “ of being with you ; and I know, by Experience,
 “ that it is very hard to find-----But I perceive I am
 “ praſing you too much, and will not ſpoil you.
 “ This Precaution, however, may not be needleſs,
 “ now your Worth is known. Adieu, Mademoiſelle ;
 “ I very much deſire to ſee you.”

THIS Token of a Remembrance ſtill equally dear
 to me, gave me all the Pleaſure which my Soul, at
 that Time, was capable of feeling. A Life of ſuch
 Hardſhip and Diſguſt, ſo different from that I had
 been uſed to, threw me into a Melancholy which had
 imprinted itſelf on my Face, and that alone could
 betray me ; for I ſpoke to no Soul. The Dutcheſs
Du Maine complained of it, and *Monſieur De*
Makeſieu told *Du Verney* to ſpeak to me about it.
 He came ſometimes to *Seaux*, and had cried me up
 there in a very extraordinary Manner. His Paſſion
 for Anatomy had wrought in him a Fancy that there
 was no ſolid Merit without it ; and, to inſance mine,
 he pronounced me to be the Woman who, in all
France, had the beſt Knowledge of the Human Body.
 The Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*, no leſs watchful to expoſe
 me than ſhe had been active in recommending me,
 laid hold of this Elogy. *Du Verney*, to fulfil his
 Miſſion, exhorted me to bear the preſent Evil, in
 Hopes of future Advantages. He predicted to me,
 that

that I should come to be known, esteemed and preferred; that the Princess would take me into her Confidence; and that her Favours would pour in upon me. I minded him just as much as an Almanack. I was not in the Way for any Thing, not so much as for speaking a Word. The Dutches never opened her Mouth to me, as if she concluded I could neither hear or answer. A Humour, which I hazarded, shewed me indeed how very much unknown I was.

THIS Princess, some Years after purchasing *Seaux*, instituted an Order of the *Bee*. It had its Laws, Institutes, and a certain Number of Knights of both Sexes, who were elected in a Chapter with great Ceremony. On a Vacancy the highest Persons of her Court made Interest to fill it; and such an Incident fell out a few Months after I had been in her House. Many were the Candidates; and, among others, the Countesses *De Brassac* and *D'Uzes*, and the President *De Romanet*. The latter carried it against the Ladies, and to their no small Indignation; they also complained that the Election had been illegal. This put me upon drawing up, in their Name, a formal Protest, and in a Law Hand. This, without intrusting any one with the Secret, I by an unknown Conveyance sent to the President. It amused my Melancholy to see the Bustle for finding out the Source of this Piece. At first it was father'd on Monsieur *De Malesieu*, or the Abbe *Genest*; next on the Parties concerned; But they were well known to have no Hand in it. In fine, the Suspicion went down to the very silliest Creatures of the Family, without coming so far as me, who quietly enjoyed the general Perplexity, and had the

the Diversion to hear nothing else talked of, during a Fortnight that this fruitless Enquiry subsisted.

THE Meanness of my Condition communicated its Tinge to the very Praises bestowed on me. Such was that from Monsieur *De Lassay*, and it stung me to the very Heart. As the Dutcheſs was undreſſing, ſome Louis dropped out of her Pocket. I gathered them up, and laid them on the Toilet. "The Women about your Highneſs," ſaid he, looking at me, "are very honeſt." I caſt my Eyes downwards with ſome Confuſion, ſaying within myſelf; "Is it thus I am to be praiſed? Can this pleaſe?" Theſe were only ſlender Mortifications, the Appanages of my Station; and which, as it were, grew under my Feet, wherever I went. But now a Miſfortune of a very different Kind, the Loſs of a moſt valuable Friend, called for my Grief. I received the following Letter from the Abbè *Vertot*, at a Time I leaſt expected ſuch melancholy News.

"December 1.

"MADEMOISELLE,

"I AM very ſorry to acquaint you of our being deprived of the late worthy Monsieur *Brunel*. You are the greateſt Loſer, for there is not in the World a Perſon whom he ſo much eſteemed. Could reſpectful Sentiments repair your Loſs of ſuch eminent Merit, I would take the Liberty to make you a Tender of an inviolable Attachment. Monsieur *De Fontenelle* is inconſolable. Nature and Humanity bear down his Philoſophy. He

" 13

" is indeed to be pitied, and you no less. I wish
 " that austere Reason, of which I sometimes com-
 " plain, may not forsake you on this melancholy
 " Occasion. I have the Honour of being, &c.-----
 " Monsieur *Brunel* died at *Rouen*, of a Pleurisy."

My Grief was not beneath the Justness of it. I now lost an old Friend, of a respectable Merit, and whose Sentiments intitled him to my cordial Esteem; but it had been my Misfortune to offend his Friendship, by a Coldness he had observed in mine. The glittering Visions which possessed me, the Distraction caused by such a Variety of new Objects had greatly altered my Mind. He perceived it, in a Journey he made to *Paris* soon after my being there, and conceived a just Disdain of my Levity. As I observed nothing of it, I took no Measures for making my Peace with him: But a Letter which he writ to me a little before his Death, gave me to see how very much I had been in the Wrong, and increased my Grief for the Loss of him; which was the greater, as he was on settling at *Paris*, and with the Return of my Reason I should certainly have reassum'd my former Sentiments.

HE had lent me Money without a Note, at a Time when I thought myself sure of returning it; and since I was Mistress of any Thing, the Discharge of this Duty had never been out of my Mind. Having this small Sum by me, I waited on Monsieur *Fonrenelle*, to desire him to remit it to the Executors. He was under an Affliction which pleased me, as it did Honour to our Friend. He told me, a long Time after, that it was a Loss he had never repaired; and I likewise

likewise have never met with a Person of such complete Merit.

THE painful Life I now led continually employ'd my Mind on the Means of freeing myself. Day and Night this was what my Mind dwelt on. The worthy Few, who retain'd any Concern for me, were likewise looking out for some Issue. I was offered to be Governess in the Family of a German Princess, and on such honourable and advantageous Terms, that I was extremely tempted to accept of it: However, not to trust myself, I writ about it to the Abbé Vertot, my only remaining Friend. His wise Answer, the Uncertainty of Promises, and the Inconveniences which he pointed out, induced me to decline the Proposal. A little while after I had one of a singular Nature. A worthy Gentlewoman, with whom I was pretty well acquainted, coming to see me at *Seaux*, said to me; "I know that nothing was farther from your Views, than your present Situation; that it gives you infinite Uneasiness, and that all your Thoughts turn on some Means of getting rid of it. I now come to offer you another. There is in the World a Person ready to purchase for you an irrevocable Annuity, which will enable you to have a pretty House at *Paris*, to live decently and keep a Servant or two. All that is asked of you is, that you will allow a Door to be made in your House for communicating with another; and to admit a Lady, who will be a Friend to you, and often visit you." I was under no Need this Time of consulting for an Answer: It was, as may be easily imagined, totally negative. My Friend urged my Acceptance. I put no Questions to her, not caring

to search further into the Myſtery. All I could conclude was, that the Offer came from Perſons who did not value Expence, for concealing their Intercouſes.

A THIRD Offer was made me by one of the greateſt Noblemen of the Kingdom; even the Princeſs his Spouſe, who, like himſelf, was very great at our Court, mentioned to me his Inclination to ſee me, and deſired me to receive his Viſits. There was no denying what came through ſuch a Channel. He came, pitied my Situation, offer'd me the Education of his Children; and nothing ſhould be wanting to make it delightful and advantageous to me. Here was another Temptation; and I again conſulted my Abbè. His Answer was in the ſame ſenſible Strain as the firſt, and intimated a Refuſal. Indeed the Warmth which I perceived in his Highneſs's Offers, raiſed a Suſpicion; which, with the Abbè's Advice, determined me to wait ſome other Deliverance.

THESE Overtures for my Retreat, always obſtructed by the Barriers which I had fixed round me, only ſerved to ſhew me the Impoſſibility of eſcaping from my Miſfortunes. I was viſited with one of a new Kind, and of the moſt ſenſible. There was at *Seaux* one Madame *De M-----*, who uſed to be employed to act the Part of Confidants in Plays. She had, from the Beginning, made me an Offer of her Room, inſtead of the Woods, which were my uſual Reſeſs; but now the Cold had driven me from them, as Hunger does the Wolves. I the more willingly accepted of her Offer, as I was to go to her Apartment only in her Abſence; yet this had the Appearance of an Intimacy. She had been very
handſome;

handsome; and her Husband, who thought her still so, continued to be extremely jealous of her. Being afraid of living with him, she had requested of the Dutches's *Du Maine*, that when she went to *Versailles* she would take her along with her, and give her a Room in her *Hôtel*. The whole Day she spent at home, and desired that I would allow her to make use of my Habitation, when she had any Thing to do. There was no denying her that Hospitality at *Versailles*, which she had voluntarily shewn me at *Seaux*. One Day she came to me in the Dutches's Apartment, and asked me for the Key of the *Entresol*. Soon after I had Occasion to go up; where, to my Surprise, I found her over a Pot of Coffee with a *Swiss* Officer, one of our Courtiers. I only bantered her a little, for I suspected no Harm, and I really believe none was intended: However, the jealous Husband coming to fetch her, was told of her being with me. He came up; and, finding *Diesbach*, he hauled his Wife away in a Rage, though my Companion and I were both present. He used her so ill, as she said, that she threw herself into a Convent; and, unfortunately for me, chose that which I had lately left. To gain Admittance, she wrote a Letter to the Prime Minister, charging her Husband, formerly a Protestant, with endangering her Faith. Not a Word did I know of all this. The Dutches's *Du Maine* being gone to spend a few Days at the Arsenal, where she never carry'd me, I went to Madame *De Vauvray*. We were at Dinner when a Footman of our Family comes hastily in, with Orders from her Highness to come to her at the Chief President's, Monsieur *De Mesmes*. I came there, without knowing what was in Agitation, but I saw a supercilious

cilious Gravity in every Face. A Letter of Monsieur *M-----* was read; in which he accused me of having, for a long Time, carry'd on an Intrigue between his Wife and Monsieur *Diesbach*: And to corroborate the Indictment, he said, that having been brought up by the Marechale *De la Ferté*, (I had never seen her) it was not strange that I should be fit for such an Office.

I INGENUOUSLY related the Fact as it was; and affirmed, as I safely could, that it was the only Time these two Persons had ever met in my Room; that I did not in the least know or suspect that they had been acquainted; that besides, all my Education had been in a Convent, where I had continued from my Birth till my Entrance into her most serene Highness's Service. My Apology was not much attended to; and I heard the Company saying to one another, one would not have thought it of her. I less thought of ever falling under such an Accusation.

AFTER this Interrogatory I was dismissed, to return to Madame *Vauvray*; where the next Day I met with another Mortification, though not of such Importance. She would have me stand God-mother, along with her Son, to the Child of one of the Domesticks. I appeared so stupid to the Priest who officiated, that he asked me if I could sign my Name? Indeed I had not been able to tell him my Parish, or give an Answer to any Thing he asked me.

WE returned to *Versailles*, where the Affair of Madame *De M-----* made a great Noise. Her Husband had been imprisoned on the Letter written by her against him; and I most unfortunately was implicated in this Affair, which gave me the more Vexation,

Vexation, as I was but little known in the World, and this was a bad Setting-out. My Affliction was aggravated, by the Contumely of the Afs's Kick ; the Chamber-Maids, one and all, having a Flirt at me. My Innocence and Truth, in the Want of other Protection, supported me ; and effaced the Impressions which had been fomented against me. I was forbid ever seeing Madame *De M-----*. This I heartily consented to. And indeed, the first Time I met with *Diesbach*, the Remembrance of the Trouble he had drawn on me, put me in an extreme Ferment. Such a Succession of Evils, numberless Inconveniences, the Meanness of my Condition, with a Load of Disgusts superadded to it, equally unsupportable to a weak Body and delicate Mind, together with a chimerical Passion, if I must call it so, pregnant only with painful Sentiments, made me weary of Life. The Desire of a Release weaken'd every opposite Reason. Opinion generally models itself to what favours the Sentiments ; and one seldom sees but what one would see. Thus I came to think, that I ought to rid myself of a Life which I seemed no longer able to endure. The Sentiment which lodged in the Bottom of my Heart would make itself known before its Extinction, though it might be no more than a Fetch, and prompted me to acquaint of my Design him, who partly was the Cause of it. I writ him a Letter. When Frenzy had hurried me thus far, Reason returned ; and I resolved to live. Instead of sending the Letter, I kept it as a Witness against myself of the Deviations of my Mind, and the dreadful Excesses into which one may fall by giving Way to one's Passions. It was this.

" SIR,

" IT is now five Years since I saw you. You
" treated me with an Indifference bordering on
" Contempt. Provoked at this, I sought out your
" Faults; but the Consequence was, that I found in
" you all that is amiable. I was for hating you, and
" I became in Love with you. All my Care now
" was, to conceal from you Sentiments which I did
" not suppose would meet with a suitable Return.
" I could not bear that your Insensibility should
" hinder you from perceiving it. The least Civilities
" from you affected me beyond Expression; and I
" was so desirous of being obliged to you, that your
" Coldnesses had a Place in my Acknowledgements.
" I looked on them as arising from a generous Care
" in you, to root out of my Heart any fruitless and
" dangerous Expectations. Had you proceeded to
" Harshness and Contempt, it would only have
" increased the Esteem I had for you: An Esteem so
" perfect and respectful, that it even blamed the
" Design of pleasing you, without abating the Desire.
" Neither a long Absence, nor the Vicissitudes of
" Fortune, nor the Aids of an exercised Reason,
" have been able to divert me from it. I have gone
" further: I was for seeing, and I have seen, Per-
" sons of celebrated Charms and Accomplishments.
" How different were they from you? No Body is
" like you, and nothing is like what is felt for you.
" I cannot bear with those who love each other.
" It is past my Conception, that they who do not
" love you can love any one. But what are your
" present

"present Thoughts of the Declaration I now make to
 "you? For my Part, I am not ashamed of it.
 "Sentiments like mine are in some Measure re-
 "spectable. To move you is not my Aim; I only
 "inform you of what I am towards you, and that I
 "am come to a Resolution of putting an End to my
 "Troubles. I am too sensible that I belong to you,
 "and must not dispose of myself, unknown to you.
 "I expect a Line from you; and that is all I wait for,
 "to bid you an irrecoverable Adieu."

It was some Years since I had seen Monsieur *De Sily*, or so much as heard his Name; when somebody accidentally mentioning him, it made such an Impression on me, that soon after, on going to move from the Place where I was, my Strength failed me, and I was near falling. I have wondered in myself that a Passion, totally deprived of any Kind of Nourishment, should have retained such a Force.

An Incident, which did not in the least concern me, most unexpectedly drew me out of the deep Obscurity in which I was living. A young Woman, by Name Mademoiselle *Tetar*, excited the Curiosity of the Publick by a supposed Prodigy, of which her House was the Scene. Every Body went to see it; and, among the rest Monsieur *De Fontenelle*, at the Desire of the Duke *D'Orleans*. It was said, that he had not view'd it with the Perspicacity of a Philosopher; and this raised a Medley of Invectives and Railleries against him. The Dutchess *Du Maine*, who seldom honoured me with a Word, said to me; "I think you should acquaint Monsieur *De Fontenelle* of all that is said about him, relating to Mademoiselle *Tetar*." I writ to him, without

any other Thoughts than that possibly he might send me an Answer, by way of Apology for himself. He happen'd that same Day to be at the Marquis *De Laffay's*, where the Company were for bantering him on that Head. It seems he thought their Jest wanted Poignancy. "I have something much better than all this in my Pocket," says he, and produced my Letter. It pleased; it became the Chapter of the Day. Copies were taken of it, and *Paris* was full of it. This I little thought of; and was much amazed, some Days afterwards, when a great deal of Company coming to *Seaux* to see a Play, every one spoke to the Dutches *Du Maine* about this Letter. She remembering nothing of what she bid me do, did not know what it was about. She asked me, if it was I that writ it? I answer'd in the affirmative. On this the whole Company came to me, and many were the Praises I received. They then returned to her Highness and complimented her, on having a Person who could be of such Use and Entertainment to her. This was more than ever had come into her Head 'till now. She asked me for the Letter. I had kept a Copy of it, but all the Company immediately pulled one out of their Pockets. She read it, approved of it; and now was sensible she could make a farther Use of me, than she had. This is it, and it serves to shew that the Merit of Things is not so much estimated by the Importance, as the *A-Propos* or Seasonableness.

LETTER.

L E T T E R.

From Mademoiselle De L-----, to Monsieur De Fontenelle.

" SIR,

" **T**HE Adventure of Mademoiselle *Tetar* makes
 " less Noise than your Verdict concerning
 " it; the Diversity of Judgements on which, obliges
 " me to acquaint you of them. It is thought
 " strange, and perhaps not without Reason, that the
 " Destroyer of the Oracles *, that he who has
 " thrown down the *Tripes* of the Sibyls, should
 " have kneel'd at Mademoiselle *Tetar's* Bed.
 " What signifies saying, that he was induced to it by
 " the Charms, and not the *Charm* of the Lady?
 " Neither are of any Weight with a Philosopher.
 " Accordingly, it is the Talk in all Companies:
 " How, say the Criticks, *this Man who has so*
 " *clearly exposed Prestiges, carried on a thousand*
 " *Leagues off, and two thousand Years ago, cou'dn't*
 " *he see into an Imposture practis'd under his very*
 " *Eyes?* The Partizans of Antiquity, animated by
 " a Resentment of a long standing, second the At-
 " tack. You'll see, say they, *that he'll be again*
 " *crying up Modern Prodigies beyond the*
 " *Ancient.* In fine, the shrewder Sort pretend that,
 " like a staunch *Pyrrhonist*, finding every Thing
 " uncertain, you believe every Thing possible. On
 " the

* Alluding to a Book of his on the Oracles, &c. of the Pagans. There is an *English* Translation of it.

" the other Hand, the Devout are extremely pleased
 " with the Homage you have paid to the D----I,
 " and hope it won't stop there. The Women also
 " hold themselves much obliged to you, for the
 " little Mistrust you have shewn of the Artifices of
 " the Sex. For my Part, Sir, I suspend my Judge-
 " ment 'till I am better informed. I only observe,
 " that the singular Attention which your most mi-
 " nute Actions attract, is a manifest Proof of the
 " Esteem in which you stand with the Publick;
 " and its Censure appears to me to carry something
 " so flattering in it, that I do not in the least appre-
 " hend I am committing an Indiscretion, in sending
 " you an Account of it. If you are pleased to re-
 " ward my Confidence with yours, I promise you
 " I shall make no ill Use of it. I have the Honour
 " of being

" Yours, &c."

I own I felt a very sweet Satisfaction in acquiring,
 by a Thing done without any Design, and which
 had not taken me up Half an Hour, what possibly
 I should never have compassed by any formal Labour.
 The Applause was not transitory. The Curiosity
 of knowing me, procured me Friends of Distinction;
 and the most sensible Pleasure of all was this Letter
 which I received from Monsieur *De Silly*.

" *Fribourg, Dec. 20, 1713.*

" **Y**OUR Letter to Monsieur *De Fontenelle*
 " makes no less Noise than the Adventure
 " of Mademoiselle *Tetar*. 'Tis a Monument which
 " will

" will perpetuate its Remembrance, and al-
" ready conveys the Knowledge of it among the
" most barbarous Nations. All the *Germans* here
" make a Bustle for having Copies of it. But, let
" me tell you, 'tis not very well done, that I am
" informed by the Publick of a Thing that concerns
" you, and gains you the Approbation of all, by
" whom one would desire to be approved. Hence-
" forward shew me more Confidence, and let me not
" hear from others what will give me a Concern.
" This should engage you to it, as now the Decision
" of the Publick confirms what I have often told you.
" Adieu, Mademoiselle. Remember I am here."

THIS Success of mine having confirmed his former good Opinion, he renewed his Correspondence with me; and, being in a City of *Germany* where he commanded, and continued three Years, he was curious of knowing, from several Hands, what was doing in *France*. He desired that I would regularly send him all the News I could gather. I became inquisitive; and writ to him with equal Assiduity and Circumspection, not neglecting however some agreeable Digressions or Remarks. His Letters, in a little Time, came to be just such as one would write to an Agent. " I have received yours of such a Date---Write me Word what is doing---You omitted acquainting me with such a Thing"---- Nothing more. Yet the Hand and the Seal transported me. It was with Impatience I waited for the Day and Hour of receiving them: And I remember a Clamour I had at *Versailles* with the Post-Man who brought me one of his Letters, and would not give it me, nor take my Money, as neither he nor I had

had any Change. I told him, I did not care whether he returned me any Thing or not. He was for going away; and coldly said, "I'll call again presently." This was in the Morning. "Good God," says my Companion, awaken'd at the Noise we made, "is not a Letter as good at one Hour as another?" However, she generously pulled out some Pence to silence us, that she might go to sleep again.

THIS sudden Reputation, as I have said, drew the Curious about me. Among others, the Abbé *De Chaulieu* *, who sometimes came to *Versailles*, and never would have thought of bestowing a Word on me, entered into a formal Conversation with me; and the same good Fortune to which I owed my unexpected Deliverance, carried me through the Examination. Whether through Prepossession in others, or a strong Desire in myself of preserving what Chance had procured to me, I did not, according to Appearances, lower myself with any one. On the same Occasion I gained a solid Friend, whose Behaviour to me has always been uniform. This was Monsieur *De Valincourt*, attached to the Count *De Toulouse*; and known by his Wit, his Merit, and Intimacy with the celebrated Personages of the last Century. He was desirous of my Acquaintance, and enquired after me at *Fontainebleau*, whither we had gone; but, I suppose, he little thought of finding me under a Stair - Case. At last, coming one Day to *Seaux*, he happened to seat himself next to me at the Play; and we had some Talk, which seemed to please him. He came again to the Play,

* Of a noble Family: Makes a very good Figure among the *French Poets*. Died in the Year 1720, aged 84.

Play, and I took care to keep the same Place for him. This Regard affected him; and sometime after, when I was at *Versailles*, he writ to me, desiring Leave to come and see me. My Answer was suitable to the Honour of such a Letter.

At the same Time, the Dutchess *Du Maine* prevailed with the Cardinal *De Polignac* *, her distinguished ecclesiastical Favourite, to explain to her his *Anti-Lucretius* (a fine *Latin* Poem, of twelve thousand Lines, in Defence of Religion and Virtue;) and every Evening a Set of select Persons met in her Closet, to hear him. Of this Learned Assembly Monsieur *De Valincourt* was one, and he used to wait in my unworthy Receptacle till the Time of Meeting. The Reason for admitting me, as yet, had not preponderated against those by which I stood excluded. I had sometime before at *Seaux* desired to be present at the Reading of the first Book, translated by the Duke *Du Maine* † himself; and I had the Mortification to be allowed, on Condition I should not be seen. After this I took care to be more discreet in my Desires. The Esteem of those who now began to know me, compensated for that unsurmountable Disdain the Great have towards those of a Condition so very far beneath them. But this Contempt,

* He was one of the *French* Plenipotentiaries at the Treaty of *Utrecht*; at the Conclusion of which, it must be owned, he shewed a very delicate Gratitude: For owing his Purple to the Pretender's Interest, he obtained Leave to quit *Holland* before the final Signature of a Peace, which seemed utterly to quash that Person's Expectations. The Account of this Cardinal in the *Lives of the French Writers* deserves reading.

† A natural Son of *Lewis XIV.*

Contempt, which falls only on the Lot of others, sometimes becomes reflected on their Persons; and all the Glitter, Power, and State with which they are environed, prove no Safeguard. -This Observation is far from being levelled at the Dutchess *Du Maine*. She had a Regard, an Affection for Merit, seldom seen in Persons of her exalted Rank.

THIS little Epocha which I have noted, was to me the Beginning of a Life, in every Respect, more agreeable. Her most serene Highness condescended to speak to me, and used herself to it. She liked my Answers, and judged from my Suffrages. I perceived that she even sought it; and that often, in speaking, her Eyes would be towards me, to observe my Attention. She had it entirely and freely; for no Person ever spoke with more Clearness and Fluency, more Spirit and Purity: All is full of a natural Dignity. She makes use neither of Turn, Figure, or any of those Ornaments which are called Invention. As she is strongly impressed by Objects, she expresses them, as they are reflected by an unblemished Mirror, without Addition, Omission, or any Alteration whatever, that her Talk gave me infinite Pleasure; and when she came to perceive it, I was not the less in her Favour.

THE Exaltation of her Family was then at the highest Point of which it was susceptible. Since her Marriage with the Duke *Du Maine*, by her active Sollicitude for procuring to him and his Children a Rank equal to her own, they gradually had attained to all the Honours of Princes of the Blood; and she availed herself of some favourable Occurrences to obtain that famous Edict, which intitled them and their Descendants to the Succession. The precipitate Loss
of

of so many Princes of the Blood, had produced and facilitated that Scheme which was then executed without any Contradiction, and afterwards occasioned such Animosities. But this present Prosperity, blinding the Catastrophe it led to, made her court a brilliant Scene of Joy and Festivity.

THE Princess's Taste for Pleasure was now on the Wing. Not a Day passed without a Play or Rehearsal. The Nights also were improved to Diversions suitable to them. These were called the *Great Nights*. The Commencement of them, as of all Things, was very plain and simple. The Dutchess *Du Maine*, who loved to set up late, used often to spend the whole Night in several Parties of Play. The Abbé *De Vaubrun*, than whom none of her Courtiers more studied her Humour, struck out a Project, that on one of the *Great Nights* some Person should make her Appearance shrouded in Crape, as the Figure of Night, and thank the Princess for preferring her to the Day. The Goddess was to have an Attendant, who should sing some Lines on the same Subject. The Abbé communicated the Secret to me; and, of all the World, I must be his nocturnal Deity, and both compose and pronounce the Speech. The whole Merit of this little Entertainment lay in the Whim, and being quite unexpected: At least I acquitted myself but badly; and, being seized with a Timidity at speaking in Publick, I forgot one Half of what I was to say. The Contrivance however was applauded, and occasioned the splendid nightly Entertainments which several Persons gave to the Dutchess *Du Maine*. For some of them I composed bad Verses, others were of my planning; there was not one in which I had not some Hand. I appeared, I sung

in them; but my Timidity used to spoil all, that I soon came to be employed no further than the *feigning Part*, and my Success herein prov'd a fresh Recommendation to me.

THE last of these Entertainments was wholly mine; and exhibited in my Name, though the Expectance must be thought to have been another's. It was called, *Taste withdrawn to Seaux, and presiding over all the Princess's several Occupations*. He first led in the Graces, who in a Dance spread a Toilet; whilst others sung Airs, the Words of which were adapted to the Subject: This made the first Scene. The second was the Games personified, bringing Card-Tables, and all the other Implements for Playing, which they arranged amidst Dances and Songs, by the best Performers of the Opera. In fine, the last Interlude were the Laughs; who erected a Stage for a Comedy of one Act, the composing of which fell on me, all the Poets (for it was absolutely to be in Verse) declining the Subject. It was the Discovery of the magic Circle, which the Dutchesse *Du Maine* had for some Time been labouring after with incredible Ardour. The *Dramatis Personæ* were the very Persons characterised; which, under all the Jejuneness of the Subject, caused it to be extremely liked: And I should have been no Loser by it, had not some sinister Events put a sudden Period to the Entertainments, and obliterated even the very Remembrance of them.

In the mean time, my Emergence to Favour and Reputation produced some Return of the Dutchesse *De la Ferté's* Countenance. My first Successes vexed her; but at last the publick Approbation reconciled her's, and, in that, it gave me the greater Pleasure;

Madame DE STAHL. III

for I was so troubled at her Resentment against me, that whilst it lasted, I frequently dreamed either of some Increase of Displeasure, or that it had subsided into Reconciliation. Her Affection indeed I never recovered; but she allowed me to wait on her at Times; and always treated me with Affability and Freedom. It was since the Return of her Favour that she one Day said to me; "Mind, Child; I see" no Body but myself who is always in the Right." This Saying has, beyond any Precept, taught me a Mistrust of myself; and whenever I am tempted to think myself in the Right, it always occurs to me. I now also could more easily see my Sister, whose Company was pretty agreeable to me, though with some Mixture of Uneasiness in her. In fine, every Thing was mended with me; when, behold! the famous Epocha, which brought on a total Change in our Way of Living.

LEWIS XIV. had, for some Time, been declining; but this was a close Secret, and those about him affected to believe nothing of it: However the Dutchess *Du Maine*, in the Midst of all the Pleasures and Diversions in which she seemed entirely immersed, ever vigilant for the Aggrandisement of the House of *Maine*, and the Stability of its Greatness, saw of what Moment it was, in the present Crisis, to know what Dispositions the King had made. She urged the Duke to move Madame *De Maintenon**, who remained for the legitimat-

K 2

* An American by Birth. Was first married to *Scarron*, of facetious Memory; afterwards, for some Time, Mistress to the Grand Monarch *Lewis XIV.* who was so charmed with her Qualities, that he privately married her,

ed * Princes all the Affection of a Governess, that she would prevail with the King to inform them of his Will, that they might in Consequence take proper Measures; and perhaps induce him, whilst he was still living, to make such Arrangements as would best secure the Permanency of their Elevation. Madame *De Maintenon* eluded such a Step, apprehending it might displease; however, overcome by the Intreaties of the Duke *Du Maine*, she brought the King to allow that this Prince and his Brother should see the Will, but on Condition not to make known one Article of it to any Person whosoever. Under this strict Secrecy they judged that their Knowledge would be of no use to them, and refused any further Information. This was a capital Error, and the Dutchess *Du Maine* saw the whole Amplitude of it. In order to retrieve it, the chief Presidents *De Mesmes*, Messieurs *De Malestieu* and *De Valincourt* were summoned to a Council, held in Presence of the Duke and Dutchess *Du Maine*, and the Count *De Toulouse*. The Resolution was, that as there was no retrieving what had been refused, at least the Knowledge of some important Article should be ask'd. Here the Opinions varied; but it was carried for that which the Count *De Toulouse* declared for, to know whether His Majesty had re-establish'd the King of *Spain* in the Succession.

THEY her, though in this the Conscience of the King, then growing in Years, had also some Share. She died in the Year 1719, turned of 70. Her last Words were, "Adieu!—a few Moments more—and what a Scene shall I behold!" Nothing is more entertaining than her Memoirs, of which we have an elegant Translation in *English*.

* *Lewis XIV's* natural Sons legitimated by a solemn Edict.

THEY were inform'd that he had not, which infallibly secur'd the Supreme Power to the Duke *D'Orleans*; and it was probably, by Way of Recommendation to his Favour, that he was let into the Knowledge of it. A worse Over-sight than the former; it was no less than imprudently playing all the Advantage of this Discovery into the Hands of him, who could not but turn it to the Detriment of those Princes.

THE Necessity of a Connexion with the Duke *D'Orleans* was evident, and the Dutchess *Du Maine* represented it; but they would not hear of it, alledging it would give Offence to the King. The Duke *D'Orleans*, then unacquainted with the future Dispositions, and little sure of annulling them with the Ease he afterwards did, courted the Duke *Du Maine*. He even had Thoughts of marrying his Daughter, *Mademoiselle De Valois*, to the Prince *De Dombes*. The Duke *De Brancas*, one of his Favourites, spoke to me long before the Catastrophe, and said I would do well to intimate the Matter to the Dutchess *Du Maine*. I fail'd not to acquaint her with what had been told me; she seem'd to take but little Notice of it. Some secret Reasons render'd her cold to this Proposal; which had, besides, been more explicitly made both to her and the Duke *Du Maine*. Neither of them sufficiently seeing the absolute Authority which the Duke *D'Orleans* could not fail of acquiring; and more impressed by minute Inconveniencies, than the great Advantages which this Alliance offer'd, they neglected it; or, at least, did not sufficiently exert themselves to give a Turn to the King's Aversion from it.

THE Duke *D'Orleans* thus rejected, and now better inform'd, turn'd his Views to another Quarter; the gaining of the leading Men. Lavish of Promises, void of all Sincerity, whatever they could desire should certainly be done, when the Power came into his Hands. Such also were his Practices with the Parliament; he put a thousand Intrigues in Play to procure himself Creatures and Tools, who all took care to deserve their Hire. The chief President was apparently devoted to the House of *Maine*, but of little Use to it. He had much of the Courtier but little of the Man, except being an agreeable Companion. He was easy, timorous, pliant, and full of those Defects with which a Man will certainly please, but can never be serviceable.

THE King's Langour at length degenerated into a menacing Illness. His Demise foreboded so many Misfortunes to the Duke *Du Maine* and his Family, that nothing else was thought of. The Dutchess *Du Maine*, full of Alarms for the grand Concern which now lay at Stake, flew to *Versailles*, was with Madame *De Maintenon*, and conjur'd her to clear up what it was now of so great Moment to know. She would declare nothing, and flatly turn'd the deaf Ear to all the Expedients propos'd to be suggested to the King, for corroborating what he had regulated in Favour of the legitimated Princes. A Tendernefs for his Repose, and the Dread of losing him, diverted the Favourite's Attention from every other Concern. During his Illness, he, of himself, conferred on the Duke *Du Maine* a Distinction, which the Duke *D'Orleans* did not digest. He had appointed a Day for the Review of the Household Troops; and, as he could not be present at it, he nominated the
the

the Duke *Du Maine* to represent him. This signal Honour seem'd to presage his Ruin, and perhaps hasten'd it.

THIS Prince at length was informed by the King himself, some Days before his Decease, of the Dispositions in his Will; but it was now too late to make any Use of this Knowledge. All the Duke *Du Maine* could do, was to represent to the King the Inconveniencies of what he was doing for him, and the Discontent it would give to the Duke *D'Orleans*, already too powerful to be offended with Safety. The King persisted in leaving Matters as regulated by the Will. It erected a Council of Regency, specifying the Members, and nominating the Duke *D'Orleans* President. Every Thing was to be decided by the Majority of Votes. To this Council was committed the Tutelage of the young King; and the Superintendence of his Education, the Safety of his Person, and the Command of his Household Troops to the Duke *Du Maine*: An Authority, which would have enabled him to stand his Ground, had he retain'd it. But the Power of Kings, however despotic, does not reach beyond the Grave. Laws without Support, and strongly shaken by the Interests of a new Master, soon fall to the Ground.

LEWIS XIV. dying on the First of September, the Assembly of the Parliament, in which the Regency was to be settled, was held early the next Day. Notwithstanding the Royal Dispositions to the contrary, it was given to the Duke *D'Orleans*, assisted by a Council, without which he was to do nothing. Pleased that he had secured the main Point, and flatter'd with this unexpected Success, he bewildered himself so in his Speech, as to transfer
the

the whole Power to the Council; till one of his Creatures, of a better Head than himself, aware of the Blunders he was stumbling into, found Means to convey a Note to him; signifying, that unless he adjourned the Session, there was an End of him. Accordingly, on some sudden Pretence, it was broke up till the Afternoon. The Duke *D'Orleans* improved this Interval for concerting Measures with his Friends. A Speech was drawn up for him, shewing the Inconveniences of a Divided Authority, and the Necessity of concentrating it wholly in his Person; without giving his Consent not to determine any State-Affair, but with the Deliberation of the Council of Regency; of which however he was to have the modelling, besides the absolute Distribution of Favours.

ALL this was agreed to: And it was on this Occasion he declared, That nothing gave him a higher Pleasure than that his Hands were tied up from doing Evil, and at full Liberty for doing Good.

In the same Session it was ordered, that the Duke *Du Maine* should have the Superintendency of the King's Education; but on a fresh Remonstrance from the Duke *D'Orleans*, the Command of the Household Troops was taken from him.

It was urged by some Members of the Parliament, that he who had the Care of the King's Education, must necessarily be invested with the Command of the Household Troops, the Guard of the King's Person, otherwise he could not be answerable for it; but, after a short Debate, this also was carried against the Duke *Du Maine*: Hereupon he desired that, in the Act which placed him near the King, he might be discharged from being answerable for his Person. This at first was admitted, but on a

Representation

Representation of the Indecency of such a Discharge from the Parliament, he acquiesced. Being stripped of all Power, this inestimable Trust, with which also he did not long remain invested, became of no Advantage to him. Some Days after the young King, on his Bed of Justice, confirmed all the Proceedings of the Parliament.

IN this important Juncture the Dutchess *Du Maine* would be at *Paris*, though without any Dwelling there; and the only one she had 'till then, was the Apartment of the Master of the Ordnance at the Arsenal, which had been lately pulled down, in order to be rebuilt. She borrowed the *Hôtel De Mesmes* of the First President; and, as it did not afford Room for all her Retinue, I was left at *Versailles*. A Friend, at my Request, made known to her my Concern at not being with her in the present Agitations; and that I begged, if she thought fit, that in order to be near her I might look out for a Lodging in the Neighbourhood. She was pleased with my Zeal, and I addressed myself without Hesitation to my conventual Companion, who had brought me to *Paris* with an Assurance that, on the Conclusion of her Marriage, her House should be mine. It had been concluded, and now she refused me a Shelter only of a few Days. Being but a Novice in the Ways of the World, I was perfectly astonished at such a Denial; but I have since had Occasion thoroughly to learn, not to be so easily surprized. A Brother of Madame *De Grieu*, who lived in that Part of the Town with a Niece of his, made me an Offer of a Room. This was more than I expected from him. Thus, though I was mistaken in both, one made amends for the other. I did not stay there many Days,

Days, the Dutchesse *Du Maine* having found at the *Hôtel De Mesmes* a Kind of Cave, into which I was thrust.

THE present Events had thrown her into such Disquietudes, as deprived her of Rest. The Woman who used to tell her Stories till she fell asleep, not being able to hold out, she proposed to me to read to her. With great Joy did I undertake this Function; looking on it as an Inlet to her Confidence, and a Means of gaining greater Regard, and raising me above the Flirts of Chamber-Maids. I was not indeed mistaken in this; but I found my Constitution very unequal to this honourable Exercise, which was constantly renewed every Night.

THE Princess found that I read well, and had no bad Utterance. She used to talk to me; and her whole Mind being taken up with the Affairs of her Family, these were the Subject of her nocturnal Conversations. Procedures, Schemes, Complaints, Resentments; every Thing was laid open. This full Confidence, though I had Reason to believe that it was less from an Abundance of the Heart than a Crowd of tumultuous Ideas, sensibly affected me. The bare Appearances of Esteem and Friendship, especially from the Great, seldom fail of charming. I conceived a real Attachment to my Princess; and devoted myself with the less Constraint to the Care of pleasing her, as she required nothing of me which was not perfectly consistent with the Esteem I had so much at Heart.

WE did not stay long at the *Hôtel De Mesmes*. The King immediately went to *Vincennes*, and soon after the Court took up its settled Residence at *Paris*. The Care of his Majesty's Education, which remain'd

main'd to the Duke *Du Maine*, intitled him to an Apartment in the *Thuileries*. The Dutchess *Du Maine* had also hers there, to which we removed: But for her Servants there were only two large Rooms, now thrown into several Partitions for her Women. To me, as usual, was assigned a small Hutch, without any Fire or Day-Light, but that in the common Anti-Chamber: However, I was at *Paris*, the Place where I had always wished to live; and amidst all the Inconveniences of my Habitation, very good Company came to see me: Since I have been in a Situation to receive my Friends more conveniently, no Body comes near me. I was then young; and that's beyond any Thing which may be acquir'd, after the Loss of that pre-eminent Advantage.

THE Abbé *De Chaulieu* *, who had for me as lively a Passion as fourscore Years is capable of, taxed me with a little Coquetry. I assured him, that it was entirely owing to the Necessity I was under of pleasing, to make the Rigours of my Quarters in some Measure supportable; and that had not I season'd my Manners with a little of it, I should have been left to myself. I gave him my Word, and I have kept it, that when I should be Mistress of a Window and a Chimney, I would lay aside all Thoughts of rendering myself agreeable.

THIS poor Abbé, who was blind, attributed to me in his Imagination those Graces which were most apt to charm him: And as any of his own were now out of the Question, he endeavour'd to recommend himself

* A most polite and witty Poet; of a good Family, and in high Favour with the Nobility. No great Matter said of his Piety. Died in 1720, aged 84.

himself by Complaisance, and an Attention to anticipate whatever I could desire. I omit his Verses on me, though they show'd that, at such an advanced Age, his Wit retain'd all the Sprightliness of Youth. To this Incense, which with some has so intoxicating a Fragrancy, the Abbé also propos'd to add Presents; and one Day, ruffled with his importunate Instances that I should accept of a Thousand Pistoles, I said to him; "I advise you, in Return for your generous Offers, not to make the like to many Women. You would find one to take you at your Word." "Oh!" says he, "I know who I am speaking to." This ingenuous Answer set me a laughing. He often us'd to be persuading me to dress, and endeavour'd to make me ashamed of my Appearance. "Abbé," said I to him, "what I am without is my Ornament." Having no other Resource than his Complaisances, he repeated them incessantly. He every Morning us'd to write a Letter to me, and came to see me every Day, unless I directed otherwise. His Letters were to know my Pleasure; and, when I preferred his Coach to his Company, he sent it me without repining, and I dispos'd of it as I pleas'd. I was absolute over all his House; but Authority is insatuating. I, among other Occasions, exercis'd mine in Behalf of a little Boy, who us'd to bring me his Letters. He came one Day to acquaint me, that his Master had turn'd him away. I said to him, without any Questions about Right or Wrong, "Go back and tell him, it is my Pleasure you should stay with him." His Master took him again; but the young Rogue did my Protection little Honour, behaving worse and worse, and not a Word was said to him.

WHENEVER

WHENEVER I agreed to sup at the *Temple* with him, or at the Grand Prior's, he took care to have the most agreeable Company, and especially those he knew I should like. In fine, his Thoughts were entirely taken up in filling my Life with all the Amusements it was capable of; and from him I learned, that there is no greater Happiness than to be beloved by one who is past any Confidence in himself, and expects nothing from you.

Few Days passed without a Visit from Mons. *De Valincourt*, whose solid Regard for me disdained any Affectation of Gallantry. It would have been an Injury to my great and just Esteem for him, had I not shewn him a distinguishing Preference. This some others stomached, and interpreted it according to their Humours, which I did not think were to be my Rule of Conduct. One of these was R-----; who, after going round the World, had come so low as to me, with all the Symptoms, whether true or false, of a strong Passion; as Raptures, Disquietudes, Jealousies, Reproaches; nothing was wanting; and the whole well acted, that the Scene became interesting. His Conversation, and especially his Letters, which exceeded any Thing of the Kind I had ever seen, gave me great Entertainment. I will own, that we are pleased in being loved with Perseverance by those whom we do not love, and also do not deceive.

I HAD, besides other agreeable Visitants, Monsieur *De Fontenelle*, who never went out of his Quarter for Company, came very often to see me. The Duke *De Brancas*, so famous for the inimitable Sallies of a pindaric Imagination, paid me some Homage. I had softened the Ferocity of *Tourelil*, that he soon left off all his Roughnesses, at least to

L

me.

me. Several others, whom I cannot now recollect, also crowded about me. The Conversation and Civilities of so many Persons of Wit and different Tempers imparted a Delight and Variety to my Life, without the least Mixture of Disquietude; But these Enjoyments were greatly imbibittered by the Fatigues of my Watchings, and the Flirts of my envious Fellow-Servants; who, not satisfied with depriving me of what little Intervals of Rest I could lay hold of by Day or Night, by their Censures made me successively dismiss most of my Visitants. It was urged to me, that by breaking off Connections I brought a Suspicion on them, and counteracted the Slander: However, I knew that such as should be renounced, are not renounced; and that, of all Marks of Indifference, this is the least manifest.

PREVIOUSLY to Things of more Importance, a Word or two of Monsieur *De Sully*. He was returned from *Germany*, without giving me the least Intimation about that or any Thing else. Before the Death of the King, I met at *Versailles* one of his People whom I knew. I asked him, where his Master was, that I had not heard from him? The Man answer'd, he had been returned some Months. I saw he treated me like an old News Paper, now of no further Use. The Indignation which rose in me at this lowered him in my Heart; and, amidst the subsequent Convulsions, he was not constantly present to my Mind. In fine, the Esteem, which, on the Testimony of the best of Judges, I now allowed to myself, alienated me from valuing so highly one, who valued me so little: Yet the imperishable Sentiments I had for him only changed their Form, and from their Ashes sprung that tender
and

and perfect Friendship which I always retained for him, preferably to any other Person. He had taken a House at *Paris*, and the Marchioness *De Silly* had left her Community to live with him. I paid her a Visit, but whether invited or not I have forgot, and I saw him. He also came to see me at the *Thuileries*, but seldom; for, being in the Interest of the Regent, he would not be thought to have any Concern with our House. The Abbé *De Chauvieu*, whom nothing escaped, finding him one Day with me, was not long in discovering how my Heart stood affected towards him: Such was his Sagacity in Sentiments, that he perceived mine, under all the Change of them. This Knowledge put him upon a new Way of pleasing me, by making Parties, in which Monsieur *De Silly* was always included. I remember, among others, a Dinner, he gave us and Mademoiselle *De Vauray*, in the House of the Grand Prior, at *Clichy*; and I think, in all my Life, I was never better pleased: For now my Sensibility being abated, I could relish natural Pleasures, such as arise from a fine Day, a pleasant Place, and excellent Company.

My Prince's Favour for me increased by the Troubles which came on her. The Duke *D'Orleans*, whilst he feared every Thing, had promised every Thing. He engaged to the Duke of *Bourbon*, who was offended at the Rank and Prerogatives of the legitimated Princes, to abolish the Acts on which they were founded; but as he would not allow this Affair to be brought before the Parliament nor the Bed of Justice, which was to settle the Regency, lest any Difficulties should be started detrimental to his Interest, he signified to the Duke

of *Bourbon*, that the only Thing then to be thought of, was to settle his Authority; which, when confirmed, would enable him to execute all he had promised. The Duke consented to this Delay: But no sooner was the Regency lodged in the Hands of the Duke *D'Orleans*, than he claim'd his Promise; and was for presenting a Petition, requesting of the King, that he would be pleased to hold a Bed of Justice for repealing the Edict, which, in Default of the legitimate Princes, entitled the legitimated Princes to the Succession: And likewise the Declaration, which had conferred on them the Title, Rank, and Honours of the Princes of the Blood.

THE Regent, who still carried a fair Face to the Duke *Du Maine*, both from political Views, and his Regard for Madame *D'Orleans*, informed her of the Duke of *Bourbon's* Design, assuring her that he would not come into it. The Princess gave Notice of it to the Princes her Brothers.

THE Count *D'Eu* being now in his sixteenth Year, when, according to the Prerogative of the Princes of the Blood, he is to take his Seat in the Parliament; the Duke *D'Orleans*, fearing that this new Instance of a Privilege which the Duke of *Bourbon* was now undermining, would make this Prince break out before Matters were ripe, desired the Duke *Du Maine* to defer this Step, with a Promise that no Detriment should be incurred; that the Count *D'Eu* should be treated no otherwise than his Brother: And assured him, that he should take it as an Obligation on himself. Though the Duke *Du Maine* saw all the Danger, he yielded; as one always yields to him who is Master.

BESIDES

BESIDES the great Suit concerning the Succession of the Prince of *Condé*, which the Duke of *Bourbon* had lately lost against the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* and her Sisters, and the Animofities which it had kindled, there remained very great Diſcuſſions, for ſettling betwixt him and his Aunts the Partition of the Patrimony of the *Condé* Family. In the Courſe of this Affair, the Duke of *Bourbon* and the Duke *Du Maine* were jointly to ſubſcribe an Inſtrument; and the latter having, as he always uſed, taken the Title of Prince of the Blood, the Duke of *Bourbon* reſuſed ſigning, without a Proteſt, that he did not thereby allow of any ſuch Title. This was the firſt Signal of the War betwixt the legitimate and the legitimated Princes.

To put a Stop to it in the Beginning, the Duke *Du Maine* thought that the Duke of *Bourbon*'s Requiſitions concerning their poſſeſſional Diſputes ſhould be complied with, and urged the Princeſs his Spouſe to come into the diſadvantageous Propoſals, relating to her Shares. Though wronged of above Half her Fortune, ſhe readily conſented, in order to facilitate an Agreement then on Foot with the Duke *Du Maine* about the other Points.

THE Duke of *Bourbon* agreed to withdraw his Proteſt; allowed that the legitimated Princes ſhould take the Title of Princes of the Blood, except in Inſtruments which they were to ſign jointly; promiſed not to moleſt them, without the Regent's Leave; and not to inſtigate the Dukes, or any other, to ſuch Proceedings. This Plan was ſhewn to the Duke *D'Orleans*, who, knowing what Promiſe the Duke of *Bourbon* had already obtained from him to the Prejudice of the legitimated Princes,

gave the Duke *Du Maine* to understand that the Agreement was not to be trusted, and much less should he sacrifice any Thing considerable for it: Yet this Prince, unwilling to suspect that the Duke of *Bourbon* would be guilty of the Breach of a solemn Promise, proceeded. The Act of Surrender, relating to the Dutches *Du Maine's* Shares, was signed, the Duke of *Bourbon's* Protest withdrawn, and he bound himself to the Performance of the Articles previously agreed on.

THIS Peace did not last any Time. A Sentence of some standing happening to be produced, in which the Title of Prince of the Blood was taken by the Duke *Du Maine*, though the Duke of *Bourbon* was also a Party, rekindled the Quarrel, that being the Point in View. The Duke of *Bourbon* insisted that this Sentence should be suppressed; and declared, that 'till then, the Edict of 1714, and the Declaration of 1715, in Favour of the legitimated Princes, should not subsist. "If they sleep," said the Dutches *Du Maine*, "we will sleep; if they wake, we will wake." The Dutches of *Bourbon*, apprehensive that the Instrument of Surrender might be struck at, got it confirmed by the Parliament.

THE Duke of *Bourbon*, seeing that the legitimated Princes would not of themselves renounce the Advantages which they enjoyed, in Pursuance of his first Intention, presented a Petition to the King, the Count *De Charolois* and the Prince *De Conti* joining in it. The legitimated Princes, on their Side, presented another; praying, that the Affair might be referred 'till the King came of Age; in Expectation, by this Retardment, to settle themselves in the Possession of their Privileges, and likewise that then they,

they should find a more favourable Tribunal. At first the Regent seemed to approve of this Expedient; but, such was his Instability, that he never kept to his first Thoughts, though always the best. He issued a Commission for deciding this great Process; saying, That a Contest big with so many Inconveniencies, and even Dangers, was not to be left any longer in Suspence.

THE Press was wholly taken up with the Multitude of Pamphlets, corroborating or refuting the Reasons on both Sides, though in them the Subject was little more than rough-hewed. The complete Piece was, *The Memorial of the legitimated Princes*; drawn up, under the Inspection of the Dutchess *Du Maine*, by the Cardinal *De Polignac*, Monsieur *Malefieu*, and Counsellor *Davisart*, of the Parliament of *Toulouse*, who had been lately recommended to the Duke *Du Maine*, for his Wit and very extraordinary Talents in Business.

THE Dutchess *Du Maine* herself contributed not a little to this Work, by her own Knowledge and happy Intellects, and likewise by very laborious Researches. The greatest Part of the Night was spent in them. The mountainous Heaps of bulky Volumes on her Bed, she said, made her, allowing for Proportions, look like *Enceladus*, crushed under Mount *Etna*. I also assisted in the important Toil, and used to turn over old Chronicles, Civilians antient and modern, 'till excessive Fatigue inclined the Princess to take some Rest, and then I had to read her asleep.

As this Memorial was to want nothing which could add to its Weight; Precedents, Examples and Authorities were collected from all Parts. A
thousand

thousand obscure People offered themselves for these Perquisitions, and brought their flimsy Discoveries; most of them were referred to me, or at least were told that they must apply to me. Among others, one famous for his vast Erudition (this was the elder *Boivin*, more a *Hebrew* than a *Frenchman*, better acquainted with the Woks of the *Chaldeans* than with those of his Country; and a Stranger to all Courts, but that of *Semiramis*) solicited to be introduced to ours, with his Accumulations of Antiquity; Treasures of no Manner of Consequence to the great Point in Question. What signified Instances drawn from the Family of *Nimrod* to that of *Lewis XIV*? However a Day was appointed, and he was to come to me. When he came, I was at her Highness's Toilet; and, Word being brought me, she said to me, "Don't go away; bid him come in. I'll see him." In he came; imagining, from the Appointment, that he was going to the Lodgings of one of her Chamber-Maids. The gilded Cieling, the Magnificence of her Toilet, the Number of People waiting on her; nothing could awaken him from his first Thoughts. In his pedantic Speech, he always called her *Mademoiselle*; and went away without thinking in the least that he had spoke to any other but myself.

THIS Trading in Erudition brought me into Dealings with People of all Kinds. Among the most tenacious was one *Abbé Le Camus*, introduced by a nominal Countess, but actually living on Charity. Both acted a Part in our grand Exhibition, though their Silliness render'd them unworthy of appearing in it. Among these Pretenders to Learning, a Gentleman, once a Monk, was presented with

with his Papers in his Hands by the above-mentioned Countess. She put it into his Head, that to get them accepted, he should invite me to a Supper at his House. There was no avoiding it; and thither I went with our famished Countess, who could not contain herself for Joy at the Thoughts of a Supper. In this House I found myself in a Company belonging rather to the other World than to this. The Visage of the Founder, who was rich and covetous, strongly expressed his Grief for the Expence of the Entertainment. Mine was not less. At length, for want of something else, I began to mend what little Fire we had; and, with a weighty Pair of Tongs, took off something, which my treacherous Sight mistook for a Piece of Wood out of its Place, and I hastily dropped it behind a Billet half lighted. What was it, but a very black Chocolate Pot, full of Chocolate? I little dream'd of such a Treat, which was no less out of Place than the supposed Brand. The Liquor at once extinguished the Fire and the Joy of our Guests, and threw our Landlord into the utmost Consternation. To comfort him, I said, that after Supper one might very easily dispense with Chocolate. This, I believe, was the last Time he ever made any in his whole Life, that so he might not expose himself a second Time to such a grievous Accident.

THE Countess and Abbé drew me into a Party still more disagreeable. They brought to me another Female Intriguer, who, as they pretended, was possessed of most important Secrets. She was intimate with one Abbé *De Verac*, who had writ either for or against the Duke of *Bourbon*, and from whom they were sure very considerable Lights might

might be drawn. The Dutches *Du Maine*, like those sick Persons who besides consulting regular Physicians, also lend an Ear to Quacks, on receiving such Intelligences used to send me on further Discoveries. From Mrs. *Du Puy*, for that was her Name, I drew no more than a full Persuasion of her Insignificancy.

THE Abbé and his Countess were at me again, urging, that at a well furnished Table, she would speak like the *Pythian* Priestess on her Tripod. All their Drift was to have a Junket at free Cost. Thus was I condemn'd to sup with this Gang of Villains. They led me to a decay'd Tennis-Court, the Place for the Entertainment. I went through dark Windings, and over loose broken Floors. These difficult Passages naturally alarmed me. Are they carrying me, thought I, to a Meeting of Witches or Robbers? It looks ill. The Company, upon my joining them, did not at all remove my Fears. They seem'd to be Persons fit for the most execrable Practices. The Songs, intermixed with the Banquet, were of a Piece. What Wine Mrs. *Du Puy* drank did not draw from her any of her supposed Mysteries. She afterwards kept persisting us with her ambiguous Speeches, which never were cleared up. She was perhaps a Spy. However, her Artifice took no Effect, and I only mention her, because she was nam'd in the authentick Pieces of this grand Controversy.

THE Memorial of the legitimated Princes came, at length, to be finished. It was a Master-piece in Matter and Manner, but the Success did not answer the Pains it had cost. The Trial came on, and went against them; and the Edict, entitling them

Madame DE STAHL. 131

to the Succession to the Crown, together with the Declaration which gave them the Style of Princes of the Blood, were repealed; and all they had left them was the Rank and Honours which they had previously enjoyed, by Virtue of their first Patents. The slender Prerogative of passing through the Parliament Bar was continued to the Duke *Du Maine* and Count *De Toulouse*, during their Lives: Also by this Arret of 1717, the ancient Declaration, by which they and their Descendants were entitled to an intermediate Rank in Parliament was left in Force; but the Prince *De Dombes* was deprived of the Rank he had held in it, probably in order to make good the Promise made by the Regent, of putting the two Brothers on an equal Footing.

WHAT a heart-felt Grief to the Dutchess *Du Maine*, to see the Abasement of her Family, the Fall of that Structure which she had all her Life laboured to raise, and the Triumph of those who had overthrown it! In such an Agony it is scarce possible to bring one's self to a State of Inaction. The Dutchess *Du Maine*, on this iniquitous Contumely in *France*, thought of making the King of *Spain* her Friend; and the Devotion of this Prince being under the Direction of a Jesuit, put her upon making some Advances to the Director. With this View, she proposed to me to sound Father *Tournemine**, whom I had formerly seen in the Country, and who sometimes came to our Court. To make Remonstrances being beyond my Verge, as an implicit Obedience was all the Share allowed me in the Conduct

* Father *Tournemine*, a celebrated Jesuit: Besides his many other famous Writings, had a great Hand in the *Journal de Trevoux*. Died in 1739, aged 78.

Conduct of Affairs. I obeyed, and went to the reverend Father. I laid before him my Commission. He came into it with great Vivacity; and told me, that he had a Friend, a Person of Rank, and a Foreigner, whom private Business called into *Spain*: That he might be entirely confided in, and was capable of the most critical Negotiations: That if the Dutches *Du Maine* approved of this Way, he would send the Gentleman to me, and I might introduce him to her Highness: That he himself would give him Letters for *Spain*: And that her most serene Highness might put into his Hands whatever she thought of sending into that Country.

THIS Conversation I reported to the Dutches *Du Maine*. She liked the Father's Proposal, and I returned to acquaint him of her Highness's Approbation. This Man was the Baron *De Walef*. He was introduced to the Princess as a Man of Genius, who wanted to show her Highness some Specimens of his Poetry, as indeed he was known to be a Versifier. She had some private Conferences with him, delivered to him his Instructions, and expressly enjoined him not to go beyond them. At that Time all she desired was, to engage the King of *Spain* in Behalf of the Duke *Du Maine*, and his oppressed Family. The Baron was first to wait on Cardinal *Alberoni*, the Prime Minister, and see what was to be hoped for from him, and whether he would induce the King his Master to espouse the Affair from the Motives of Consanguinity, and Respect for the last Will of the late King his Grandfather, now reversed with such a barefaced Iniquity, that was an Insult to the Memory of that equitable and glorious Monarch.

It was agreed in what Manner the Baron was to transmit an Account of his Negotiation. I proposed that his Letters should be directed to me, that the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* might not be involved in it. They were apparently to contain only general News; but he had a white Ink given him, to write the ſecret Affairs betwixt the *Lies*. I was furniſhed with ſome of the ſame Ink, for writing the Answers, which became another Branch of my multifarious Department. He told me, That for the greater Security he would convey his Letters to me by a Woman, who lived at *Paris*, and was entirely at his Devotion.

MEASURES being thus taken, when we thought he had been gone, he call'd upon me again; and told me, That he was diſappointed of a Sum which he wanted for his Journey, and deſired me to ſell for him ſome Jewels which he had. I acquainted the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* with this, who readily underſtanding that he wanted Money, gave him a Hundred Louis. At laſt he ſet out, but it was for *Italy*, where he pretended to have ſome preliminary-Buſineſs, and after was to embark for *Spain*. The Reſult of this hopeful Embaſſy may be ſeen pretty nearly in the Report which I made on this Head. I took care to put nothing in, but what was true; for I am perſuaded, that when one finds one's ſelf under a Neceſſity of deviating from Truth, it muſt nevertheless be kept to as near as poſſible. 'Tis both ſafeſt and moſt honeſt. There is a Method of throwing the Shades and Lights on Facts ſo as to change the Appearance, without ſophiſtivating the Subſtance; and this I aimed at in my Declaration, which ſhall be inſerted in its Place.

M

THE

THE Dutcheſs *Du Maine* was too much diſturbed in her Mind to confine herſelf to this ſingle Meaſure, the Scope of which was to engage the King of *Spain* to take the Duke *Du Maine*'s Part, by way of Negotiation, and ſupport what the late King had done in his Favour.

SEVERAL of the great Nobility had pretended, that the Affair of the legitimated Princes ought not to be decided without the Intervention of their Body; and a Proteſt being drawn up on this Head, it was ſigned by a great many conſiderable Hands: This inclined the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* to enter into Connexions with ſome of them. She knew beſides, that moſt were diſpleaſed with the Government; uſed to complain of it with Acrimony; and meditated a Commotion.

As the Appearance of any little Light in the Miſt of thick Darkneſs draws our Steps thither, to have a nearer View of it; ſo ſhe ſought theſe Perſons, from a confuſed Judgment that they could be of Service to her. Two of the Principal, the C----- *De L-----*, and Monſieur *De P-----*, were brought to her. As they uſed to ſee the Prince *De Cellamare*, Embaſſador of *Spain*, they pretended that by his Means great Things might be attempted, and prevailed on the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* to have a Meeting with him, in a ſmall Houſe of hers at the Arſenal; and thither at Night *L-----*, as Coachman, conducted the Embaſſador. This was repeated a ſecond Time, and not unknown to the Regent, who even then had begun to take Umbrage at theſe clandestine Steps. All I have been able to diſcover of the Plan, is, that they were for diſſuading the King of *Spain* from acceding to the Quadruple Alliance,

as too favourable to the Duke *D'Orleans*; and putting him upon demanding that an Assembly of the States should be held, for limiting the Authority of the Regent, and putting a Stop to the flagrant Abuses of his Government. The first Article was all the Dutches *Du Maine* insisted on. She laid before the Prince *De Cellamare* the dangerous Consequences of the King of *Spain's* Accession. This was the chief Subject of her Conferences with him. She entrusted this Minister with a nervous and elegant Memorial, drawn up by herself only; and he took care safely to convey it to his Court.

MESSIEURS *De L----* and *De P----* also drew up several, as false in Facts as in Reasonings. Whatever came into their Heads, they advanced as certain; promising likewise the Assistance of a great Number of Persons, who were quite ignorant of their Designs, and whom, on the lightest Conjectures, they thought fit to associate into it. The Dutches *Du Maine* could not approve of their Chimeras; and came into them not from any Weakness, but from the extreme Perturbation of her Mind, which was under a Necessity of being kept in perpetual Action, though without any fixed Object.

THE Prince *De Cellamare* having approved of the Design, for engaging his Master to require a Meeting of the States of *France*, wanted a Model of the Letters which the King of *Spain* should write on this Head; one to the King, and the other to the Parliament. About these the Dutches *Du Maine* set to work Monsieur *De Malesieu*, jointly with the Cardinal *De Polignac*. The original Draught of this Piece, in which were both their Hands, ought unquestionably to have been

burnt. The Cardinal, in Haste to be at the King's Mass, recommended to the Dutches *Du Maine* to burn it immediately after it was copied, and Monsieur *De Malefieu* laid hold of it with that Design; but whether it came into his Mind to keep it, or he afterwards forgot it, he soon missed it. He was extremely concerned at this, but at that Time said nothing of it, and every Body thought that this important Paper no longer existed.

THE Dutches *Du Maine* had told me nothing of all this. With a great many Things she entrusted me, and concealed several others from me. I never courted the Knowledge of these burthensome Secrets, of which I so well foresaw the Consequences, that sometimes I endeavoured to draw her Attention to them: But when I used to tell her that she would get herself imprisoned, she only laughed, followed her Schemes, and all she feared was, the Duke *Du Maine's* Reluctance against them.

THE high Favour in which I stood with her, did not secure me from a Storm, which was near throwing me out of all. One Evening, being something out of Order, I laid down 'till my watching Time came. Being immediately called to her Undressing, I asked whether she wanted me for what belonged to my particular Office, as to write, look out a Book, or any Thing under my Care? I was told, it was for her Toilet. What I did there was so very little, that I concluded I might indulge myself a little longer. Her most serene Highness sent for me again, and gave me a very dry Reprimand for the Dispensation I had taken on myself. She told me, that her Women should wait upon her, and not loiter away their Time in writing Essays.

says. This Language, the first of the Kind she ever gave me, stung me ; and I said to her, that Service was what I so little understood, that she never could have made a worse Choice. My Answer provoked her ; and upon her Reply, though now long since forgot, I withdrew. She did not send for me at Night as usual, that I employ'd it in preparing for going away, which I was resolv'd on. Spent by Fatigues, discourag'd by Vexations, my only Support was the superior Consideration I enjoyed with her : That at an End, every Thing else became insupportable.

I HAD lately taken a Maid to myself, and at my own Expence : She, who attended us in common, being a perpetual Source of Debates ; whereas mine, whose Name was *Rondel*, was as discreet and good-natured as could be wished. I communicated to her what had pass'd, bidding her to get every Thing ready for my Removal : Yet, that I might not take such a Step without the Approbation of my Friends, I went at Day-break to Monsieur *De Valincourt*, as his Prudence and good Offices would be a necessary Support to me at this Juncture. He was of my Opinion, that I ought not to suffer myself to be ill-used, and approved the Design I had form'd of withdrawing into a Convent. Indeed I had not where-withal to subsist there a long Time ; but I promised myself that he, and my other Friends, would soon find out for me a Situation less uneasy than that I was quitting.

IN order to give a decent Form to my Retreat, I was the same Morning with Madame *Chambonnas*, Lady of Honour to the Dutchess *Du Maine*. I told her, that in the toilsome Life I led, it was only

the Kindness of her most serene Highness which had enabled me to bear it; and, being now deprived of that, the Troubles were more than I could go through: That I requested, she would be pleased to procure me the Dutches's *Du Maine's* Consent to leave her, and go into a Convent. My Meaning was, that this should be my last Appearance; but the Lady of Honour said to me, This is not the Way of leaving such a Person as her Highness; that I must return to the *Thuilleries* (she did not lodge there;) that she would speak to her most serene Highness, and bring me her Answer, that I might act with Precision. I, on this, returned to my Mansion; where I thought it would not be amiss to make known my Resolution, and the Motives, to the Cardinal *De Polignac*, who had often expressed an Esteem and Friendship for me. Having sent away my Letter, I quietly waited the Result. In the Evening Madame *De Chambonnas* sent me Word, to come to her in her Highness's Closet. She had been directed to bring me into Temper again, but she took the wrong Way to it: Instead of healing, by Marks of Esteem and Consideration, a Mind ulcerated by Contempt, she only represented to me my Want and Wretchedness, to justify, as it were, the Insult I had received. "I suppose," said she, in order to confound me, "you made yourself sure of a Pension; but that's more than you'll have." I answered, I made myself sure of nothing. "How will you live?" reply'd she. "That's my Concern," said I, "Madam. I shall be no Burthen to any Body; but, whatever happens, no longer will I expose myself to Disgusts which I do not deserve, and which I am above bearing." After exchanging
ing

ing several other Sentences, not at all more lenient, she left me, and went to give an Account of the ill Success of her Mission.

THE Dutchess *Du Maine*, being unwilling that I should leave her, whether from a general Reluctancy in her to part with any Person belonging to her; or whether, for want of knowing me better, she feared for the Secrets which she had intrusted me with; the Care of reconciling me was committed to a more skilful Hand, than that of Madame *Chambonnas*.

THE Cardinal *De Polignac* had certainly shewed her my Letter to him; and convinced her, that if she had a Mind to retain me, it could be only by good Usage, and by putting me upon another Kind of Footing in her Household. He came to me in my Room, whilst the Company was at Supper; told me, I must immediately go along with him to the Dutchess *Du Maine*, who was alone; that he insisted I should make some Excuse to her; that he assured me, that I should not only be perfectly well received, but in a little Time see myself removed from my present Station, into one much more agreeable; that it was not proper for her Highness to seem forced to it, in order to keep me; that this Decency would occasion some small Retardment of the Favours intended for me, and of which he himself would be Guarantee. On the Honour of this Treaty, I thought I might re-engage myself. I followed the Cardinal, who took me by the Hand, and led me to the Princess. I threw myself at her Feet; she immediately raised me, and embraced me: A Favour she had never done me before, and which I looked upon as one of the Preliminaries stipulated by the dexterous Negotiator.

Negotiator. What few Words passed on either Side wanted not Affection, and I entered again on Duty.

DISGUSTED with too many such Adventures, and out of Humour with my Condition, I listen'd to some Proposals of settling myself. A Woman, who had a Concern for me, informed me that she was particularly acquainted with a Man of Business, who offered a very advantageous Bargain; and that the Acknowledgement should be left to myself. I mentioned the Matter to Monsieur *De Valincourt*, and he appointed a Meeting with this Man; who, with Papers of which he made nothing, was for purchasing a Place of Receiver-General of the Finances, which would bring him in Twenty Thousand Livres *per Annum*: Offering, if his Affair succeeded, either to marry me, or give me Forty Thousand Livres. Though it was difficult, yet Monsieur *De Valincourt*, in order to make my Fortune, which he had very much at Heart, undertook it; and, to this End, employed the Interests of his Master the Count *De Toulouse*, with the Duke *De Noailles*, than at the Head of the Board of Finances. I also saw the Person in Question, in order to resolve on the best Use to be made of his Proposal. To me he appeared one of the lowest Class of Mortals in every Thing, except Oeconomy. He was a Widower, with one Child. I forget about what it was that he told me; he did not keep *Lent*, his Son's Constitution requiring a Flesh-Diet. This let me into the Licentiousness of his House, which, with the Disparity in other Respects betwixt him and me, determined me, after having examined jointly with Monsieur *De Valincourt* all the Niceties of Conscience and Honour, to prefer his Money to his Person.

THE

THE Duke *De Noailles*, to oblige the Count *De Toulouse*, readily consented to it; and writ him a Letter, by which he formally granted his Desire, in Favour of our Man. Nothing but the Form was wanting, to finish the Affair. I looked upon it as already over, when the Chief President sent to desire Leave to wait on the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* at Midnight; and this was to acquaint her, with the greateſt Secreſy, that the Duke *De Noailles* was to be removed from the Finances, and ſucceeded by Monsieur *D'Argenson*, who was likewise to have the Seals, already taken from the Chancellor. On her Return, ſhe order'd me to be called, and informed me of the Secret, not knowing the vaſt Conſequence it was of to me; nor did ſhe perceive it: Yet, in that Juncture, nothing could have happen'd worſe. Though I had many Reaſons to acquaint Monsieur *De Valincourt* with it, I faithfully kept the Secret. It ſoon became known by the Event, and greatly to the Amazement of the Publick; and thus my Affair utterly failed: But much worſe had it been, if the Succeſs of it had intoxicated me.

MONSIEUR *De Valincourt*, more concerned even than myſelf to ſee that my Planet had tumbled down two Miniſters at once, and ſhook a third, endeavoured with the new Keeper of the Seals, who was alſo his Friend, to procure for our Chapman a lucrative Employment, by which ſomething might be got from him. He had Hopes given him; but they were totally quash'd, by the Events in which I found myſelf gradually entangled. Here is what he had writ to me ſome Time before about it.

LETTER.

LETTER.

“ I SEND you the Remainder of *Seneca's Epistles*,
 “ and his *Treatise on Benefits*, translated by
 “ *Malherbe*. I beg your Acceptance of them,
 “ as an Addition to your Library. If I had not
 “ still Hopes in the Keeper of the Seals, and in
 “ Monsieur *Paris*, to whom I have writ this Morn-
 “ ing, this Present would look something like that
 “ of *Massinissa* to *Sophonisba* *; acquainting her,
 “ at the same Time, that since he could not release
 “ her from Servitude, he sent her the only Means
 “ by which she could deliver herself.”

WHILST Matters still wore a placid Appearance,
 the Dutchess *Du Maine*, also easier in herself than
 she had been for a long Time, took a Journey to
Scaux,

* A *Carthaginian* Princess; to whom, being taken
 Prisoner by the *Romans*, King *Massinissa*, her Husband,
 conveyed a Bowl of Poison, with this Letter.

MASSINISSA, to his QUEEN.

“ THE Gods know with what Pleasure I would
 “ have kept my Faith to *Sophonisba*, in another Manner :
 “ But this Bowl alone can deliver thee from the *Ra-*
 “ *mans*. Call to Mind thy Father, thy Country ; that
 “ thou hast been the Wife of two Kings ; and act up to
 “ the Dictates of thy heroick Heart. I will not long
 “ survive thee.”

She followed the Advice, with the Stupidity of an an-
 tient Heroine ; and *Massinissa*, as he could do no less,
 kept his Word.

Seaux, whither I was not able to follow her. Indeed Fatigue and Vexation had impaired my Health, that now I was very much indisposed. I stay'd at *Paris*, in a House which had been hired for Mademoiselle *Du Maine* near the *Thuilleries*, she having no Lodging there. Here I had the Comfort of a Chamber, where sometimes I used to go and rest myself after Dinner, out of the Way of my troublesome Fellow-Servants. As soon as ever I was able to stir, I went to wait on the Dutchess *Du Maine* at *Seaux*, towards the End of her Stay, which was but a Month or six Weeks. This Absence gave me to see that the strongest Tie with the Great is Habit, and this easily breaks, but no less easily joins again. I was at first as a Stranger to her: At length her Favour by slow Degrees returned, and I became admitted into the Conduct of the little Intrigues, which I had forfeited by my Absence.

WE returned to the *Thuilleries*; and it was at this Time that the Dutchess *Du Maine*, solicited by the Marquis *De Pompadour* to see the Abbè *Brigaut*, and hear him read a Piece, entitled, *Reponse aux Titres De Fitz-Morris*; or *Answer to Fitz-Morris's Claims*, consented to it. The Abbè said the Work was his. It was a particular Narrative of the Intrigue of a *Franciscan* Fryar, sent to *Spain*; in order, as was said, to cause a great Revolution there, in Favour of the Duke *D'Orleans*, who very unjustly suspected that this Libel came from the Pen of the Cardinal *De Polignac*. The Abbè *Brigaut* was Monsieur *De Pompadour's* chief Confident. He spoke of him to the Dutchess *Du Maine*, as capable of great Affairs, and whose Fidelity was Proof against every Thing. On this Character she went so far as to disclose

disclose to him her Dispositions, and discoursed with him of the Views then on Foot. This Man, whether from the Hopes of mending his Circumstances, then very necessitous; whether from Humour, or too much Leisure, wanted to be in Action. He had already engaged in the Pretender's Affairs; but this new Design appearing to him more interesting, he embarked in it, without ever weighing his Resolution and Abilities, which failed at the first Tryal.

THE Regent was at that Time passionately desirous of consolidating the Treaty of the Quadruple Alliance, which had been contrived in *England* by the Abbe *Du Bois* *.

THE Duke *Du Maine*, on the first Motion in the Council of Regency, opposed it with some Warmth; that, at the Breaking-up of the Council, the Duke *D'Orleans*, with a Look which spoke the Rancour of his Heart, said, "At length Monsieur *Du Maine* has thrown off the Mask." Though his Opinion did not prevail, he had brought upon himself the Hatred of the Regent, who, being likewise informed of the Intercourse which the Dutches *Du Maine* carried on with so many Persons suspected by him, began greatly to mistrust her. Fear of Troubles which might be raised against him, and his

* An abandoned Wretch. When *Leavis* XIV. bestowed a little Abbey on him, for some secret Service, Father *La Chaise* represented to the King, That *Du Bois* was addicted to Women, Wine, and Play: But the King answered, He has no Tye, he is never drunk, and never loses. The Regent procured him the Purple; but when the Pope came to hear of his Profligacy, it is said to have hastened the good old Pontiff's Death.

his Malignity against the Duke *Du Maine*, whom he believed, or feigned to believe, an Accomplice in the Commotions against him, prompted him to a Design of getting the King out of his Hands. This was a hazardous Attempt. The late King's Will in this Point had been ratified by that very Act of Parliament, to which he himself owed the Regency; and by the Bed of Justice, which had confirmed it. To invalidate these Acts seemed to carry Danger with it: And the Suspicions current against him, should have rendered him still more cautious in making any Alterations in the Measures taken for the Guard and Security of the King's Person. However, stimulated by *D'Argenson*, whose Characteristick was Steadiness, and by the Abbé *Du Bois*, no less noted for Vehemence, he overcame all Difficulties.

To give a Sanction to his Scheme, he laid it before the Council of Regency. The only Person who oppos'd it was the Marshal *De Villeroy*. He professed himself a Man of Honour, and had pretty well maintained the Dignity of such a Profession. Particularly, to manifest that the Degradation of the Duke *Du Maine* was without his Consent, he immediately after, on some Pretence or other, wrote him a Letter, taking care to fill it with all the Titles of which that Prince had immediately before been deprived.

THE Duke and Dutchess *Du Maine* were apprised that a great Storm impended over them. The Alarm in our House was suitable to the Danger apprehended. We were all on our Guard; at length, seeing nothing appear, we became as easy as ever. The Dutchess *Du Maine*, on Occasion of the Fes-

tival of her Name, went to sup and lie at the Arsenal, the usual Place of her Parties of Pleasure. There she was awaken'd with an Account, that every Thing was preparing for a Bed of Justice, intended to be held that very Day in the *Thuilleries*. She returned thither in Haste, and I heard this alarming News and her Return at the same Time. There was no seeing her in the first Moments, these being taken up in conferring with the Duke *Du Maine*, and the Count *De Toulouse* *.

THE Parliament, according to Order, repaired to the *Thuilleries*, which was every where invested with Troops. One might indeed see Concern in the Visages of most of the Members, but none of them show'd any Vigour or Fortitude. The Regent carried all before him; and as the Duke *Du Maine* and Count *De Toulouse* had left the Assembly, when they saw they were the Objects of it, every Thing which had been resolved on, principally against the Duke *Du Maine*, was the more easily executed. On very frivolous Pretences he was deprived of the Guard of the King's Person and the Care of his Education, which was conferred on the Duke of *Bourbon*, agreeably to his Petition; and on another Petition of the Duke's, all Acts in Favour of the legitimated Princes, and their Issue, were annulled: After which the Count *De Toulouse* alone was

* A natural Son of *Lewis XIV.* He commanded, as Lord High Admiral, the *French Fleet* against those of *England* and *Holland*, in the Engagement off *Malaga*; where both Fleets were equal in Number, though in Guns and Men the *French* had a considerable Superiority. Not a Ship was taken on either Side, though they both fought well.

was restored to his Rank and Honours, on the Terms of the Edict of 1717, in Consideration of the Services he had done the State, and the Wisdom and Magnanimity of his Conduct on all Occasions.

ALL these Things took Place, without the least Opposition on any Side; yet the Parliament entered a Protest against what had passed at the Bed of Justice, but the Publick never saw it. It is surprising that the Duke *Du Maine* made no Stand for maintaining himself in a Place, to which he had so just a Title. The Duke of *Bourbon* immediately took Possession of his new Honours, that the very same Day the Duke and Dutches *Du Maine* were obliged to quit their Lodgings in the *Tuileries*. They went and took Shelter at the *Hôtel de Toulouse*. The Suddenness of this Flight, the Tumult of the Removal, and much more the Event which occasioned it, affected my Mind beyond any Thing I ever felt in my severest Pressures. The Dutches *Du Maine* sent me away to *Seaux*, to look over her Papers, and burn whatever might make against her, or be judged reprehensible. In this I was so happy, that on being seized some Time after, they were returned without any Exception. In the Evening I was back at the *Hôtel de Toulouse*, and I spent the whole Night near the Dutches *Du Maine*. There is no describing her Condition; it was like a total Privation of Life, or a lethargick Sleep, which is interrupted only by convulsive Motions.

THE next Day we all set out for *Seaux*, where we stay'd in an extreme Dejection. It is strange that whatever concerns those to whom we have absolutely devoted ourselves, becomes quite personal. Three Days and three Nights was I without closing my

Eyes. My own Misfortunes never affected me so sensibly. Besides the Evils present, we had a thousand Subjects of Disquietude. It is by Evil we are taught what Fear is. The Letters which I used to receive from our Baron in *Spain* might be intercepted, and private Consultations come to Light. Every one was in for his Share, but the most uneasy Person was Monsieur *De Maleficien*. The Loss of the rough Draught of Letters for the King of *Spain*, threw him into an Agitation beyond concealing. He feared, lest it might have been laid hold of to show to the Regent. He was continually looking after it. He asked me one Day, whether I knew nothing of a Paper, in his and Cardinal *De Polignac's* Hand and full of Erasures, which he missed? He mentioned nothing of the Contents; and, as I had not been let into the Secret, I knew not what he meant, and assured him I had neither seen nor heard any Thing of such a Paper as he described.

THE Dutchess *Du Maine*, after being some Time in that State which suspends every Perception and benumbs all Motion, began to revive, and at last was herself again. As she could not safely see the suspected Persons, and at the same Time was impatient to know what they were about, she sent me privately to *Paris* to talk with the Count *De L-----*. We were together three full Hours, which he spent in displaying to me a Series of the most romantick Chimeras, the principal Foundation of their Designs being the Northern Alliance, then much talked of, and the settling the Pretender in *England*, by which the Duke *D'Orleans* would lose his strongest Support; Schemes so extensive, and at the same Time so vague, were never heard of, amidst all the
Products

Products of Conceit and Temerity. Our long Conference was closed with mutual Assurances not to make the least Mention of each other's Name, in Case of Imprisonment or Examination. This Prospect was become familiar to us; it made, at least, the Deepnings of the Picture.

IN my Return to *Seaux* quite alone, and in a very dark Night, I was overset about half Way, which detained me about two Hours; Part of the Time in a Ditch, and the other in a Mill: A Pre-sage, which, in the Times when they were in Vogue, would not have been over-looked.

I GAVE her Highness the best Account I could of the Trash he had poured forth to me. This was purely an Effort of Memory, for here Recollection was not facilitated by the Reason and Concatenation of Things: Yet she could discern some Hopes in them, and seized them as sinking Persons do a Straw.

THE Dutches *Du Maine*, after two Months of tedious Inactivity lingered away at *Seaux*, would see *Paris* again. Having now no Dwelling there, the Necessity of looking out for one was the Reason, or the Pretence for taking up her Residence with the Princess, her Daughter; though, without Doubt, her Desire to be more in the Way of Intelligence, was at the Bottom of it.

THEY whose Interests were connected with her's, still continued to push their Point, without perceiving that it was too much blunted for any Effect. They were drawing up Papers without Number, and only waited an Opportunity of conveying them into *Spain*. Monsieur *De Pompadour*, having composed one which he thought decisive, was impatient to show it

to the Dutches *Du Maine* ; but she having, at the Duke's Request, promised not to see any of the Persons suspected of Cabal, refused meeting the Marquis. He insisted on the Necessity of their being together, and on the Impossibility of finding any trusty Hands for delivering to her this triumphant Composition. She at last consented that he himself should read it to her, both having taken all possible Precautions against any Discovery of this Interview. So far from approving the boasted Memorial, she thought it pernicious, and earnestly begged of him not to send it. He seem'd to agree with her. Sometimes I was sent with Letters to him, which I always took care to see burned before I left him.

MADAME *De Pompadour* was always in a bemoaning Mood. "We had," said she, "in Readiness Pieces irresistible, that would do the greatest Service ; but, alas ! no Conveyance offers." Her Husband and she soon after thought to have found the rarest Opportunity imaginable, for sending away to *Spain* the whole Packet. The Abbè *De Portocarrero*, a Youth of about Two-and-twenty, was returning thither. He had a Chaise with a double Bottom, into which our Papers were put, as a Place perfectly secure. The Count *De L-----* informed the Dutches *Du Maine* of it in a Billet ; and she, who had strongly oppos'd this dangerous Conveyance, instantly foresaw what the Consequences would be.

THE high Character given to her of the Abbè's Discretion, and that his Fidelity was not to be questioned, could not quiet her Alarms. Indeed that the Papers under his Care came to be discovered, was in no wise his Fault. It has since been publickly

lickly known that the *Spanish* Embassador's Secretary, to excuse his disappointing a Girl of the Community of *Tillon* at a Rendezvous, told her, That he had been so taken up with Dispatches, on Account of the Abbè *De Portocarrero's* going for *Spain*, that for his Life he could not keep his Word with her. Of this the Girl informed her Superior, who being a zealous Partizan for the Regent, advised him of it as no slight Matter.

He immediately dispatched Orders for stopping the Abbè, and seizing the Papers he was carrying. The Pursuers came up with him at *Poitiers*; and, after taking what was wanted, left him to jog on. He, without Delay, sent Advice to the Prince *De Cellamare* of what had happen'd; and his Messenger was so expeditious, that he came a considerable Time before him who was bringing the same News to the Regent, and who arrived in the Night. This Prince, having spent Part of it at Table in pleasant Company, was little inclined to pass the Remainder in searching into an Affair not at all a Kin to Hilarity. It is even said that one of the Company, who little minded State-Affairs, dissuaded him from opening the Packet. However it was, the Embassador had sixteen Hours for taking Measures, before he was put under Arrest, that his Negligence, in not destroying the Papers which exposed the Persons concerned with him, admits of no Excuse.

He apprised the Count *De L-----* of the Affair; sent a Hundred Louis to the Abbè *Brigaut*, with Directions to make off secretly, and without Delay. This Abbè, having some Intimacy with the Chevalier *De Menil*, hasten'd to him; and told

told him, that he was going a Journey which might take up some Time, and desir'd he would take care of a little Box, in which was his Will, together with some Family-Papers. The Chevalier, knowing that the Abbé had formerly been a very stirring Instrument of the Pretender's, thought this might be some such Business, and ask'd him no Questions. The Abbé, after this laconic Speech, went away; and the next Morning his Maid brought to the Chevalier a large Packet of Papers, all sealed up, which she said her Master, at his setting out, had ordered her to deliver into his Hands. The Chevalier, suspecting no Harm, took them as he had, the Box.

In the Afternoon of the same Day, the 9th of December, 1718, the Chevalier *De Gavaudun*, one of the first Gentlemen of our House, came into my Chamber, where Monsieur *De Valincourt* was with me; "Great News!" said he; "the Spanish Embassador's House is surrounded, and Soldiers posted at all the Avenues. The Occasion is not yet known." I was thunder-struck; yet before Monsieur *De Valincourt*, who knew not how deeply we were concerned, I endeavoured to show no more than a Surprise at so unusual a Procedure. *Gavaudun* knew all, and as he meant only to inform me of our Misfortune, withdrew; but Monsieur *De Valincourt* staid a long Time reasoning on the Affair, which mightily astonished him. I don't know how he came not to perceive my Agitation, for it was as much as I could do to suppress it. Afterwards, amidst the like torturing Restraint, I underwent a Visit from the Abbé *Gbaulieu*. The Arrest of the Embassador, and

and the several random Conjectures about it, were the Subject also of this Conversation.

THE Dutches *Du Maine*, on her Part, was not less put to it to carry a good Face before the Company, with which she was continually environ'd. Every one who came was full of this News, added some Circumstances, and nothing else was talk'd of. She could not withdraw from this troublesome Crowd, lest it might give a Handle for disagreeable Surmises: However, she order'd me to be called into her Closet for a Minute, and asked me, if I had not heard something amiss? I told her, that all I knew was the common Report, which extremely troubled me. She was to be sure no less surprized than myself, though she did not see where it would end. I was dispatched to make some Enquiries, but could meet with no satisfactory Information.

At length we received Intelligence that the Papers committed to the Abbé *De Portocarrero* had been seized, together with those of the Ambassador, and that this was the Occasion of the Ambassador's being put under Arrest. Then it was that we saw ourselves sunk into an Abyss, from which there was no Recovery. The next Day News came, that the Marquisses *De Pompadour* and *Saint Genies* were clapp'd up in the *Bastile*. Two Days after the Dutches *Du Maine*, playing at *Biribi* *, as usual,

(she
* A Game, the Instruments of which are a large painted Cloth with seventy Squares, each marked with its *Numero*; and a Bag, in which are sixty-four little Balls, containing as many Notes, each number'd. These every Player draws by Turns, and if the *Numero* on the Note drawn answers to that of the Square on which he puts his Money, the Banker pays him sixty-four Times his Stake.

(she prudently kept up the same Course of Life in every Thing) one Monsieur *De Châillon*, who held the Bank, a dry silentious Man, here broke out; "Egad, here's very droll News! One Abbé "*Bri-----, Bri-----*" (he could not recollect his Name) "has been seized, and lodged in the *Bastile*, "as a Jobber to the *Spanish* Embassador:" Adding, "The Cream of the Jest is, that he has told all, "and now a good many People must sit on Thorns." Then, for the first Time in his Life, he was seen to laugh.

THE Dutches Du *Maine*, who was not in a laughing Humour, said, "Yes, that's odd enough." "Oh!" says he, "'tis enough to make one dye "with laughing. The poor Intriguers thought "the Affair so close; and here's one who declares "more than he is asked, and names every one by "his Name." These last Words threw our Princess into an Anguish the more torturing, as 'it was unexpected, the Count *De L-----* having sent her Word that the Abbé was gone off, and such Measures taken that there was nothing to fear. She must have had a prodigious Command of herself, bearing Monsieur *De Châillon's* galling Babble; without in the least betraying the various Motions with which she was then agitated. At Night, when I was with her, she related the Whole, and without Concealment of her Terrors; which I own I did not offer to divert, being myself too strongly persuaded of the unhappy Fate which hung over her. Not a Day passed but some Body was taken up, and we only waited our Turn.

THE Chevalier *De Menil* was also committed to the *Bastile*. The Abbé *Brigaut*, as I have said, had

had left with him his Box and Papers. The Chevalier, at that Time, suspected nothing; but when the Prince *De Cellamare* came to be put under Arrest for State-Matters, as he knew the Abbé to have some Dealings with him, he judged, from his hasty Departure, that he might have been concerned in these Practices, and grew very uneasy at his Depositum. He was not ignorant of the Rigour of the Laws, but he chose rather to expose himself to them, than be wanting to a Person, who, though not his most intimate Friend, had confided in him: However, he thought it behoved him to inform himself of the Nature of what he had under Charge. He dexterously opened the Box; and, as the Abbé had said, found there only his Will, and other Papers of as little Importance. He shut it again, that nothing could be perceiv'd, and then proceeded to break open the Scroll of Writings, in which were all the Plans, Memorials, and what ever had been written on the *Spanish* Intrigue, which, 'till that Moment, had been to him an entire Secret. He was not at Leisure for reading such a Multitude of Pieces, but in running them over he saw enough to conclude there was nothing in them, either against the King or the State: However, observing a great many Names of Persons of Rank, who would be implicated in the Danger, if this Testimony against them was not made away with, he threw the whole Parcel into the Fire.

THERE were several Intrigues, distinct from ours; and which, without any reciprocal Communication, centered in *Spain*, and the Managers negotiated separately with the Ambassador; the Counts *Daydie* and *Magni*, who, at the first Report made the best
of

of their Way into *Spain*, had their particular Cabal. The Duke of *Richlieu*, who, a long Time after the others, was sent to the *Bastile*, had also his. Likewise other eminent Personages, were suspected of having formed Parties. The Indications or Proofs of all these Things were in the Abbè *Brigaut*'s Memorial; there being little, if any Thing, which Prince *Cellamare* had not made him privy to.

THE Day after this generous Conflagration of the Papers, the Abbè *Du Bois*, to whom the Chevalier was very well known as likewise his Acquaintance with the Abbè *Brigaut*, sent for him, and question'd him about the Plot, as it was called. The Chevalier *De Menil* assured him that he had never opened his Lips to him about it; owning, at the same Time, that he had deliver'd to him a Box which, as the Abbè told him, contained only some private Papers. The Box was immediately sent for, and every Thing found as had been said.

IN the mean Time the Abbè *Brigaut*, whom the Ambassador had urged to make off, was travelling on leisurely on a Hackney-Horse, and in the Garb of a Gentleman. He was three Days in reaching *Montargis*, where some Persons from the Duke *D'Orleans* laid hold of him, finding him to answer the written Description they had of him. At first he pretended not to be the Person they sought; but several Letters directed to Abbè *Brigaut*, which he was so strangely negligent not to destroy, being found on him, were an unanswerable Conviction. Accordingly he was carried back the same Road to the *Bastile*, but with much more Dispatch than he had gone to *Montargis*.

AT

AT his Entrance into the *Bastile* he was struck with such a Panic, that he said he would truly declare all that was wanted to be known of him.

MESSIEURS *D'Argenson* and *Le Blanc*, who had been appointed for the Enquiry into our Affair, were soon with him, and entered on Business, by telling him, That his Maid was in the *Bastile*, and that the Chevalier *De Menil* had deliver'd up to them what he had committed to him. "Well," then," answered he, "as you have those Papers, you know every Thing; the Whole of the Business being in them." This Confession, so little agreeing with what had been found in the Box, gave them to see that the Chevalier had only made a partial Acknowledgement.

MONSIEUR *Le Blanc* sent for him, and told him of the Abbè *Brigaut's* Declaration. Monsieur *De Menil* answer'd, without any Discomposure, That he had no other Papers of the Abbè, but what he had shewn; if his Word was not to be taken, there was his House to be search'd. After thus persisting some Time in the Negative, seeing himself alone with Monsieur *Le Blanc*, (his Attendants being withdrawn) "Sir," said he, "I am going to speak to you, not as a Minister of State and my Judge, but as a Gentleman and a Man of Honour." After this concise Preamble, he plainly, without concealing or disguising any Thing, related what he had done, and his Reason for it. Monsieur *Le Blanc*, in Regard of his Confidence, told him, That though he could not, without betraying his Office, keep the Secret with which he had intrusted him, yet he would set his Candour in the best Light, and endeavour to get his Behaviour over-looked.

O

MONSIEUR

MONSIEUR *Le Blanc* kept him at his House, and drove away to the Palace, where he did all that could be done to palliate the Chevalier *De Menil*'s Proceedings; and had certainly brought the Duke *D'Orleans* to have excused it, but the Abbé *Du Bois*, personally nettled that he had been deluded, insisted with a boisterous Fury, on his being sent to the *Bastile*; and his Rancour prevailed against the good Offices of Monsieur *Le Blanc*, and the earnest Sollicitations of *Nocé*, a Favourite of the Regent, who offered to keep him in his House.

A MARQUIS *De Menil*, of another Family, made it his Business to wait on the Duke *D'Orleans*; protesting to him, that he was neither a Relation nor a Friend of the Chevalier: "So much the worse for you, Sir," answer'd the Regent; "the Chevalier *De Menil* is a very fine Gentleman."

I HAD never heard a Word of this Chevalier *De Menil*, 'till his Imprisonment. His generous Proceeding was universally extolled, and on this Occasion I heard so many good Things said of him, that I became exceedingly prepossessed in his Favour.

THE Regent, in order to justify his abrupt Conduct, printed two Letters from Prince *Cellamare* to Cardinal *Alberoni*, which had been taken in Abbé *Portocarrero*'s Packet, with other Writings sent by the Ambassador to that subtle Minister. At the Head of these Letters, was the following Preamble:

"THAT the Publick may be informed of the
 " Grounds on which His Majesty, on the Ninth
 " of the present Month, came to a Resolution of sending
 " back the Prince *Cellamare*, Embassador from the
 " King of *Spain* accompanied by a Gentleman
 " in

Madame DE STAHL. 159

“ in Ordinary to the Frontiers of *Spain* ; he has
“ order’d the printing and publishing of the Copies
“ of two Letters from this Embassador to his Em-
“ minency Cardinal *Alberoni*, dated the First and
“ Second of the present Month ; signed by the said
“ Embassador, and written entirely in his own Hand,
“ and without any Cypher.” To these two Letters
were subjoin’d this Advertisement :

“ WHENEVER His Majesty’s Service, and the
“ Precautions necessary for the Safety and Tranquil-
“ lity of the Kingdom, shall admit of publishing the
“ Schemes, Manifestoes and Memorials, cited in
“ those two dangerous Letters, all the Circumstances
“ of this detestable Conspiracy, machinated and con-
“ ducted by the said Embassador, for bringing about
“ a Revolution in the Kingdom, will appear in their
“ true Light, to the Indignation of all loyal *French-*
“ *men.*”

THIS magnificent Promise was all ; nothing being
afterwards publish’d : But this Industry to aggravate
the Matter and excite the Hatred of the Nation, and
the Severity already exercis’d towards most of the
supposed Delinquents, foreboded the Treatment which
the principal Accomplices were to expect. There
were also many other Notices of it. The Dutchess
Du Maine received positive Advice, from more than
one Quarter, that she was to be taken into Custody.
She often us’d to talk to me at Night ; and
would say, that whatever Place she was carried to,
she would ask that I should go with her. This,
if Matters came to that melancholy Pass, was what I
most passionately wish’d. Both of us then made
no Question, but that, in Regard to her Rank, the

Place of her Confinement would be one of the Royal Seats, with a suitable Retinue. It was not in Nature to imagine any Thing of the harsh and unworthy Treatment she afterwards went through. Our soft Idea of a Prison becoming her did not much terrify her. She even used to be merry about it, contriving little Projects for making her Retreat, if not agreeable, at least supportable and easy.

I WAS under this melancholy Expectation, when one Evening, being fatigued both in Mind and Body, I threw myself on a Couch in my Chamber and fell asleep. In the Midst of my Nap, I felt a smart Pluck at my Arm. On this, half opening my Eyes, I through the Dark discerned a Woman carelessly dressed, and whom I did not know. She told me in Haste, that her Mistress sent me Notice of the Dutchess *Du Maine's* being to be taken into Custody that very Night; that she had it from so sure a Hand, that there was no Question to be made of it. These Words quite dispersed my Somnolency. I ask'd her several Questions on Particulars which I found she knew nothing of, and that was all I got from her; except that she had been sent by the Marchioness *De Lambert*, so famous for the Purity of her Morals and the Sublimity of her Intellects, and than whom the Dutchess *Du Maine* had not a faster Friend, though in this Affair she had not shared her Confidence.

WITHOUT Loss of Time I was with the Princess, and acquainted her with the Notice I had receiv'd. This only more precisely confirmed the many Informations received from other Persons. She communicated them to those who were most familiar about her, and who had been the farthest initiated into her

her Myſteries, and kept them to ſpend the Night in her Chamber till the Cataſtrophe ſhould break out; but ſhe was ſo little concerned, as to turn it into a Subject of Jocularity, in which we all emulated each other, that this Night of tremendous Alarms ſlid away very chearfully. At length I took a Book which I found by me, in order to throw her into a Sleep. This was *Machiavel's Decades*, folded down at the Chapter Of *Conſpiracies*. I ſhew'd it to her; and ſhe, with a loud Laugh, ſaid; "Away with this Evidence againſt us; it would be one of the ſtrongeſt."

Our Expectation this Time was premature. The Day came and advanced, Matters ſtill remaining in *Statu quo*. It ſeems ſome Measures, which remained to be taken, obliged the Regent to defer the Execution of his Deſigns for ſome Days. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine* however, perſuaded that he would not recede from it, drew up a Memorial, to be left with the Princeſs her Mother; to require, on her being taken into Cuſtody, that ſhe ſhould immediately be brought on her Trial; conſcious that ſhe was not chargeable with any Thing criminal, and that on juridical Examination the Regent's Malignity would be frustrated, and he obliged to ſet her at Liberty, unleſs he would ſtand the Odium of all Ranks. Four or five Days had paſſed away pretty quietly, and after having employ'd Part of the Night in composing this Writing, and diſcourſing to me about it, ſhe fell aſleep at Six o'Clock in the Morning, and I withdrew. I was juſt began to doſe, when I heard the Door open, for I always left the Key in it. I imagined that the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* had ſent for me again;

and, half awake, said, "Who is there?" An unknown Voice answer'd, "I come in the King's Name." I was at no Loss about his Meaning; and, in the same Breath, with no very mannerly Accent, he bid me get up. I need not say that I obeyed, without any Reply. It was the Twenty-ninth of *December*, and before Day-break. Those who were come into my Chamber had brought no Light, but one of them went and fetch'd a Candle. Then I saw my Company to be an Officer of the Guards, and two Musqueteers. The Officer read an Order for guarding me in Sight. In the mean time I kept putting on my Cloaths; and asked if my Chamber-Maid, who lodged a little further, might come to me? But not so much as this was permitted. The whole House swarmed with Guards and Musqueteers, that there was no Admittance any where. The good Girl, it seems, several Times attempted to make her Way to me, but was always drove back with great Rudeness and Insult.

I WAS under a horrible Distress of Mind about the Dutches *Du Maine*; doing myself the Honour to look upon this Visit to me, only as a Consequence of that Princess being taken under Arrest: But, I suppose, that had I asked, I should not have been the wiser, and my Keepers would not have gratified my affectionate Curiosity. I since knew that the Duke of *Bethune*, Captain of the Guards in Waiting, attended by *Monsieur De la Billarderie*, Lieutenant of the Life-Guards, had brought to her the King's Warrant for carrying her to Prison; to which she submitted with a most amiable Serenity, that the very Tools of this Indignity were concerned at it. *La Billarderie* asked the Woman who lay

lay in the Dutches's *Du Maine's* Chamber, whether she was not Mademoiselle *De Lauhay*? She very rightly answer'd, no; not envying me at that Time the Treatment, which, from that Question, she might conclude was preparing for me.

I REMAINED, with my three Keepers only, from Seven in the Morning to Eleven, without knowing any Thing of what was doing: However, I ask'd one of them, with whom I had conversed pretty cheerfully, Whether I should not be sent to my Princess, in case she should be remov'd? He assured me, that nothing she should ask would be refused. This Hope comforted me; but I was immediately flung into Despair, an Officer coming in, and saying, that the Princess was gone, and that I might be left with only one Musketeer.

THE News of this Departure, and without me, touched me to the very Heart. This was the first Emotion I felt; for all the rest I was prepared, that it had scarce given me any Uneasiness. There was no knowing whither the Dutches's *Du Maine* had been carried: All I could hear was, that she would lie that Night at *Essonna*; whence I erroneously concluded, that *Fontainebleau* was the Place appointed for her Confinement. My Grief would have been much greater, had I then known she was on the Road to *Burgundy*, the Duke of *Bourbon's* Government, in order to be put into *Dijon* Citadel; that she went in the Stage, and for Attendance had only two Chamber-Women. Soon after indeed, at the Solicitation of the Princess *De Condé*, was sent to her Mademoiselle *Desforges*, a Relation of Monsieur *De Malesieu*, who had a long Time lived in her Family, without any Office or Title.

This

This was a strange Abasement for a Princess, accustomed to Splendor and Homage, always surrounded by Friends and Dependants, and who thinks herself alone when she is not in a Crowd.

THE Captain of the Guards left her at *Essonne*; and Monsieur *De la Billarderie*, with the Detachment of the Life-Guards and Musqueteers, carried her to *Dijon*, where he stayed some Time with her. I cannot omit his generous Concern, at the Obscurity in which he saw this illustrious Princess; and endeavouring by a respectful Complaisance, and all Manner of kind Offices, to soften the Sorrows of her Captivity.

THE Duke *Du Maine* had been taken into Custody at *Seaux*, where he had stayed during the Dutchess *Du Maine's* Escursion to *Paris*; thence he was carried away to the Citadel of *Dourlans*, in *Piccardy*, and there guarded by an Officer named *Fatentour*, who used him with all the Insolence and Brutality of an hardened Goaler. Monsieur *Du Malefeu*, who had remained at *Seaux* with the Duke *Du Maine*, was also taken there. His Papers were seized in his Presence; and in his Scrutoire, within the Folds of his Son's Contract of Marriage, he found the Original of that Letter from the King of *Spain* to the King of *France*, for which he had made so many Searches, and been so disturbed at the Loss of it. He immediately seized it with both Hands, and began tearing it to Flitters; but Monsieur *Trudaine*, who examined his Papers, gathered up the Pieces which were carefully preserv'd, and he was shewn the Way to the *Bastile*.

MESSIEURS

MESSIEURS *Davisard* and *Barjeton*, who had assisted in composing the Memorials on the Ranks of the legitimated Princes, but without any Share in the Cause of this Combustion, found themselves envelop'd in the Contumely, common to all who were particularly attach'd to the *Du Maine* Family. Monsieur *De Malestien*'s Son, an Officer in the Ordnance, and the Chevalier *De Gavaudun*, were seiz'd at *Paris* in the Dutchess *Du Maine*'s House, and at the same Time as her Highness. Even her Maid of Honour, Mademoiselle *De Montauban*, tho' very little in her Confidence, had the same Fate. Two Valets de Chambres, four Footmen, and even two Rubbers of her Highness's Apartment, all taken at one Draught, were carried to the *Bastile* the same Day. Even the Abbé *Le Camus* and his demolish'd Countess, had also the Honour of sharing in the Imprisonment; but, I believe, a little after. The aged Marquis *De Boisdavis*, a Nobleman of *Poitou*, was likewise fetch'd from his remote Province, only on Account of a Letter, written by him, to the Duke *Du Maine*, fill'd with Offers of Services, and Assurances of a zealous Devotedness to his Interest.

THE high Reputation of the Cardinal *De Polognac* did not save him from being exil'd to *Anchin*, one of his Abbies in *Flanders*; and to the Leisure of this Relegation the World partly owes the finishing of his admirable *Anti-Lucretius*. The Prince *De Dombes*, and the Count *D'Eu* his Brother, were sent to the Town *D'Eu* in *Normandy*, an Estate belonging to the Duke *Du Maine*. The Princess his Daughter, Madame the Princess of *Condé* took

took care to put into a Convent. Thus was this excellent Family dispersed.

For my Part, being shut up in my Chamber with only a Musqueteer, I was out of the Way of hearing any Thing. I believe he would not have been unwilling to tell what he knew, for he voluntarily offer'd to do me any Service I would ask. I would have none of his Services, both from Mistrust, and not to give him, in such a nice Juncture, any Title to my Gratitude: I had, however, a little Box full of Papers, not at all dangerous as to politic Affairs, but of which, as personally concerning me, I could have wish'd to have been fairly rid. I thought, after duly weighing the Matter, that it were better they should fall into the Hands of Ministers than of Musqueteers. Happily when his Concern for my Misfortunes began to show itself more than I liked, he was relieved. His Successor did not show himself altogether so sympathizing, only advis'd me to eat a Bit, almost giving me to understand that it might possibly be my last, and that it would keep up my Spirits, and help me to make my Exit with a good Grace. I could not imagine what hasty Execution he was advising me of, having no Notion of what the Powers in Being intended to do with me.

AFTER Dinner Messieurs *Fagon* and *Parisot*, Masters of Request *, came to inspect my Papers. I told them they would find some Love-Letters, which

* So called, from reporting the Requests or Petitions of private Persons to the Council; or rather from their final judging such as are referred to them. They are Counsellors at Law, and buy their Posts.

it was proper, to let them know came from a Gentleman turn'd of Fourſcore though written in a School-Boy's Hand, he being blind. Theſe were the Abbe *De Chaulieu*, and the Secretary his little Foot-Boy, who could not ſpell one Syllable.

THESE Gentlemen turned over my Books, where they met with nothing reprehensible. They ſearched every Creek and Corner, even under my Bed-Cloaths, yet without perceiving this Box, which I was deſirous of concealing. They would alſo ſearch a Trunk, of which my Chamber-Maid had the Key. This oblig'd them to ſend for her; afterwards, to my very great Comfort, ſhe was left with me. Within an Hour or two after, an Officer of the Muſqueteers came to acquaint me, that I muſt get ready to go, but without telling me whither. I ask'd him, if the Girl who waited on me might go with me? He told me, on that Head he had no Order; and that to allow of it, without the Regent's Pleaſure, was as much as his Commiſſion was worth. I inſtantly begg'd of him to obtain this Favour for me, it being all I ſhould aſk. He aſſur'd me the Girl ſhould very ſoon follow me. He took off his Muſqueteer, and ſhut me up in my Chamber only with her; telling me, that in Half an Hour I ſhould be called.

RONDEL, though ſhe had not been quite a Year with me, and more than one Perſon had buſily adviſed her to have nothing further to do with me, aſſured me, that, whatever might happen, ſhe would not leave me; and I had not leſs Reaſon to be ſatisfied with her good Senſe, than her heroic Affection; I think it deſerves that Epithet.

THE

THE little Box of Papers which was with me, though containing only Trifles, disturbed me; and I had so little Wit as to tell her, to take an Opportunity of committing 'em all to the Flames when I was gone, and she should happen to be alone in the Room. I deliver'd her the Key. She had not Leisure to make any Objection, I being called upon before the Time, and hurried into a Coach by three Musqueteers.

It was then Seven in the Evening. By the Time I apprehended my Journey would not be long, and that the *Bastile* was the Place allotted for me. Accordingly, thither I was carried. I alighted at the End of a little Bridge, where the Governor received me. After being brought in, I was kept some Time behind a Door, two or three of our Associates, whom I was not to see, arriving at the same Time. These were Fineffes which I was not conversant with. After the others had been shewn to their Niches, the Governor came and led me to mine. I crossed several other Bridges, along which I heard the rattling of Chains, a Sound little exhilarating: At length I was brought to a large Chamber, without any Thing but four bare Walls, very foul, all over daubed with Charcoal Inscriptions, which expressed the very opposite Sentiments and Conditions of the former Occupiers. A little Rush Chair was brought for me to sit down; two Stones for supporting a Faggot, which was kindled; and my Light was a Candle's-End, stuck against the Wall. All these Conveniencies having been provided for me, the Governor withdrew; which was followed by the harsh Noise of five or six

six large rusty Locks, and twice the Number of Bolts.

THUS here I am, looking on my Faggot, uncertain whether I should have this Girl; who, besides her Company, I propos'd would be of great Use to me: And still more uneasy, how she would act on the inadvertent Order I had given her, and of which then all the Consequences were present to me. Under this Anguish I continu'd about an Hour; and of all the Hours of my Imprisonment, it was the most painful.

At length the Governor again makes his Appearance; and, to my inexpressible Joy, follow'd by Mrs. *Rondel*. She ask'd him, with a very grave Air, whether I was to lie on the Boards? His Answer spoke a Jocularly not at all well timed, and so left us. My first Question, when we were alone, was, what would become of my Papers? She told me, that she had open'd the Box; and that finding it quite full of Papers, and I not having specified a Word of which I would chiefly have destroy'd, it appear'd to her that she should never have Leisure to burn them all, and much less find any Way to hinder the Ashes from rising in Judgment against her and me: And besides, she thought, that after the strict Search made by such Gentlemen in my Room, all was over there; that therefore she had judg'd it best to shut the Box again, and put it in that dark Place, where it had so fortunately escaped the first Rummage. She deliver'd me my Key, and I could do no less than commend her Prudence. I told her, that she had repair'd a Blunder in me, which might have been of disagreeable Consequences.

WE were quietly conversing together, when we heard the frightful grating of our Doors, as it could not be otherwise. We were directed to go into a Chamber facing ours, without acquainting us wherefore. That is not a Place for Explanations; and most of those who come near one, are of such forbidding Physiognomies, that one is little inclined to ask any Questions.

IN this Chamber we were barricaded no less carefully than we had been in the other. We were no sooner locked in, when I was surprized with a Noise, such as to me seem'd quite strange; and though I listen'd a long Time, musing what it might be, I could make nothing of it; and, finding it went on without Interruption, I ask'd *Rondel* what she thought of it? She was at a Stand herself; but perceiving it gave me Uneasiness, she said it must certainly come from the Arsenal, as indeed we were not far from it: Possibly it is some Engine for preparing the Salt-Peter. I told her positively she was mistaken; that the Noise was much nearer than she imagin'd, and withal very extraordinary; yet was it nothing more than common, for I afterwards found out that this Engine, which I did not know but it might be to grind us to Pieces, was no other than the Jack, which we heard so plain, the Chamber in which we were being over the Kitchen.

NIGHT was coming on, and no Appearance of a Bed nor Supper; when we were taken from this Chamber, where I was growing very uneasy about the Noise, which still continu'd. We were shifted again to our former Room; where I found a little Bed not amiss, an Easy-Chair, two common Chairs, a Table, a wooden Bowl, a Water-Jug, and a Kind
of

of Truckel-Bed for *Rondel*. She complained of it, saying it was down-right nasty. The Answer was, they were the King's Beds, and not to be found fault with. No further Words; away the Turnkey went, and locked us in.

THESE homely Necessaries, when one has been under a Fear of wanting them, gave a greater Joy than the most sumptuous Furniture to those who live in continual Affluence. I was glad to see myself Mistress of a Bed, and I should not have been sorry likewise to have had a Supper. It was Eleven o'Clock at Night, and no Sign of any; then the Advice of the *Muſqueteer* about my dining came into my Mind, and I thought that from his Acquaintance with the Place, he knew it was not the Custom to eat Suppers. Hunger, which drives the Wolf out of the Woods, pressed me; but I saw no Relief. At last Supper came, but very late. The Hurry of the Day had caused this Irregularity; and the next Day I was not less surprized to see it come in at Six in the Evening, than I had been in a waiting for it 'till such an unseasonable Time.

I SUPPED, prayed, and I think with more Attention and Fervour than in the Days of Freedom and Joy, then went to Bed. My Depression would have proved an Opiate; but the little Bell, which the Centry tolls every Quarter of an Hour, to give Notice that he is not asleep nor off his Post, every Time awakened me. This I thought a cruel Rule, that wretched Prisoners must be every Moment awakened by a Notice, that strict Watch is kept not for their Safety, but Confinement. It was long before I became accustomed to these Interruptions.

MONSIEUR *De Launay*, Governor of our Castle, had just taken Possession of his Place when we came under his Care. His Predecessor died only the Evening before. He was both a Relation and the Pupil of the former, and by him had been perfectly model'd to all the Practices of the Goal. The Day after my Entrance he came to see me, and I observ'd he affected Raillery. I spoke to him in his own Dialect, and he thought me very well tutor'd. I ask'd him for some Books, and a Pack of Cards. He sent me some loose Volumes of *Cleopatra*. With this Trash I whiled away the Time 'till something better should come, and play'd at Picquet with *Rondek*. She used to relate to me all she had seen and heard, the Day that I was taken into Custody, before she was shut up with me. When she had finished her Story, I used to make her begin again; and, what I should have thought very strange in her serene Highness towards me, I was perpetually asking her Things which it was impossible she should know. One of the chief Points of my Curiosity, was to hear who were our Fellow-Sufferers. She told me the Names of all those whom she had seen arrested at our little *Hôtel*; but there were many others we knew nothing of. "We shall have a rare Opportunity," says she, "of seeing them on *Sunday* at Chapel; and, I promise, my Eyes shall be every where." We, at that Time, did not know that it was not thought worth while to let Prisoners partake of the Service of the Church; and it was no small Distinction granted to me, that I was admitted to Mass on *Sundays* and Festivals: But, as to the Discoveries expected from it, I was never the better, being concealed

cealed under a Pavillion, that I could neither see, or be seen by any Body.

SUCH Precaution is taken, lest one Prisoner should have so much as a Glimpse of another, that the Governor told me, he could not avoid ordering Papers to be put on my Windows, as they looked into the inward Court of the Castle. I represented to him that this was a needless Trouble, for such a purblind Creature as I. He had observed that I was really dim-sighted, and so desisted; without recollecting that I could make use of my Companion's sparkling Eyes, as I did. She spent the greatest Part of the Day in looking through the Casement, and placed so that she was not to be seen, whilst nothing escaped her.

MESSIEURS *D'Argenson* and *Le Blanc* being charged with our Affairs, used to come to question the Prisoners. We could see them go along the Court, and come into a Hall under my Room. The Fire that was lighted for their Reception used to make my Room smoak, and this was a previous Signal of their coming. Of all Observers, none are so attentive as Persons in Prison. Prompted by Leisure and Concern, they give up their Senses and Faculties to this Exercise. They grudge no Pains, to come at the least Discovery.

WITH our Judges often came the Abbé *Du Bois*, and then we imagined to behold *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Rhadamanthus*; and we used to observe the Prisoners brought to be questioned, at which Part the Abbé never assisted. I used to lay down with my Ear close to the Floor, that I might catch some Words. This however was impossible, and no articulate Sound reached us. The most that we

could hear was a confused Murmur, some Bursts of Speech, and just distinguish the Heat or Composure of the Interrogatory. Vague as these Discoveries were, could it be thought that every Day we renewed them with the same Ardour?

In the mean time, I waited with some Anxiety for the Time when I should appear on the Stage. I used to prepare Answers for every Thing that could be said to me. I believe I had collected enough to make a pretty sizeable Volume; but, except the Exercise it gave to my Genius, I might as well have been killing my Time at Cards. Not one of them proved of any Use to me; besides, my Turn was not to come so soon. My Betters, to be sure accounted Persons of greater Importance, were to take the Lead of me. When the Marquis *De Boisdavis* was called in, they ask'd him where and how he had formed such close Connections with the Duke *Du Maine*? "I never so much as saw him," said he, "nor yet his Royal Highness." "How," then, reply'd the Minister, "come you to have devoted yourself so zealously to the Interest of that Prince, preferably to the Regent?" "Just," returned *Boisdavis*, "as one takes a Fancy, without knowing why or wherefore, to one Gamester sooner than to another." This was all they got from him, after having, at a great Charge, caused all the Papers in his House to be brought to *Paris*.

BEING, at my Departure, taken up with other Thoughts than about what I might want, I now felt the disagreeable Effects of this Absence of Mind; for, at the End of a few Days, I found myself in Want of every Thing. The Cap on my Head was the only one I had, with no more Suits than an
 Heroine

Heroine of a Romance, when run away with ; but without what those illustrious Persons are always provided with, a *Casket of Jewels*. My only Resource was in poor *Rondel's* Industry, and our Bowl served her for a Washing-Tub. During this Operation, my Head-Dress was a white Handkerchief, which I happen'd to have about me. In this lowest of extreme *Negligees*, it was that I receiv'd the first Visit of the King's Lieutenant of our Castle. A Woman, whatever Condition she is in, is always vex'd at being found in a disadvantageous Appearance, by one that had never seen her before.

THE Name of this King's Lieutenant was *Maisonrouge*. He had lately, from being a Captain of Horse, when his Regiment was all he had seen, been preferred to this Post. He was an honest, open-hearted Soldier, with a great many natural Virtues, which did not suffer from a little Mixture of Ruggedness in his Behaviour. At first he would not hear of seeing Mademoiselle *De Montauban*, or me ; saying to the Governor, when he mentioned it to him, "What would you have me say to those Simpletons, that only whimper and put Finger in the Eye?" The Governor assured him, that we were not under such Affliction. On this he very readily came into the Governor's Motion, to pay us a Visit. With me he began a consolatory Harangue, that I should not lay to Heart my Situation. The Dutchess *Du Maine* had taken wrong Steps ; I should never be made answerable for them : That the Necessity I was under of conforming to her Order, would unquestionably plead my Excuse. I strongly suspected such an Introduction, and laid it down as a Truth scarce to be doubted of, that this

Orator,

Orator, whom I then did not know, came to ensnare me. I made Answer, that I did not ground my Security on any Thing personal; but that, being persuaded nothing would be found against the Dutchess *Du Maine*, I could not be under any Fear of Damage resulting to me from her Faults: That if she had committed any, or I had joined in them, I should not think myself disculpated by Orders, which ought not to be submitted to. Surpriz'd to hear one, whom he thought to find under the Convulsions of Despair, argue so composedly, he took an exceeding Liking to me from this first Moment, and used very often to come and see me.

IN the Extremity of my want of every Kind of Thing, the Governor came to me, followed by a Bale of all my Cloaths, and a Purse full of Gold. Never should I have known whence this so useful and timely Relief came, had I not recollected the Purse to have been of my own making, and that I had formerly given it to the worthy Monsieur *De Valincourt*. He it was, who not afraid to own me at a Time when my Friends durst not know me, and whom, beyond all others, in regard to his Master, it behoved to be cautious, immediately desir'd of the Ministers, not only that he might do me this kind Office, but be allow'd to send me every Week an open Sheet of Paper, with Questions relating to Things that I might want. It had a wide Margin, where, according to the Permission he had obtained, I was to answer every Article in Monosyllables in Presence of the Governor, who used to bring me the Sheet, and send it back to my generous Patron. This happy Relief knew no Suspence, no Decrease, from the Moment it was granted 'till the Day

Day I was set at Liberty. That glorious Man, whom I cannot mention without Rapture, condescended to enter into the most minute Details of every Thing that was necessary, or merely agreeable, without even forgetting my honest Maid. He also took care to have all my Furniture carried to his House, or otherwise I should have heard no more of it; the hired *Hôtel* being taken Possession of immediately after our Removal. Such a Series of Favours, in Things which afford but slender Gratification to the Love of Fame, certainly demonstrated a perfect Friendship. His active Care saved and procured for me, all that I could have expected from myself at full Liberty.

THUS being eased of one of the greatest Pangs of my Condition, I should have relished this Tranquillity, had it not been disturbed by a dreadful Thought, which continually haunted me. Some Days before my being brought to the *Bastille* the Abbé *De Chaulieu*, on Occasion of the daily Commitments at that Time, had told me terrible Stories of what was done in that Place: Among others, of a Lady of considerable Rank, who had been put to the Torture without any Trial; and with such Severity, that she lost the Use of her Limbs ever after. This Way, he said, was often put in Practice, without any preceding Formality; and that the Servants of the House were employed as Executioners. This Notion, which he had injected into my Mind, was very terrifying. I was look'd upon to be deep in the Secret of the *Spanish Plot*. To be sure, I was reckon'd to have no more Strength nor Firmness than Women usually have, besides the little Consequence of my Person. There was the greatest

greatest Appearance that, should this be try'd, the Lot would fall upon me. Struck with this Idea, I could not be easy 'till I had searched into the Foundation of it; but how to go about it I knew not. One Day, when the King's Lieutenant was with me, I ventured to bring the Conversation on several Things, which I had heard to be practiced in the *Bastile*. "Idle Tales; mere Falsities," said he. At last lowering my Voice, as is natural in Perplexity, I said, That I had been informed of Persons being put to the Torture, without any Trial. To this he made no Answer; but, as we were walking to and fro in my Chamber, after taking only one Turn more, he went away with an unusual Abruptness. I remained agast and motionless, being now more persuaded than ever of the horrid Treatment I had to expect. I imagined my Visitant had been informed of it, and that this Knowledge had imposed Silence on him, to avoid prevaricating in his Office, or anticipating the Evil which I was to suffer; that I began hastily to walk about the Room, wrapped up in Reflection. A Rectitude of Behaviour was all I had at Heart. I was easy about suffering, or dying; but what I dreaded was, the Force of excessive Torture against the strongest Resolution: And I durst not answer for myself in a Case where I was not warranted by my own Experience. I called in that of others to my Aid. Said I to myself, "Why shall I not do what others have done?" "Dreadful Operations are undergone to save Life." "What does Pain do? It extorts Cries, but cannot force you to articulate Words." After this Soliloquy I grew easier; and hoped of myself, being supported by powerful Motives, any Thing which

was

was not above the Strength of Nature. I perceived afterwards, that our Lieutenant was deaf of one Ear; and recollecting that I had put my Questions on that unfavourable Side, I laugh'd at the idle Fears which his seeming Precaution had thrown me into.

BEFORE I had got over them, I was called upon, in order to be interrogated by our Commissioners. I took care to put upon my Face a little Carmine I had in my Pocket (though I never used any such Thing) in order to conceal, as much as possible, the Change of my Face, which might be apt to discover me. I had been three Weeks in Prison, when I was brought before these Gentlemen. The Keeper of the Seals, with his usual stern Countenance, bid me sit down, and then pull off my Glove. I pulled off the Left, not knowing what was on the Anvil. He told me to pull off the Glove from my Right-Hand, and hold it up. I did as he bid me, being fully resolved to tell him only what I pleased.

HE ask'd me in what Places, and in what Manner I had spent my Life? I told him, that I had been in a Convent from my Birth, 'till I came to live with the Dutchess *Du Maine*. My Story was short. Then he added, That this Princess placed a great Confidence in me. I made answer, That my Sex and my Station did not admit of any such great Confidence. He replied, That I used to be with the Dutchess *Du Maine* a great Part of the Night, and that I must declare what passed at these Times. I told him, that I only read her to sleep. Monsieur *Le Blanc* said, That it was not likely but this Reading was often interrupted. I own'd it. "Well, what Discourse had you?" replied he. "It was commonly,

"commonly," said I, "on the Subject of what
"had been read." The Dutchesse *Du Maine*,
added Monsieur *Le Blanc*, "is of too lively a
"Disposition to dwell long on the same Subject,
"without intermixing others." "Yes," answer'd
I, "she ran into such a Variety, as is impossible to
"be remember'd." "You was," continu'd he,
"the Dutchesse *Du Maine*'s Secretary." I said,
That it was a Title I had never borne, nor per-
form'd the Duties of that Office; but that indeed
I took care of her Books. He alledged, That I
had often writ to the King's Librarian. To this I
said, "That the Dutchesse *Du Maine*, at the Time
"she was drawing up Memorials concerning the
"Ranks, having occasion for several Books from
"the Library, committed this Matter to my Care."
I was further told, That several Letters I had writ
to a certain Abbè were in safe Hands. Here I paused
a little, not being able to recollect what these Letters
could be. At last calling them to Mind, I said, "That
"very likely they were written to one Abbè *Camus*,
"who had offered his Services to the Dutchesse
"*Du Maine*, for writing on the Contest of Rank;
"That by Reason of this Person's Incapacity, all she
"could employ him in was to make Collections,
"analogous to the Point in Debate, and which the
"Dutchesse desir'd him to send to me: That this Com-
"mission had, for some Time, furnish'd the Abbè
"*Camus* with daily Matter for writing to me: That
"the Dutchesse *Du Maine*, moved at his Pains,
"though of no Manner of Service, had order'd
"me, from Time to Time, to give him some Re-
"compence for his Sedulity. The Letters them-
"selves," added I, "manifest that to have been the
"Whole

"Whole of the Matter." Here it was objected, that in them mention was made of the *Constitution*. To this I answer'd, "That I never concerned myself about Matters which I did not understand, and so "little within my Sphere." Then again I was told of a Paper, found torn in the Dutchess *Du Maine's* Chamber, the Day she was taken into Custody, and that it must have been I who tore it. I denied it stiffly. Next I was ask'd, Whether the Dutchess knew that she was to be arrested? I said, That there had been such Reports brought to her, but she did not appear to take any great Notice of them.

I ALWAYS thought that they would put more perplexing Questions to me, and that these Trifles were only meant to set my Tongue a going. I was out; and thus ended my first Hearing.

MONSIEUR *Le Blanc* went out to give Orders for bringing another Prisoner, whose Trial was coming on. Monsieur *D'Argenson* being alone with me, in a very kind Manner, ask'd me whether I was well used? signifying to me, that whatever I had to complain of should be redressed; whence I judged, that I had been well recommended to him: And indeed this Kindness I owed to the good Marchioness *De Lambert*, who spoke very warmly for me to one of our Sex, who had great Interest with that superb Minister.

I WAS not a little pleased with my Conduct at this first Hearing, having betray'd no Confusion or Fear, saying only what I meant to say, and scarce deviating from Truth, into which the Mind, after being forced to some Evasion, returns no less naturally, than a Body after circulating falls into the

Q

strait

strait Line. I now thought I could be answerable that I should go through with my Part. My Conduct being the Whole that depended on me, and knowing that Princes always clear themselves, I grew less uneasy; yet it went to my Heart, when I heard that the Dutchesse *Du Maine* was closely confined in *Dijon* Citadel. Except some afflictive Circumstances, which I now and then got Knowledge of, my Life was quiet and easy. It even appear'd to have in it more Freedom, than I had been deprived of. Though, in a Prison, one cannot do one's own Will; on the other Hand, one is not under the Will of another. That's at least one half gained. The Absence of all Kinds of Objects there, keeps off the Intrusions of Desires, or the Impossibility of Gratification soon extinguishes them. It is otherwise in Service: There our painful Wishes kindle at a thousand Objects, all beyond their Reach. In Prison, one is out of the Way of all the Duties, Forms, and Incumbrances of Society; and, every Thing considered, it is perhaps the Place of truest Freedom: At least I then thought, that this Paradox might be maintained by pretty specious Arguments.

As to that Lassitude which is so much dreaded under Confinement, I was quite free from it. That Sensation, if it be not rather a Suspension of all, could not fasten on me at first, being incompatible with the Fears and Agitations by which I was then possessed; and when Tranquillity began to dawn on me, I excluded it by a Variety of Occupations and Amusements. It is not so much the Importance of Things which gives them their Value, as our Need of them. I could not but be surprized at the Relief I found in a Cat, which I had asked purely

Madame DE STAHL. 183

purely to rid me of the Mice, that pestered me most horribly. This Cat was big, and kittened. It's Young became Sires and Dams, during my Stay. I liv'd to see several Generations of them. This sportive Race us'd to play their Tricks and Gambols before me, with which then I was hugely diverted, though Beasts of no Kind are what I ever loved.

I ALSO, which was quite new to me, took a Liking to Play and Working. All these Things, in their Place, relaxed my Mind after intense Reading, to which I gave most of my Leisure. By this Experience I learned, that what flattens the most spirited Diversions to those giddy Mortals, whose Life is but a Round of Indulgence and Pleasure, is, that with them they lose their genuine Effect of relieving the Mind or Body when wearied. It has brought me also to think, that every State has it's Pleasures, Age and Infirmary not excepted. There is none by which Wants are so much multiplied, as by these; and the Relief of Wants is attended with a quicker Pleasure than Enjoyments, which have not been preceded by some Kind of Necessity or Distress. This Reflection tends to abate the Fear of the disagreeable Situations into which one may fall. We view them, as we think of the *Torrid Zone*, which is looked on as insupportable to human Life, because we only consider how excessive the Heat must be there; the Rains and refreshing Breezes, are quite out of our Thoughts.

End of the FIRST PART.

THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF THE LATE LORD CHANCELLOR
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
THOMAS ARDEN BURLINGTON
ESQ. OF THE COUNTY OF WILTSHIRE
BY JOHN BURNET
OF THE INNER TEMPLE
ESQ. OF THE COUNTY OF WILTSHIRE
IN TWO VOLUMES
THE FIRST PART
LONDON: Printed by J. BARNARD, at the
Museum, in Pall-mall. 1754.



THE FIRST PART

M E M O I R S

O F

Madame DE STAHL.

P A R T II.

I HAD been above three Months in this quiet Recess, when, *Lent* drawing to an End, the Governor asked me, if I intended to make my *Easter* Confession, preparatively to receiving the Sacrament? My Question, in Answer to this, was, whether I should be allowed to chuse my Confessor? I was told no; and that the Chaplain of the House must be the Man, or no Confession. I had such a Suspicion of every Body belonging to the *Bastile*, that I was tempted to remit that Duty to a more convenient Season. However, the Necessity of it, with some Reflections on the Indecency of omitting it; and even fearing that the Regent, who enquired into every Particular of our Behaviour, might draw

some troublesome Inferences from such a Singularity *, determined, at all Events, to perform this Confession. Having many Things to recollect, in order to its Fulness and Regularity, I desired of the Governor some Paper to digest them in Writing. He said, nothing was to be writ in his House without his reading it ; and, on that Condition, I should have what I wanted. This dull Jest convinced me the more of his excessive Mistrust, which I had experienced before, when entreating him, so as to throw myself upon my Knees, that he himself would be pleased to write a short Note to Madame *De Grieu*, which I would dictate, to relieve her from the violent Uneasiness she was under about me. To all my Intreaties he continued inflexible ; fearing what simple Things I had to say, and though written by his own Hand, might contain some hidden Meaning.

I RELIED on my Memory for the Exactness of my Confessions ; but never was Suspicion more unjust, than that I had harboured against our Chaplain. I found him one of the best Men in the World ; easy and compassionate, and more inclined to pity my Misfortunes, than reproach me with my Faults. I was rejoiced to have fallen into such good Hands, and that I had got over a groundless Fear, which would have deterred me from the Observance of a Precept and an indispensable Decorum.

My innate and uniform Candour, and the Will, I ever had, of doing the very best I could, in this Juncture revived my Devotion : For the Bustle of

* The Papists universally receive the Sacrament at *Easter* ; and, in Order to it, have a Certificate signed by their Confessor.

of political Intrigues, the Passions they excite, together with the Dissipation of the World, had quite unhinged me; but this new Aid fixed the Tranquillity so lately returned on me, and I beheld unmoved a great many Things terrifying to unassisted Nature.

THE Count *De L-----*, to the Amazement of all the World, who accounted him one of the Heads of the Enterprize, had remained at Liberty. I made no Question but he had been taken up when we were; and I used to ask *Rondel*, who did not know him, if she did not see a tall meagre Man, with a black Chin-Cloth, an honourable Mark of his Jaw being broke in Action. At last, at the Time I am speaking of, she saw him come. "Ah!" cry'd she, "there's the Man with the Chin-Cloth." He was the chief Person I had treated with; and though I laid some Stress on our mutual Protestations, I should have been better pleased to have heard of him at a Distance, the further the better, than that he was come to be my Neighbour.

THE Seizure of the Count *De L-----* proved the Means of perplexing the Marquis *De Pompadour*, whom the Men in Power would compel to speak, and he as firmly observed Silence. He was shewn, as a Confession of the Count, some Things which he had told only to him; and, to be sure, were either bare Conjectures, or had been revealed by some indiscreet Confidants, to whom Monsieur *De L-----* might have imparted them before his being taken into Custody, for afterwards nothing could be got from him: However, Monsieur *De Pompadour*, little prepared against such a Circumstance, and threatened to be confronted with the Count, wavered in
his

his Answers; and the Ministers at this, in order totally to overthrow him, plied him with another Battery. *Maisonrouge*, the King's Lieutenant, had been very much attached to him. Monsieur *Le Blanc* one Day, taking him aside, said to him, with a Shew of great Confidence, that having an Esteem for Monsieur *De Pompadour*, he was under an extreme Concern at the Turn his Affair was taking: That his Tryal drew near, and he would certainly lose his Head, without a clear and faithful Confession of the whole Transaction, and it must be all written with his Hand: That such a Piece would be necessary to the Duke *D'Orleans* for justifying his Measures, and that it was the only Way to save the Persons complicated in that Affair, from being deliver'd to the Rigour of the Law. Monsieur *Le Blanc* persuaded the King's Lieutenant, that his End in trusting him with Things of such a close Secrecy was, that he should endeavour to induce the Marquis *De Pompadour* to take the only Way for saving himself. Having thus moved *Maisonrouge's* good Heart, without apprehending that its Motions would be set right by the Perspicacity of an after Thought, he promised himself the Success of a Negotiation, in which he had so thoroughly deceived the Ambassador.

THE poor Lieutenant, frightened at what had been made known to him, ran to Monsieur *De Pompadour*, whom he took care to acquaint with every Particular of Monsieur *Le Blanc's* Discourse, as, to be sure, no Secrecy had been enjoind him. The Marquis was so terrified, that he came to their Lure. He made a general Confession, without omitting or disguising any one Thing. He went further;

Madame DE STAHL. 189

ther; as when once the Foot has slipped, down one is carried to the End of the Precipice. He had written, that when he was treating of the Affair with the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, if the Duke happened to come in, ſhe was ſure immediately to call another Cauſe. The Keeper of the Seals, offended at whatever looked towards clearing the Duke *Du Maine*, ſaid abruptly to *Monſieur De Pompadour*, " 'Tis not an Apology for the Duke *Du Maine* that is asked of you; daſh out that Article." He complied, without intimating to *Monſieur D'Argenſon* the atrocious Abufe of his Office, in not equally admitting both Sides of the Queſtion.

THE Duke *D'Orleans*, after treating Perſonages of ſuch exalted Rank with ſo much Rigour, and making ſuch a Noiſe in the World on none of the moſt ſolid Foundations, was now intent on ſetting forth his Proceedings in a ſpecious Light; and of courſe not a little pleaſed with having in his Hands the Writing, which had been ſo artfully got from *Monſieur De Pompadour*. He flattered himſelf alſo, that Fear or Laffitude would procure him the like Papers from every one of us: And he is known to have ſaid, more than once, that he would have given a Million of Money for thoſe, which the Chevalier *De Menil* had thrown into the Fire.

MONSIEUR *De Pompadour*, as a Recompence of his puſillanimous Security, inſtead of the Liberty he expected, was allowed every Day to take a Turn on the Baſtion with a Guard. Soon after I had the like Indulgence, without having purchaſed it ſo dearly. It came likewise to be extended to ſeveral of our Confidants, who in Turns, but well guarded,

guarded, were walked on the Towers of the Castle. The last Hour was, by way of Distinction, assigned for my Walk ; and the honest Lieutenant, whose Affection for me daily encreased, had reserved himself from any other Duty, to attend me. On the last Day of *April*, when he came to fetch me, he acquainted me that Monsieur *Le Blanc* had brought an Order, that on the First of *May* our Walks should be discontinued.

THE Singularity of the Day appointed for our close Confinement, after indulging us in the coarser Season, surprized me ; and I thought that, under the Pretence of Recreation, they had only meant to plague us. But *Maisonrouge* cleared up the Mystery ; for, it seems, it had occurred to our sagacious Politicians, that at a Time when all People walk abroad, they that passed by, and especially our Relations or Acquaintances, would come to leer at us ; and that dangerous Intimations might be given by Signs. " Alas ! Sir," said I, " what would it signify to leer at me, either afar off or close by me ? I should see nothing of it. When any such Thing has been the Case, there was a Necessity of my being told of it, and who would give me such Notice now ?" Whilst I was talking thus, we had reached the *Bastion-Garden* ; and, at the Entrance, I repeated this Line of *Phædra* :

" *Thee, fulgid Sun, no more shall I behold.*"

SOON after an Incident happen'd, which might have given me another Kind of Vexation, than the Discontinuance of our Airings. One auspicious Morning (it was then four Months since we had been in

in Prison) I saw go out of our Castle three of those who had been taken up at the same Time as myself. These were Mademoiselle *De Montauban*, the younger Monsieur *De Malefieu*, and Monsieur *De Barjeton*. The Governor, apprehending that I must have perceived them, thought it best not to conceal it from me; and judging that the Deliverance of others, whilst I still remained under Confinement, would be Matter of Uneasiness to me, he laboured for Reasons to reconcile me to this Event. After exhorting me not to be cast down, he told me I might look on it as a Fore-runner of my own Liberty. To the first Part of his Speech I answer'd, that I was very far from making the Cessation of my Fellow-Sufferers Calamities an Increment of Grief to me; that it was rather some Alleviation, as I needed not be any further uneasy about them. As to his Prognosticks, I gave him to understand they did not take with me; and that, after such Siftings, it was plain that they who remained under Confinement, would not soon see the Period of it.

I KNOW not whether it was to comfort us under this Mortification, that our Walks were restored. I had a particular Favour, which gave me much greater Pleasure. My kind Lieutenant asked Monsieur *Le Blanc* Leave to allow me Pen, Ink and Paper, purely to throw my Ideas together on it. He consented, provided that the Sheets should be titled, numbered, and I to deliver them as required. This stinted me in the Choice of my Subjects; but, to keep clear of all Exceptions, I chose only one, and that very grave. It was moral Reflections on some Passages of *Ecclesiastes*, but some subsequent Distractions hindered me from continuing the Work.

MONSIEUR

MONSIEUR *De Maissonrouge* being, by the Releasement of some of our People, more at Leisure, was the more assiduous in his Attendance on me. Without his perceiving it, there was growing in his Heart the strongest Attachment any one ever had for me. He is the only Man whom I have ever thought loved me truly; though, like most Women, I have had several who have expressed the Sentiments of that Passion. He said not a Word of it; and, I believe, I perceiv'd it a long Time before himself. He was so taken up with me, as to talk of nothing else. With all the other Prisoners whom he visited, his Tongue was ever running on me; yet he in Earnest thought, that it was they who would be talking of me to him: Then he would come back, quite transported at the imaginary Esteem they expressed for me. "It is surprising," would he say, "how much you are admired, and how every Body here enquires after you. I can go no where but you are talked of to me, and with the highest Praises." This was verified afterwards, when the extreme Pleasure it gave him came to be observed. Dependance produced Adulation; and Prisoners use it towards their Keepers, as Subjects towards their Sovereigns. The Lieutenant's Weakness coming to Light, the People under him plied him on that Side. Some sent me Sweet-Meats, others entertaining Books; from every one I received some Token of Homage, and all came through his Hands.

THE Chevalier *De Menil*, to insinuate himself with this Ruler, made use of a Dream; feigned, I suppose. He told him one Day (this was before some of the Things which, to avoid breaking the Thread, I have related successively) that he the foregoing

foregoing Night he dreamed (and well might a Prisoner have such a Dream) that he had been brought to his Trial, and condemned to perpetual Imprisonment in the *Bastile*, but in Company with me, who was also to spend my Life in that Place; and that this Circumstance had exceedingly comforted him, under such a Sentence. *Maisonrouge* thought I could not but be pleased with this from one who had never seen me, and he also was tickled with the Fancy of having me under his Guard for ever. He immediately came to entertain me with this Tale. I don't know how it was that I listened to it more than to a thousand Things of that Kind, which he used to bring to me. Some Days after he went to spend an Hour with *De Menil*, and mentioning something of Verses, he said to him; "You ought to make some to divert your Neighbour." His Chamber faced mine. "What!" answered he, "without Pen or Paper?" "Oh!" says the Lieutenant, "if that be all, here's a Pencil and Paper; write away." He hastily writ some Verses on a Bit of Paper, and *Maisonrouge* brought them to me, extremely pleased with himself that he had found out this new Diversion for me; and, to render it more complete, he said, "Answer him in the same Style: I'll furnish you with what you want." This Beginning of an Adventure highly pleased me; and the Lieutenant thought his Complaisance well rewarded, in the many Thanks I gave him: So I answered in Verses half MAROTIC*, as

R

were

* A jocular, but simple and natural Species of Poetry, introduced by *Clement Marot*, a Valet de Chambre to *Francis I. King of France*. He was frequently in extreme

were those which I had received. My Answer was succeeded by another, to which it was insisted on I should reply. *Maisonrouge* seeing nothing in this Sportiveness which could affect the King or the State, and perceiving how much I was delighted with it, encourag'd us to go on, which we were both very glad to do. Our Poetry, though irregular, cramping me a little, I intimated that Prose, as easier, would be more agreeable to me. The Lieutenant, with his usual good Temper, consented; and every Day brought me an open Letter, and carried back my Answer. Sometimes we interlarded our Prose with Rhyme, but the Whole was Jocularity.

WITHOUT being, or having been under Confinement, there's no knowing the Value of such a Pastime; though it is certain our Compositions would not have gained the Prize at the *Floral Games* *.

THIS extreme Indigence; and once presented this concise Petition to his Prince: "May it please your Majesty to bestow something on me, to buy Books and Food. If Recollection may supply the Want of Books; the Want of Food admits of no Expedient." His Translation of thirty Psalms at first could not be worked off fast enough for the Demand. In those Days they were not set to a grave Music as now, to be sung in Churches; every one sang them to what Tune he pleased, and commonly to Ballad-Tunes: Each of the Princes and Courtiers chose one. *Henry II*'s Favourite was, "As the chased Hart," &c. and he used to sing it in Hunting. See *Lives of French Writers*.

* A Ceremony in some Cities of *France*, beginning on *May-Day*, and ushered in with a solemn Mass, Music, &c. at which the Corporation assists, and Poems are rehears'd every

THIS Correspondence of Invisibles began to assume an Air of Gallantry. I humoured it without any Reserve or Disquietude. In the mean time *De Menil* grew very desirous of having a Sight of me, and often hinted such a Thing in his Letters. I answered, that the very Spirit of our Adventure, was the not having seen each other; and that this Circumstance no longer subsisting, it would become common, consequently pall; and our Correspondence hitherto so free and animated, conclude in Form, Constraint, and Flatness. This prudent Representation had no Effect on his Impatience, he was continually urging our Guardian for an Interview. At last he gave us a View of each other, placing us on the Step of our Door. We both looked something sheepish, as possibly our Persons, on both Sides, fell short of Expectation. Not a Word was spoke, for that had been the Agreement, and in a Minute he disappear'd. The Letter subsequent to this Appearance, shew'd the Hurt it had done us. I perceived it; that furnished some new Railleries, for all that could be drawn from our Situation we had long since exhausted.

PRISONERS do not soon take a Denial. The Chevalier, thinking a Conversation would answer better than only a bare Sight, said to the King's Lieutenant, that the Favour he had done us was little or nothing; that it could not be call'd seeing one another; that there could be no Acquaintance, without speaking to one another; and at last extorted

R. 2

such

every Day. The Magistrates give a magnificent Treat and adjudge the Prizes; which are Gold and Silver Flowers, but not alike in all Cities. The Compositions are an Ode and an Eclogue.

such an unusual Favour from him. The Lieutenant brought him one Night to my Room, when I was in Bed; and, to allow us Freedom of Speech, left him at my Bed's Head, while at the other End of the Room he amused himself with talking to *Rondel*. Here again we were as much confounded as at the first Sight of each other. The Chevalier, like *Tonquin* of *Armorica*, who, when he had found his Dearest, could not open his Mouth to her, also was at a Loss what to say to me: However, some few common Things passed between us; but it is certain we could not be better pleased with each other in this Progress, then we had been at the very first Step of our Acquaintance. *Maisonrouge*, perceiving our Conversation moved heavily, came up to our Relief, and with him it became a little more enlivened; but, after all, it was so short, that we had little more than Time enough to know one another again.

HERE we stopped, but still continued writing to each other; though now this Pastime was beginning to lose the Gust of Novelty, and the small Sight we had of each other took away from it that Ease and Familiarity, in which its chief Delight consisted, without substituting any Thing in its Place. In order to suspend it, I made use of a Pretence which offered itself. I informed the Chevalier *De Menil*, that I intended a Retreat, to prepare myself for the approaching Festival. This was *Whitsuntide*, which, under the happy Return of my Devotion, I was very desirous of duly observing, and I found Writing to be a great Distraction to Recluses: The Bustle of the World, possibly, does

not

not cause so much to those that are in the Midst of it.

THE Chevalier *De Menil* acquiesced in the Reason of my Retreat, without the least Objection; whether out of Respect to the Motive, or that his Invention was drained. For my Part, though I thought myself tired of writing, I soon came to find the Want of it. The Void it left in the Place of an Amusement, to which Circumstances had given a Sprightliness, shew'd me that it was of more Concern to me than I imagined. I found that I was not a little vexed at the easy Compliance with my Proposal. This Sentiment, so disproportionate to the Cause, made me dread one of a more serious Nature; and this Apprehension, together with my Spleen, help'd me to go through my Purpose. The faithful *Maisonrouge* persevered in his Care, Assiduity, and Fondness; though now more backward than ever.

It is the Fate of a pure and faithful Ardour to be treated with Ingratitude. He made to me a Kind of Declaration, ingenuous enough, and without any Forecast. Madame *De Real*, one of the most affectionate of my Friends (this was Mademoiselle *De Grieu*) who had been married a little before my Imprisonment, often used to call on him, to enquire about me. One Day, after just parting from her, he told me, she had ask'd him, whether he took good Care of me? and his Answer was, "How can I but take Care of her, Madam? All the World says I am in Love with her." "I wish to God it may be so, Sir," replied she. The Simplicity of this Wish set me a laughing, though without showing the least Attention to the

Ground of it, for which he never came to a more clear Explanation : But his own Behaviour evidenced an Attention without Respite, Complaisance without Reserve, a perpetual Tenderness without any Regard to himself, a greater Desire of contenting me than of being agreeable to me ; so much mine, that he seem'd to be no longer his own. Never in the World, not even in Romances, have I seen a Perfection like his. Sentiments ever constant, ever uniform ; and the more admirable, as not formed by the Refinements of the Mind, but by simple Nature, which seem'd to have intended a Heart, without any Thing culpable in it. Probity, Honour, all the Virtues of a worthy Man, were equally natural to him ; and if his Mind was without Sagacity or Embellishments, it did not want Sense and Judgment.

THE Holidays, which had furnished me with the Plea of a Retreat, being over, there was an End of it. Our Lieutenant, to make me Amends for my Mortification, the next Morning brought the Chevalier *De Menil* into my Room, and we cheerfully drank Tea together. The Chevalier, in going back out of my Room, artfully dropped a Billet. *Rondel* perceiving it, took it up, and full of Joy brought it to me, as she was always glad of any Thing to divert me. In it I found these enigmatick Words.

B I L L E T.

" A WISE Legislator, on perceiving himself to
 " have established a Law of too great Severity,
 " is to declare a Modification of it. A dutiful
 " Subject,

" Subject, before such Declaration, will not allow
 " himself the least Transgression. The Question
 " is, Whether this Law shall remain for ever
 " abolish'd ? Or, whether only for a Time ? In
 " the last Case, the Tranquillity of the People will
 " admit of no Suspension."

THIS Continuance of our Adventure under a new Form pleased me, so as to draw me into a Step more important than the foregoing. I answer'd this Billet : The Words I do not remember, but the Import of them was ; " Speak, you are listen'd to : " And this Answer was clandestinely deliver'd. *Menil*, encourag'd by this apparent Countenance to his Designs, carried them further ; and even ventured to make his Way into my Room, without a Conductor.

THE Lieutenant's Apartment was over mine, where he came in at all Times ; and, for the greater Readiness, used to leave the Key in my Door. *Menil* having by Force and Skill opened his, found an easy Access into my Room. The Hour he took was when the King's Lieutenant went to sup at the Governor's Apartment, which was separated from ours by two Courts.

THIS unexpected Sight struck me with Amaze, Fear and Anxiety, mixed with Joy, at the Risk a Person ran purely to see me, and produced a strange Confusion in my Sentiments : But the most agreeable got the Ascendant and dispersed the others, and I lent an Ear to what had been the Scope of this hazardous Attempt. This was the Discovery of a real Affection, till then veiled under such Jocularities as were permitted to come to my Hands.

As some Foundation for such warm Sentiments, which I was for questioning, he alledged an Esteem of a long standing, which my Reputation had produced. Whatever tends to persuade us of our own Merit seems, at least, probable. I did not examine this closely; and, being disposed to believe that the Chevalier *De Menil* thought me worthy of his Love, and did love me, I let the Persuasion take its Way. Intent on what he was saying to me, I scarce minded my Answer; thinking not so much to conceal or make known my Sentiments to him, as to convince myself of his.

THE Country in which we then lived, cut short all Formalities. Any where else it would have been a long Time before I would have heard, and still longer before answering; but in a Place where, if one comes once to see one another, a second Meeting is very uncertain, more is said in an Hour than possibly would have been said in a Course of Years out of it; and we not only speak but think quite differently, from what we would in other Places.

THIS Conversation, though so full of Matter, was but short; for a Knock with a Pike, given by the Centry, informed us that our Master was coming into the Castle-Yard, and consequently that it was Time to break up. My Lieutenant came, as usual, to wish me a good Night when he returned to his Apartment, and to lock my Door safely; the Keys of which, as of all others, were kept in his Chamber. Having no Suspicion, he did not observe any Concern in my Looks, or he attributed it to the general Cause.

WHEN alone, I gave myself up to endless Reflections on what had passed. I reviewed the whole
Con-

Conversation, weighed every Word, construed the Looks and Gestures, commented on the broken Sentences; and, from the Whole, I lost myself in a Mist of vague Inferences. When I came to the Point, the Distance and Multiplicity of Objects embarrassed Reflection. I turned back, and in the Oddity of our Acquaintance and singular Consequences, I discerned all the Presages of an Engagement, which might go a great Way; but I was for entering into none of a gloomy Aspect, and checking the Propensity which was already beginning to work on me, and assisted by the Advantage of the Place, I determined to break off a Correspondence now become dangerous.

WITH this Intent I wrote to the Chevalier *De Menil*, acquainting him, That I had readily come into what had appear'd to me to be no more than Pleasantry; that he having declared himself to me in another Manner, to have any further Correspondence with him, would be deviating from the Conduct of my whole Life; and that, to the Calamities in which Fortune had plunged me, I would by no Means add those which might follow from Imprudence, as the Reproach would be wholly mine.

PERHAPS there was not a single Word of all this in my Letter, but it was pretty near the Import. Absolute Discharge, yet so, as not to make it be taken; neither was it. I received an Answer, pregnant throughout with a Resolution to overcome mine; and writing was not all, for the bold *Menil* return'd in the same Manner he had done the Night before. I insisted on his immediate going away. He would continue where he was, and broke out into

into eager Protestations of an Attachment without Bounds or End, such as I should never disapprove or repent of answering. I adhered to my firm Resolution against embarking in a dangerous Commerce. I told him, that the more he was persuading me of the Reality of his Sentiments, the more he excited my Fear of them, and obliged me to turn the deaf Ear to them. Whatever could be said in a low Monotony was said on both Sides, though very concisely. I concluded with a serious Request, that he would no longer attempt to see me again, and to renounce every direct Correspondence with me ; for I would not run the Hazard, which our Situation might add to the other Dangers peculiar to these Sorts of Connections.

He left me with all the Appearance of extreme Grief, yet obsequious to my express Will. I pleased myself with the fine Defence I had made, which however cost me a severe Struggle, besides the Disadvantages of such a Rupture, in losing the chief Amusement of my Solitude, and my Mind sinking into a supine Tranquillity. As to our former sportive Commerce, there was no renewing it after such Overtures ; besides it had long since ran low, and lost all its Raciness.

BUT *Menil* was not the kind, submissive Creature I had thought. He writ to me, that he could not hold out under the Restriction I had enjoined him ; that, after many excruciating Reflections, he had found out Means for securing his Tranquillity, without disturbing mine ; that all the Favour he asked of me, was to permit him to see me, and communicate his Intention to me ; that, he flatter'd himself, I should approve of it ; concluding, that what-
ever

ever was my Decision, after this Interview, he would submit to it without any further Importunity.

I SAW into what *Menil* was for saying to me, and thought it was proper to give him a Hearing; and besides, I had a great Inclination to see him again, so that I consented to this new Visit. He came. I received him with a Mixture of Grief and Confusion. "Well, Sir," said I, "what more have you to say to me?" He paused some Time, as it were for arranging his Thoughts: At length he said, "You may have imagined that, whilst I only sent you Frivolities, I meant no more than to divert the Tedioufness of my Confinement; yet nothing is truer, than that a more intimate Connection was then in my Thoughts. You could not but observe it, by the Multitude of my Questions, and extreme Desire of finding out your Temper, your Sentiments, your Inclinations, and of coming more and more to a Knowledge of you, through all the several Obstructions which debarred me of the Pleasure of seeing you. Our Friend has told you a Dream of mine, which I had when broad awake; it being an Emanation from my continual Reflection, on the Happiness of him who should pass his Life, whatever were the Place, with such a Person as yourself. If such were my Thoughts when I knew you only by the Report of another, judge what Additions a more direct Knowledge of your several Endowments must have made to the Idea I have formed to myself, of the Felicity attending an inseparable Possession? It is this perfect Felicity which is my Scope; which I would secure to myself, if my Desires be agreeable to you. You took the alarm

"Alarm too hastily at my Tender of them. It is what I should not have ventured on, had my Intention been less worthy of you ; yet," continued he, "I did not think they could properly appear in my first Discourses. Before I acquainted you with all the Extent of my Sentiments, it seemed in Form that I should know those which you were susceptible of towards me ; and could I have supported the Interdiction of all Commerce with you, pursuant to your absolute Sentence, I should not even now have explained myself."

To this long Speech of the Chevalier *De Menil's* I had listen'd, not without Amazement. My Answer was, That I could not but be sensibly touched with his Thoughts of me, nor show a better Acknowledgement then by not closing with them ; That it became me to acquaint him, that he did not yet know how much my Condition was, in every Respect, inferior to his : That I was of no Family or Fortune, and with an abject and indelible Appellation from my Station about the Dutcheſs *Du Maine's* Person : That if my Wretchedness was no Secret to him, it was my Duty to direct his Attention to it ; and lay before him the Censure he would incur, of which I would neither be the Cause, nor the Occasion. He told me, That he was perfectly well acquainted with my Circumstances, and that all his Concern was, that he had not a better Fortune than his own to offer : That the Opinion of the World weigh'd but little with him, as the sensible Part would be of his Side, and that he did not think Happiness was to be sacrific'd to the false Judgment of the low thoughted Multitude : That he did not declare his Views to me without having

having well examined them, and entirely settled himself in the Resolution he had taken: That no Change was to be feared, as it had preceded the Passion which had grafted itself on the perfect Esteem he before had for me: That by this Passion he should become infinitely unhappy, if I did not consent to his Visits 'till the Recovery of our Liberty, of which he made no Question, to enable him to accomplish his Designs.

I CONJUR'D him again to take under farther Deliberation Things of such Importance, and so clog'd with Inconveniencies; adding, That if, after the most mature Consideration, he still continued in the Desire of an indissoluble Attachment to me, I should hold it lawful for me to live with him, as far as our Situation admitted, on a Persuasion that he would observe all the Regards consistent with the Esteem which he expressed for me. He swore to me, that his Respect and Submission should always be the principal Evidence of the Affection which devoted him to me for Life. After these Preliminaries the Conference ended. My Heart and Mind were now so full, that the Power of Action was suspended in both. My Thoughts and even Perceptions were over-cast: At length the Gloom cleared up. I discerned that the Chevalier's Sentiments had strongly affected me. I saw in him a Deliverer breaking the Shackles of my Abasement, rescuing me from Servitude, more contrary to my Temper than the Confinement I then underwent; and completing my Happiness, by associating my Life to his own.

It is only as a supreme Good, that an Object has a Right to engage our Affections; if any take Possession

Possession of our whole Soul, it is by presenting itself to us under that Appearance. I thought to have found that Good which our Desires are continually in Pursuit of, and never find. I did not then know that this World is not the Place of its Existence, imagining that it must reside in an harmonious and constant Junction. Seduced by this pleasing Illusion, a Passion stronger than that I had inspired insinuated itself into me. So far from being alarmed at it, and endeavouring to oppose its Progress, I made it the Measure of my future Happiness. To conceive how I suffered Sentiments, which apparently I could easily have suppress'd, to gain such a Sway over me, one must set out from the Point where I was, and center the different Circumstances of my present and preceding Situation.

THE very Day after this Conversation, I received a Letter from the Chevalier *De Menil*; expressing, with redoubled Energy, every Thing which could convince me of a tender and durable Passion. We met, as it were by Accident, at the Lieutenant's, who was indisposed. We had separately ask'd that we might be permitted to wait on him. *Menil* was conducted thither first; afterwards I made known my Desire, which was immediately accepted.

MAISON ROUGE, who suspected nothing of our Intelligence, was highly delighted with this Meeting. To me it gave such a lively Joy, that the Time has remained in my Memory as one of the most agreeable Hours of my Life. The Secret of our Tye concealed from him who had first promoted it, contrary to his own Inclination, added, I know not how, high Poignancy to the Delight of seeing each other. it lasted but a little while;

as

as the Case is of most Things, especially in that Country. The perpetual Disquietude there, hinders every Thing from growing up to a Consistency. We found Means to see one another soon after ; and, when Intentions and Protestations were repeated to me, I countenanced them, and even signified my Sentiments, which completed my Lover's Satisfaction. I had no less in giving Vent to them. We agreed to see each other as often as Prudence would permit, and to write every Opportunity.

DEAR *Rondel* assisted us with her Assiduity, giving and receiving our Letters, watching the Moments proper for our Interviews, and securing us from a Surprise. Her Opinion of me was such, as to believe that if I had formed such a Connection, it was on good Grounds ; and she would not have acted the Part she did, without having, by what I gave her to understand, all the Reason in the World not to form any other Judgment of it.

THE Chevalier *De Menil*, no less than myself, had observed that *Maisonrouge* loved me with Passion. We were sensible how greatly it concerned us, to hide from him our Correspondence, which he now no longer supervised. The more interesting Letters which we now wrote to each other, had given us a Dislike of those which went through his Hands ; but he observed this Collusion, and reproached me with it, that in order to remove his Suspicion, and to disguise the apparent Cessation of our Letters, I continued writing by him.

BUT this Correspondence dull and phlegmatic, as being forced, was totally dropped ; continuing, at all Opportunities, our more animated Letters of Passion ; and some Moments we snatched for Con-

versation. I shall relate one, which I have not been able to forget; when, after acquainting Monsieur *De Menil* with my Fears and Anxieties for having, on Appearances perhaps uncertain, given myself up to such Sentiments, he offered to corroborate with an Instrument signed and sealed, the Assurances he had given me of his Intentions. "Alas!" said I to him, "what would that signify? If you retain your Affection for me, you will follow that Resolution which it originally dictated; and should you be otherwise inclined, I am not the Woman to oppose your Sentiments, and live with you, unless you were heartily and entirely mine."

I THOUGHT while I was speaking so, that I supposed it was impossible. The Sympathy betwixt us, to me seemed so perfect and absolute, that it put me in Mind of the Idea of Twin-Souls, which are always seeking each other, seldom finding, and whose happy Meeting constitutes supreme Felicity. I communicated this Thought to him, which he adopted as a true Character of our Connection. I was then in the Elements of a Happiness hitherto unknown. Before I had loved, without being lov'd; or I had been lov'd, without liking my Lover. To the Joys of a reciprocal Attachment, which I thought must be unalterable, I had been quite a Stranger, even in Idea. The Chevalier *De Menil's* Temper, his Reputation, his irreproachable Conduct, his Age, which was considerably beyond that when one enters into Engagements without knowing what one would have or what one is doing, seemed to warrant his Constancy, and the Fidelity of his Words. The only Disquietudes were those of the Place, a Soil so apt both to produce them, and impart to them a continual Increase.

Increase. Not an Instant passed without one of this Kind. The least Noise was, in our Imaginations, big with formidable Events. Every little Cloud in the Countenance of a jealous Superintendant (for such he was growing, without knowing how much Reason he had for it) we imagined to forebode the worst of Evils.

OUR Contrivance of seeing each other had been successfully carried on, 'till the Duke *De Richlieu* was removed from a Tower, where he had first been kept up, into an Apartment over that of the Chevalier *De Menil*. The Vicinity of such an alert Person, render'd great Precautions necessary. The King's Lieutenant now never failed securing the Keys, which he had used to leave in my Door, before which the Inhabitants of our Ward passed along, in going to their Walks; and, though they were always well guarded, such an Object of Offence was not thought fit to be left exposed to publick View.

THE Reader would unquestionably chuse rather to know why the handsome, the rich, the gay Duke *De Richlieu*, should be committed to the *Bastile* than any *Minutiae* concerning such an inconsiderable Person as myself. All that I heard of it was, that like us, but without our Participation, he had entered into a Correspondence with *Spain*; and that after very severe Usage, long and frequent Interrogatories, innumerable Artifices to impose on him, even to the counterfeiting Letters as from a Princess, known to be greatly his Friend, his Secret could not be got from him; and at length by Court Intrigues, in which Love had a great Share, his

Discharge was obtained, and for some Time before very great Alleviations of his Confinement.

THE Grant of a more commodious Apartment to him, with the Liberty of walking out, brought on the Regulation which so extreamly distress'd us. It was observed when the Minister came, but this was only now and then a Day, yet even this Day seemed to us very uncouth and tedious. There is no Habit so easily contracted, as that of seeing a Person one loves; nor when grown ever so little into a Habit, is there any Thing so necessary. I now began to feel the Vexations which accompany the Passions, and render their Sway so painful. These were not the first, I had already some disagreeable Experience from the Humours of *Menil*, who, out of all Reason, would now and then stomach the Complaisance which I could not but show to our Lieutenant, tho' these I reduced as low as possible. I had repealed my Leave to come to my Room after he had supped, under Pretence that I would go to sleep earlier. He never offered to thwart me in any Thing I would, though sometimes I was also obliged to comply with what he desired.

ONE Day he brought me some Partridges, in order to sup with me. *Menil*, still Master of the Art of opening his Door, came and listen'd at mine, and pretended I had been very humourous, and had spoken of him with an offensive Levity: But the worst of the Story with him was, that after Supper, it being extreamly hot, we went and stood at the Window together, where the Lieutenant desired me to sing. I begun a Scene of the Opera of *Iphigenia*. The Duke *De Richlieu*, who was also at his Window, sung *Orestes's* Answer in the same Scene, and which suited

suited our Situation. *Maisonrouge*, thinking this diverted me, and perhaps willing to promote a little Mirth, allowed us to go through the whole Scene. It was, it seems, no Mirth to the Chevalier *De Menil*. The next Day, in his Letters, he twitted me with the Conversation at Supper, which I little thought he had heard. For my Part, I no longer remembered that he had been so much as mentioned, and said nothing to him of it. This seem'd to him a Subterfuge, which put him so excessively out of Humour, that, to my great Astonishment, he urged me to break with *Maisonrouge*: But a few Words gave him to see the vast Imprudence of such a Measure, and he grew something easy.

It was not long before we found Means to see one another again. The Regulation relaxed, as Regulations always do, and we returned pretty nearly to our former Course of Life. This little Absence, sweeten'd by frequent Letters, only serv'd to heighten the Satisfaction of seeing one another again; and, for some Days, we enjoyed it with tolerable Chearfulness. From the Reservedness of the Lieutenant, we concluded that he suspected it, yet winked at it. In this Opinion we became less circumspect, and our Imprudence degenerated into Rashness, that several Times we were near being surprized. At last one Night, when *Menil* was for going away for fear of an Accident, I was so indiscrete as to detain him. Within less than Half a Quarter of an Hour after, and indeed sooner then ordinary, the Turnkeys, who for some Time had a Suspicion of *Menil's* Sallies, came their last Rounds, and carried away our Keys, along with all the others, into the Lieutenant's Apartment.

THERE

THERE is no expressing my Horror, when I heard the Keys turned on us. What was to be done, in such an unlucky Juncture? The Chevalier *De Menil* was not to continue locked up in my Room, that was certain. As to his being found with me in the Day-time, this was no more than Breach of the local Law or Custom; yet for him to pass the Night here, would be a Scandal every where. But how to get him out? The Door was too strongly barricaded to be thought of, and the Windows we could only look at them. The only Resource left to me, was the Indulgence of poor *Maisonrouge*, against whom however this was a most grievous Trespass. At length I collected all the Courage requisite in such an Exigency, and waited at my Window till he should return from the Governor, with whom he usually supped.

GLAD was I at seeing him cross the Court. I called to him, saying, I hoped he would be so kind to come and with me a good Night. This set him a running to bring my Key, and he came to me quite in a Transport of Joy for this unusual Favour. I went up to him, his Rival placing himself a little aside, that he might not be perceived. I said to him, with the most confused Air in the World, "You shew'd my Neighbour the Way to my Apartment, and very indiscretely he has found it again without you. We have been unexpectedly lock'd up, before the usual Time. You would not have him left here; rid me of him, I beseech you." At the very first Word, casting his Eye on the Chevalier *De Menil*, his Countenance changed. The cheerful Air that he had in coming in, was suddenly lost in the most supercilious Gloom; and he said,

THERE

in

in a very dry Tone, That it was bringing him into a great deal of Trouble ; that he could not go up to fetch Monsieur *Menil*'s Keys, and come down again and open his Door, but his People and those in the House must perceive it, and form Suspicions of great Disadvantage both to himself and me. I granted that he had all the Reason in the World to complain of our Imprudence ; I acknowledg'd myself greatly in the Wrong ; I promised it should be the last ; I implor'd his Friendship, as my only Relief. He left me, without saying one Word more ; and, going for the Keys, came and fetch'd Monsieur *Menil*, who was more out of Countenance than any of us ; then locked him in, without calling on me again.

THIS Expedition being over, I found myself much easier, though I had still great Causes of Trouble. The just Indignation of a Man whom, though under such extraordinary Obligations to him, I expos'd by my Humours to the Scandal of betraying his Office : My ungrateful Duplicity towards the Person, who had deliver'd himself up to me with an unreserved Devotedness :

Improbe Amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis !

Strange Force of lawless Love, on human Hearts !

In fine, this cruel Tyrant himself in the Bottom of my Heart, lamented my Separation from the Object he had rendered so dear to me.

THE Lieutenant, being by Honour and Jealousy concerned that I should be securely kept, I made no question would exert a Vigilance sufficient to frustrate
any

any future Attempts. Indeed this horrid Plunge, from which I had been delivered by his good Nature, had entirely set me against any hazardous Steps. I confined myself to correspond by Letters, which was easy, and became more frequent.

MAISON ROUGE came to see me as usual, but without mentioning a Word of what had passed. He found me melancholy, but too well knew the Cause of it to ask any Questions. Sometimes my Injustice was such as to hate him, and though perhaps he perceived it, this made no Alteration in his Behaviour, which still continued zealous to serve me; and, preventing my Desires, he procured me an Account of *Madame Grieu*, and other Persons whom I deservedly respected; he also allowed me all the little Liberties consistent with his Duty. In the Interval, when Reason ruled in me, it always reconciled me to him, and with that warm Gratitude due to his numberless good Offices.

In the mean time *Menil*, who could not be so great a Loser as myself, was incessantly contriving how to bring Things on the former Footing. By Money, or Promises, or some Way or other, he brib'd one of the Turnkeys. These are the People who attend the Prisoners, and bring them their Victuals and other Necessaries, having, for this Purpose, the Keys of the Chambers all the Day long. This Man, when he went from me, only feigned to shut the Door, that *Menil* used to come in, while the Lieutenant was at Dinner with the Governor. At first I ran towards him to put him out, but he serenely told me that he had taken such Measures that nothing amiss could happen. I believed him, because I was very much inclined to it. The Joy of seeing him
again,

again, at once scattered those prudent Reflections which opposed such perilous Interviews. This was very short, and when we repeated them it was with great Precaution; but to the Night, which had been so fatal, I would never expose myself, and we conducted our Madness, for such indeed it was, with all possible Discretion. But if we seldom saw each other, not a Day passed without writing. Our abundant Leisure could not be taken up with a more interesting Business.

THE first Letters which we writ to each other, in this new Kind of Commerce, have not been restored to me. The Chevalier *De Menil*, at that Time more timorous, used to burn them; but afterwards, through Confidence and a Care of preserving them, he omitted this Act of Prudence, and restored what remained by him when I had occasion to demand them of him.

OUR Leisure produced an innumerable Multitude of these Letters. The Passion to which I thought I might give myself up, without offending either Reason or Virtue, is there expressed without any Reserve. I spoke to one, to whom I look'd upon myself as already united by the most sacred Bands; the Period of our Captivity being the Time appointed, and consequently passionately wished, for rendering this Engagement sacred and indissoluble.

IN these Commencements of our Connection I was anticipating a State of perfect Felicity, without any Change, Traverses, or disagreeable Intervals. One Day, when we imagined ourselves the most secure, the King's Lieutenant being gone to dine at *Vincennes* with the Marquis *De Châtelet*, his Friend and former Colonel, Monsieur *Le Blanc* came to the

the *Bastile*, directing the Governor to carry a Question to the Chevalier *De Menil*, concerning his Declaration. The Governor, who was at Dinner, started from Table, and made such Haste that *Menil*, who was with me when we perceived him hurrying along, had not Time to prevent him; but *Menil* followed him so close, as to receive all the Fire of his Rage, and some Strictures of it reached me. After this Exploſion, a moſt violent one it was, he executed the Miniſter's Meſſage, and carried back his Answer; taking Care not to ſay a Word of what had happened, as it would have involved him in a Charge of Negligence: But no ſooner had *Monſieur Le Blanc* turned his Back, than he ordered the Chevalier *De Menil* to be removed to a Tower, and there was he lodged in a Kind of Dungeon, at a great Diſtance from my Apartment.

THE Rigour of this Treatment, and the bad Aſpect of ſo haſty a Removal, overwhelmed me with Grief. Contrary to my uſual Temper, I gave myſelf up to Tears and Deſpair. Never had my Soul known ſuch a torturing Senſation; I now looked upon it as ſeſvered from itſelf, without any Hopes of a Re-union.

MENIL I ſuppoſ'd to be in the like Agony, and this doubled my Grief. The Hardſhips of ſuch a frightful Abode, together with the Con- vulſions of his Mind, made me fear not only for his Health, but even for his Life; for the Mind, when out of itſelf, never fixes, and the Uncertainty I was in of all theſe Things, of which I might very probably have got Information, gave a more painful Edge to every Reflection.

THE

THE Absence of *Maisonrouge* left me quite destitute of Comfort. Under all the Wrong I had done him, I still expected every Thing from him; and if at any Time I was mistaken, it was only in his greatly exceeding my Hopes. After waiting on the Governor, who inform'd him what had happened, the next Person he saw was myself. The tender Concern for the Condition he saw me in, excluded from his Heart any Rancour or Resentment of my Offences; or he stifled them so well, that nothing of them appeared. He consoled with me on the Disaster which had happen'd; he assured me that there was nothing which could contribute to my Comfort, that he would not heartily join in.

I WAS very much moved to find such favourable Dispositions, where I had so little deserved them. I did not conceal my Sentiments from him; I thought they might be deposited in the Bosom of such a Friend. I judged, that the Pain it might give him would be soften'd by the Testimony of my Esteem and Confidence; and that far from making a fresh Wound in him, by owning to him what he was ignorant of, it was applying to those which he had already received the only Remedy in my Power: I therefore resolv'd on a candid Acknowledgement, and said to Monsieur *De Maisonrouge*, That to his kind Care of furnishing me with Amusement under my Calamities, I ow'd my Acquaintance with the Chevalier *De Menil*; that, like him, I had meant it only as a mere Pastime; that Habit and the Want of Employment had gradually encreased to a Passion, what at first was only a Diversion; that such Sentiments had been shewn as had made their Way into my Heart, and there produced those which

T

had

had led me into all the Irregularities he had seen me commit, and I begged of him to forgive them. I ceased speaking. He remained for some Time as lost in the Confusion of his own Sentiments. The Tenderness which the Tokens of my Confidence and Repentance raised in him, showed itself in his Countenance. At last, making an Effort to explain himself, "My dear Friend," said he, for that was the Stile he always gave me, "you know that I am wholly yours, and I am going to give you unquestionable Proofs of it: But you must tell me what are your Engagements with the Chevalier *De Menil*. If his Intent be to place you in a more happy Condition, as mine is not worthy to be offered to you, I will lend a helping Hand to whatever can contribute to your Happiness, or merely to your Satisfaction. If Monsieur *De Menil* means no more than to make himself agreeable to you, it would not become either you or me, that, by my Intervention, you should hold any further Commerce with him; and, out of Regard to yourself, the sooner you forget him the better." "When the Chevalier *De Menil*," answer'd I, "first began to use a Strain different from the Jocularity in which we first set out, I declined hearing him; and persisted in my Opposition, till he solemnly made known to me his deliberate Resolution of making me the Partner of his Life. I laid before him all the Consequences of such an Action, with regard to himself; and it was not till I had convinced myself of his Sincerity, founded on mature Reflection, that I consented to enter into such an Intercourse with him. No other Mark whatever of his Affection would have prevailed

" prevailed on me to depart from the Conduct I
 " have invariably kept to. Indeed I did not think
 " it was any Deviation to return virtuous Senti-
 " ments, and such as would not allow me to forget
 " him." " But," reply'd *Maisonrouge*, " why con-
 " ceal from me, who am called your Guardian"
 " (some merry Friend of mine had given him that
 " Title) " from me, who have your Happiness so
 " much at Heart, any Views which so nearly
 " concern it? Did you question my Readiness
 " to promote them?" " Don't," said I, " charge
 " me with a Concealment, which has given me
 " so much Pain. It was so peremptorily required
 " of me, that still I should hardly dare to disclose it
 " to you, did not Duty to your Friendship and
 " my Honour, on the present Juncture, indispensibly
 " oblige me to it." " The Chevalier *De Menil*,"
 " reply'd *Maisonrouge*, " ought not either to have
 " thought that I would blame his Designs, or have
 " apprehended that I could traverse them. Well,
 " so much for that; now let's see what's to be
 " done, to relieve you from the Desolation you
 " are in." " I am," said I, " incensed against
 " your Governor, for the Noise he made. Pri-
 " soners are all Eyes and Ears; though locked up,
 " they come to the Knowledge of whatever passes:
 " They hold that every little Motion concerns them,
 " and trace it to the Bottom. The sudden Removal
 " is by this Time known to every one within the
 " *Bastille* Walls, and construed to my Disgrace.
 " Let me beg of you, convince the Governor that I
 " have great Reason to complain of his bringing me
 " into an Event, which, if not rightly cleared up,
 " may be very detrimental to me. Tell him, I

“fain would speak to him myself; at your Desire he will come.” “I’ll go to him instantly,” said *Maisonrouge*. “I will also see the Chevalier *De Menil*, and bring you a faithful Account of him. Don’t give way to Grief, but rely on me, as you may, if ever one Person might rely on another.”

HE left me, and the Dejection from which the Necessity of speaking to him had raised me, returned.

ALL the Evils I felt, all those I feared, with united Violence bore so hard on me, that I was not myself. Poor *Rondel* exerted her Faculties to comfort me, by wise Discourse and vain Hopes, but the tumultuous Clamours of the Passions which agitated me was all I heard. A most dreadful Night I had of it, as Darkness seems to deepen every Kind of Distress. At the Appearance of Day, I gave myself the Consolation, such as it was, of writing a Letter to *Menil*, which I had no Way of sending to him. In this afflictive State I also writ him a second, but it was not ’till a long Time after that he got them.

I DID not see the Lieutenant ’till the next Day; when he informed me, though with all the Softenings he could, that the Chevalier *De Menil*, incensed at the late Usage, had expostulated on it with the Governor in such warm Language, as had extremly angered him.

THE ill Consequences of this to *Menil* were evident. The Lieutenant further told me, That Monsieur *Le Blanc*, at the Instant of our Catastrophe, had brought a Warrant for ranking the Chevalier *De Menil* with the Duke of *Richlieu* (whose Bands were to be slackened) and that they should dine

dine at the Governor's alternately, with the Marquisses *De Pompadour* and *Boislaure*; that the Governor, without acquainting the Minister of it, had taken upon him to deprive Monsieur *De Menil* of such an agreeable Privilege. I was extremely concerned at his being abridged of a Recreation, at all Times delightful to Prisoners, but now so proper for dissipating the Sorrow under which he was labouring. I intreated the Lieutenant to leave no Stone unturned for bringing about a Reconciliation betwixt him and the Governor; that he might, at least, enjoy the Favours directed by the Minister, and no further Indignities be put on him. He promised nothing should be wanting in him, and he effected it. He gave me a circumstantial Account of Monsieur *De Menil's* Vexations, of the State of his Health, and every Thing which related to him; acquainted me with what he had said to the Governor concerning me; told me that I should soon see him, and that it would be right in me to signify my Resentment to him, keeping however within the Bounds necessary to be observed towards those who have the Staff in their Hands.

He accordingly came; and I said to him, That after so many Marks of Indulgence received from him, I could not expect, that without considering the Hurt he did my Character, he should with so much Vehemence have made public an Irregularity of Conduct, and which was so only in respect of the Place; that since my being in the World I had indiscriminately received all who came to see me, Persons of both Sexes, and without so much as the Shadow of Scandal; that ever since I had been his Prisoner, the continual Presence of my Maid

warranted the Decency of any Visits which I might have received ; and that the Thing being in itself innocent, I had not deserved such a Noise should be made about it, so as to expose it to an injurious Construction. I intimated, that a Fault in a Prisoner was not one according to the common Laws and Usages of Society : But the only Rules he minded being those of the Prison, he made light of that Distinction, and gravely gave me to understand, that after such a criminal Licentiousness I ought to think myself very much obliged to him, that I had not been put under more rugged Treatment. They were his very Words, and they went to my Heart, that I well remember them. I took his Meaning to be, that I deserved to be put into a Dungeon ; for, in that Place this is so common a Menace, that if but a Dog barks, the Word is a Dungeon. After more of such Discourse we parted, in but indifferent Humour with each other, and the Indifference continued. At first he had shewed himself so rigorous Keeper ; but on a Report, and it even got Footing in the Palace, that he was for marrying Mademoiselle *De Montauban*, a Thing he never dreamed of, his Female Captives never saw any more of him ; and since I had found him to be a Bear, which there was no taming, I had carried it very coldly to him.

THE King's Lieutenant continued his warm Attention to my Case, in case it could not. Besides all he had already done, for my further Comfort, he furnished the Chevalier *De Menil* with Materials for writing to me, and brought me his Letter. Such a Procedure, in a fond and jealous Lover, amazed me. " I should have been satisfy'd," said I to him, " with

"with hearing of Monsieur *De Menil* from your Mouth, without giving yourself any other Trouble." "No," answer'd he, "these Marks of his Regard, under his Hand, must give you more Ease, than what you would have only my Word for. By all Means write him an Answer, and I will give it into his Hands: This Satisfaction you may depend on, let your Separation last as long as it will." He added, That he had made some Steps towards bringing about a Reconciliation betwixt the Chevalier and the Governor; that it was in a fair Way, and he hoped soon to see him in the Company, to which the Minister's Order admitted him.

ALL these Things calmed the Perturbations of my Mind. At the Sight of *Menil's* Writing, which I had been deprived of during some Days, I felt a great deal of Joy; and that a Letter of mine could also reach him, gave me no less. I had, to amuse my Grief, writ several others, but they remained with me; a better Fortune attended these, which were in a more guarded Stile. I could not give full Scope to my Thoughts in them; however it was still speaking to him.

OUR generous Friend came for my Answer. I deliver'd it to him quite open, like that which he had brought me. This Strain of his good Nature was however to be used with Discretion; accordingly I always waited his own Motion, for a Service which put him to so much Pain. He has since owned to me, that at taking and delivering our Letters, it was as if a Dagger had been planted in his Heart; yet never did he depart from the Punctuality, which he had settled for our Correspondence. He used to bring me

me a Letter; the next Day he asked me for my Answer, and the Day following I was sure of another.

IN the mean time Monsieur *De Menil* and the Governor being reconciled, he was put in Possession of the Privileges which the Court had allowed him. Every other Day he went with the Duke *De Richlieu* to dine at the Governor's, and passed some Hours of the Day in the Apartment of that delightful Companion. There was no other Way of going thither but by my Door, and this ready Conveyance for more intimate Contents than those which passed through a third Hand tempted him. He slept in a Billet, which he passionately urged me to answer the same Way. To this I felt an extreme Repugnance; not so much from a Dislike I had taken to hazardous Measures, as from an Abhorrence of the Treachery to such a worthy Friend, which this clandestine Commerce carried with it: Yet I yielded, being carried away by that mean-spirited Passion which debases whatever is virtuous in us; and should be as much hated by us, as it renders us contemptible.

At first, indeed, I was very sparing in the Use of these new Contrivances; but, in a little Time, became innured. Sometimes it fell out that I met *Menil*, in going or returning from the Duke's Apartment. This I reckoned an Event in my Life. These Meetings which, tho' short, were so precious to us, we owed to the inventive Kindness of *Maisonrouge*: But they soon came to a Period. On Account of some Repairs to be made in my Chamber, I was removed to another. I was offered one which would have allowed of the like Conveniences
but

but I declined it, dreading lest I might be tempted to make a wrong Use of them: As for the Noise near it, that was no more than I should have soon got over. The Captain of the Guards spared me his, where I could have no Intercourse with the Chevalier *De Menil*.

FOR some Time past all our Consorts enjoy'd a Kind of Freedom, and set up little separate Societies. I was advis'd to ask the like Favour, but I would not; the best Part I had to act seem'd to me, that of a total Inactivity. The most I could bring myself to, was to receive Favours from the Author of my Confinement; but I thought to ask them was mean, and that also it was scandalous to appear so weary of myself as to seek strange Company, and which I foresaw would be far from agreeable to me. The greatest Length I could go in Deference to this Advice, was to write to Monsieur *Le Blanc* the following Letter.

" SIR,

" IT is not from Impatience or Weariness that I trouble you. My Motive is a just Apprehension, that a Person so obscure as I am may be utterly overlooked. This Fear is the better grounded, as there is little Probability that the Causes of my Detention will recal the Remembrance of it. I flatter myself, they are as little remarkable as my Person. I imagine myself under a Kind of Necessity to remind you, that I was brought to the *Bastile* towards the End of the Year 1718, and am still there. When I know,

" Sir,

" Sir, that you remember it, I shall for every
 " other Particular rely on your Equity and good
 " Nature; possessing myself, whatever my Condition
 " be, in a quiet Conformity to the Laws prescribed
 " to me, and reverencing the supreme Power in a
 " voluntary Submission to its Ordinances. I have the
 " Honour of being, &c.

" August 16, 1719."

THIS Letter produced no Effect, and as such I intended it: But the Marchioness *De Pompadour* continually teasing the Ministry for an Addition to her Husband's Company, I was the Person pitched upon; thus, on the Day appointed, I used to go with him and the Marquis *De Boisdevins*, to dine with the Governor. They condescended so far as to allow of my faithful Companion's dining with them, that I might not be the only Woman. It was proposed to me to keep Table, on the Day when the other Body of Captives dined at the Governor's; but, to avoid being eternally haunted by our People in that Leisure which sat so uneasily on them, as I could expect nothing else, I shifted that Honour on the Marquis *De Pompadour*. The Duke *De Richlieu* had then obtained his Liberty, but by the Sacrifice of a most beautiful Victim, who was said to have voluntarily offer'd herself on that Condition.

AFTER his Release, the Chevalier *De Menil* had been associated with the Marquis *De St. Genies* and *Davifard* one in the Ministry of our Court. The latter sent Word, that of all Things he longed for a Moment's Colloquy with me. I concluded that what he had to say to me must be something of Weight,

Weight, and that the Knowledge of it might be of Use to direct my Conduct.

HOWEVER, I would not seduce the King's Lieutenant's Complaisance, in an Affair not quite congruous with his Duty; of which, in Essentials, I was no less tender than himself. I looked out for Bye-Ways, which are allowable in Persons deprived of the natural Rights of Society.

THE Marquis of *St. Genies* lodged in the same Tower as the Marquis of *Pompadour*. It came into my Mind that *Davisard*, under Pretence of going to *St. Genies*, whom he was allow'd to visit, should go to the Story above *Monf. De Pompadour's* Quarters, where I would be, as it was no more than usual with me, in order to time Things well, and to apprise my Associates, that they might concur in this Rendezvous. Accordingly I communicated to *Messieurs De Pompadour* and *Boisdavis* the Interview which I was scheming, and entertained them with my Ideas of what I should hear, and the Benefit that might redound from it to all our Party. The Marquis *De Pompadour* joined in it with all the Spirit imaginable, and with Raptures anticipated the Treasures of Intelligence which were to be opened to me. The several Parts of the Plan were carefully communicated to *Davisard*. All long'd for the Execution with equal Impatience; but this could not take Place 'till some fortunate Day, when one of our Masters should be Abroad, and the other so taken up that we needed not be under any Apprehension.

THE Day came, and we posted our several Servants at all the Sky-Lights on the Stairs, to give us Notice of the least Alarm. All our Measures being thus cautiously

cautiously taken, Notice was given to *Davifard*, who with *St. Genies* was waiting for the Moment. He immediately went up to the Marquis *De Pompadour's*; who, on seeing him, retir'd with Monsieur *Boisdavis* to a Corner of the Room, conceiving that Things of such Importance were not to be communicated before Witnesses. *Davifard*, after looking round to see that none were within Hearing, came up to me with these Words; "Mademoiselle *De L-----*, nine Months Celibacy; very "hard Efaith!" "In the Name of Goodness," said I, and never was more astonished, "is this what you "was in such a Hurry to say to me?" Frighten'd at this Exordium, I called to our discrete Confidants, telling them to come to us, for they might be safely trusted with what was to be said. We discoursed on the present State of Affairs, of which our dapper Magistrate knew no more than we. Seeing how little Advantage was to be reaped by this dangerous Conference, I quickly put an End to it, and heartily ashamed of having taken so much Care to bring it about.

SOME preceding Occurrences should have taught me more Wit. An Indisposition came upon me, that the King's Lieutenant, with whom I was walking in the Garden, seeing Monsieur *Herment*, Physician to the *Bastile*, called to him, and presented us to each other. Though I was then under the most strict Commitment, our Lieutenant made Use in my Behalf of every Opportunity which warranted a Relaxation; "When a Physician is "consulted, there must be no third Person by," said he, and walked aside. I kept on my Way 'till Monsieur *Herment*, seeing we were out of all Observation,

servation, said to me, with a low Voice and squeezing my Hand, "You have Friends, and good Friends, capable of doing any Thing for you. One I have seen, who has very much at Heart whatever concerns you." "Has he given you any Commission to me?" said I, interrupting him. "Yes," answered he; "my Discretion is known to him, and I am no Stranger to your's. He bid me ask you what you would wish to have? what would be of Service to you? whether you might not want a *Couvre-pied*?" "And, pray," reply'd I, "who is this kind Friend, so desirous to know whether our Feet are warm here?" "It is," answer'd he, "Monsieur *Big-non*, Counsellor of State." "Pray, Sir, with my humble Thanks, be pleased to acquaint him, that what troubles him is certainly the very least of the Inconveniencies to which I am exposed."

I DID not feign any Illness, to procure the Visits of such a circumspect Personage. Our Castle afforded some much more communicative; but, being little disposed to dabble in Intrigues abroad, I left them to the Pleasures of Self-enjoyment.

THE Count *De L-----* availed himself of the Surgeon, who acted also as Apothecary; and that he might see him the oftener, he declared that he daily stood in need of two Clysters. The Regent, to whom a Report was made, even of the slightest Circumstances, once examining with his Ministers the Apothecary's Report, the morose *Dubois* began to except against the Frequency of Clysters: But the Regent silenced him, saying, "Come, Abbé, if this be their only Diversion, let us e'ne allow them to go on."

U L-----,

L-----, in Reality, had scarce any other. He was kept closer confined than any of us, and even at the Time when all the other Prisoners had some Indulgence shewn them. Indeed ever since his being in the *Bastile*, he had behaved like a Hero. He stood out many long Interrogatories, and his Answers were both resolute and artful. No Promises, no Intrigues, no Menaces could stagger him; accordingly he remained in Prison much longer than the others, yet to the very last he continu'd the same Man as at his Commitment.

THE epistolary Correspondence betwixt the Chevalier *De Menil* and myself still went on, thro' the Hands of the King's Lieutenant; but we found Means to exchange some more free and spirited by Means of his Servant, whom *Menil* had gained. He engrossed my whole Mind, and the Intrusions of Company were frequently insupportable to me; especially in my melancholy Moods, which I could not disperse or bear with a good Grace. I was seized with a violent Agitation at a Design with which the Chevalier acquainted me, of laying out a Sum he had received on an Annuity, as this seemed to me directly to thwart the very End and Support of our Connection. This was the first Time I, in the least, had suspected his Integrity, and I was not wanting to let him know it. Matters not being yet ripe with him for a direct Rupture, he thought it best to make me easy, changing his Scheme, and renewing his fervent Protestations of an indissoluble Attachment. I believed him. Alas! what do we not believe, when we are inclined to believe? And he confirmed my good Thoughts of him,

him, by purchasing a small Estate in Lieu of the Annuity, which he had first intended.

FULL Confidence again took Possession of me, and my only Torment was the Continuance of our Separation; which I bore with the less Patience, as so many People, whom I looked upon with an indifferent Eye, had now easy Access to me; and what made it still worse was, they did not look upon me so. If a Gardiner, as an ingenious Writer says, is a Man to Recluses; a Woman, little matter what she be, is a Goddess to Prisoners. Ours actually paid me a Kind of Worship, but their eager Vows and Incense were often near suffocating me.

ABOUT this Time *Davisard*, a lively petulant Man, whose Mind and Body were perpetually in Motion, and who could no more continue in one Place than multiply himself to occupy many, fell sick in good Earnest. It was reported to the Regent, and perhaps with some Exaggeration. He was averse to irretrievable Violences, and had any of his Prisoners died in Confinement, it would have vexed him; to prevent this, *Davisard* was set at Liberty. When he saw the Warrant, "Is it not," said he, *Gascoon* like, "a *Godun*?" i. e. a Bite. "No," said the Governor, who brought it to him, "nothing more real." "Stock-ings and Breeches; quick, quick," cried he, leaping out of his Bed. Thus he was cured, dressed, and gone in an Instant.

THE Marchioness *De Pompadour*, who omitted nothing for procuring all possible Ease to her Husband, on this Departure, ask'd of the Ministry, that Monsieur *De Pompadour's* Society might be aug-

mented with the Remains of that of Monsieur *Davisard*, whose Companions were the Marquis *De Saint Genies*, and the Chevalier *De Menil*; and that the two Bands might be incorporated into one, dining every Day at the Governor's, and living together. It was granted; and, when I was very far from expecting any such Thing, who should come into my Room but *Menil*? and without any Precaution. I was both surpriz'd and frighten'd; but, when he inform'd me of the happy Event, I was not only easy but fill'd with Joy, though at that Time under Grief for my Sister's Death, the Circumstances of which had extremely afflicted me. To the Shame of Nature it must be owned, that its Voice is little heard, when any Passion speaks at the same Time.

MESSIEURS *De Pompadour* and *Boisfavis* immediately after came to compliment me, on the Augmentation of our Society. The King's Lieutenant was gone that Day to dine at *Vincennes*; on his Return he call'd on me, and not knowing what had been granted to the Chevalier *De Menil*, on seeing him in such good Company, and with all the Appearance of his having a Right to be there, stood without Speech or Motion. His Trouble sensibly affected me; and going up to him, I told him, that Madame *De Pompadour* had obtained that we should be put altogether. He knew that she was soliciting it, but did not think it was so near at Hand, and said, with an Accent not a little forced, "That it was proper, and he wish'd us Joy." More he was not able to utter, and remained on his Seat where he had placed himself, perfectly like one petrified; and the Exultations
of

of the Company added to his Confusion, that being no longer able to hold out under such a painful Situation, he left us.

THE Tortures which the Intercourse between the Chevalier *De Menil*, and me might have given to *Maisonrouge*, were alleviated by the Satisfaction of manifesting his Attachment for me, and of directing our Commerce; but our Dependence on him resulting from this, and the entire Knowledge of all our Steps, were Compensations totally lost by this Coalition. All that he had now to expect, was the Acknowledgements of former Services, now superseded.

THE next Morning he came to me again when I was alone, but quite altered and over-whelmed with Grief. "My dear Friend," said he to me, "now you are happy. It is what I have wished; I am satisfied, though your Happiness costs me dear. May you live easy with the Person who loves you, and is agreeable to you. Don't require me to be a Witness of it; Whilst I could be serviceable to you, I surmounted my Reluctances by incredible Struggles; and still would, could it do you any Good. You have no longer Occasion for me; give me Leave to come here no longer but when Decency, and any Services which may still lie in my Way, shall oblige me. "Why forsake me, my dear Friend?" said I. "Do you think there is any Thing which would make me Amends for losing you? I had rather forsake all other Acquaintance." "No," answer'd he, "I will deprive you of nothing. I have sacrific'd myself, without Reserve, for your Happiness; may he in whom you have placed it, be as faithful and devoted to you." I strongly

insisted on it, and prevailed on him, not entirely to leave off seeing me. I promised to remove from his Eyes any Object that might offend them: Accordingly I took care that the Chevalier *De Menil* should be out of the Way when he came to see me, which was but seldom; only when he had some News to inform me of, or a Message from any Friend, several of whom used to call on him. I saw him indeed every Day at the Governor's, where we all used to spend Part of the Day.

We met there at Dinner, and this was succeeded by a Party at Ombre; and, after an Hour or two wasted in this fashionable Manner, we return'd to our several Apartments; the Chevalier *De Menil* was not long after me. The Company used to meet in my Room before Supper, to which we return'd at the Governor's, and afterwards every one went to Bed. In the Morning *Menil* was sure to be with me, and his Visits were none of the shortest.

No other Liberty did I desire, than that I now enjoy'd. It was to me as if there had been no other World, than within the Circuit of our Walls; and this I declare to be the only happy Time I have known in my whole Life. Could I have thought of finding Happiness here, and that every where else I should miss of it?

I LOVED a Person, by whom I thought myself perfectly loved. I gave myself up without Fear to Sentiments, the Object of which seem'd to me rational, and the End certain. I could as soon have thought of the Sky falling, as of any Change in the Heart of the Chevalier *De Menil*. I made myself certain of his future Conduct, from his punctual Observance of the Rules I had prescribed for

went to one of the Duke *Du Maine's* Stewards for Furniture for my Lodgings. He occasionally lent what was thought proper, and great Delight did I take in settling myself in this my new vamped-up Mansion. What particularly pleased me, was a Mantle-piece added to the Chimney, where I could lay a Book or a Snuff-Box; a Conveniency I had not before. To know the Value of every particular Thing, one must have wanted all Things.

OUR Society shared in my Change of Habitation, it being more convenient for meeting: But these Rendezvous became too frequent, so as often to put me quite out of Humour, which *Menil* would severely reprimand me for, without considering the Cause; which, from him, deserved a great deal of Indulgence.

It was now sometime since he had returned to his former Apartment; and as we now easily saw one another and did not soon part, several indifferent Things came to be intermixed in our Conversations. He used to show me, by Way of Diversion, some ridiculous Letters, privately brought to him from a Female Relation of his, who, as he himself acknowledged, was more foolish than her Letters, and lived in the Neighbourhood of his Estate, in *Anjou*. I little minded what he said about her, not dreaming that ever I should have to do with any such Person. Though, in the Kind of Liberty which we enjoy'd, all Communication abroad was still prohibited us, the News extorted by each of us, and then related in common, like the Spoil of Robbers, furnished us a private Entertainment; especially such as promised a speedy Deliverance, were greedily collected. I, in Honour, pretended to be no less desirous of it than the

for his Behaviour here. When we began to live without Restraint, I said to him, that the Fears which had always haunted us at our clandestine Interviews, had been a pretty secure Guard to us, which now we should want: That however I would take no Security against him, but himself; being persuaded, that as he was determined to spend his Life with me, he would not go about to degrade me in his Esteem, without which, on no Condition would I ever live with him. He assur'd me that, in regard to my Confidence, he would keep from me, rather than displease me by any Sallies of a Passion, the Strength of which might sometimes carry him to Inadvertency.

Thus I grounded my Security on a better Foundation than Presumption would have been: This is so lofty, and the Base so small, that we often see it easily overthrown. *Menil* kept his Word, and sometimes would leave me pretty abruptly, in the Midst of a very tender Colloquy. I never ask'd him the Reason of it, nor offered to withhold him. His Obsequiousness to my Dictates pleased me much more than the most passionate Raptures, and I felt that sweet Tranquillity which constitutes true Happiness; or, the only Thing wanting to me was, an absolute Certainty of enjoying it for ever, though it was what I made no Question of.

THE Repairs of my Apartment being finished I returned there, and with an Intent to furnish it. To have pass'd one Winter in a large Room with only bare Walls, I thought bad enough: The second was now at Hand. Monsieur *De Maissonrouge*, now more attentive to my Conveniencies, as he had no longer any Share in my Amusements, went

the others, though in the Bottom of my Heart very averse from it.

THE Dutches *Du Maine*, who at first had been carried to the Citadel of *Dijon*, on hearing that she was to go into the Government of the Duke of *Bourbon*, said, with *Io* in the Play:

"*Aux Fureurs de Junon, Jupiter m'abandonne.*"

"*To Juno's Rage Jove gives me up.*"

Here she spent five Months, amidst Inconveniencies, which 'till then she had only pried, without being acquainted with them. Now no longer able to hold out under them, she applied to the Princess her Mother, to obtain a Change of her Confinement; flattering herself, at the same Time, that she would be brought nearer to *Paris*: But all the Choice she had, was either to go to the Citadel of *Châlons*, a little more distant; or to stay where she was. This required some Thought. She had here settled useful Correspondences by Means of Persons, who, from an undaunted Affection, had ventured entirely to devote themselves to her.

A PRINCESS of such illustrious Descent, distinguish'd by eminent Qualities, and labouring under severe Misfortunes, is a striking Object, such as must impress the most obdurate Heart. She might every where find Persons animated with the same Zeal, and by the same Motives; but to make themselves known, there must be Junctures which do not always fall out; and to be serviceable, Means which are not equally in all Hands. Yet these Considerations were over-balanced, by the Desire which is so natural, of changing

changing an uneasy Situation for another not at all better, and perhaps worse; the Inclination to go, when one is with-held; and the Opportunity of seeing again those, who were to conduct her: Thus her serene Highness accepted of *Châlons*.

ORDERS were given for preparing an Apartment there; and *La Billarderie*, who had commanded the Corps which had attended her at her first Journey, was sent with a Detachment of the Life-Guards to conduct her to this new Prison, where he staid some Days with her. The Confidence with which, on perceiving the Goodness of his Temper, she honoured him, together with her many Charms and Accomplishments, produced in him an entire Devotedness. His Sentiments, hidden under the most profound Respect, perhaps were unknown to himself; but Restraint only imparted a greater Activity to them. From him she received all the Services which could be expected from a Man of Honour, intrusted with the Guard of her Person; and these he accompanied with all the Acts of Complaisance proper for hiding the Rigour of his Commission, the Matter of which he never transgressed on, though he made some Alterations in the Form.

ON her Arrival at *Châlons*, she was brought to the melancholy Sight of the fitting up of her Prison. This had happened to her at the Citadel of *Dijon*, where the Lodging first appointed for her was not tenatable; and that which was built under her Eyes was found to be still less habitable, both from its Situation and the Dampness of the fresh Mortar, that she insisted on other Quarters. I believe also she did not live in that which she saw built for her at *Châlons*; however, here she did not stay long. These Things

I have

I have only known, since her Return and mine; but I insert them here, as nearly in their Place.

THOUGH she had borne her Captivity with Fortitude, and, in order to go through the Tediumness of it, had closed with all the Amusements to be had in Places so barren of Pleasure; yet Hardships, together with Disquietudes which she could not entirely overcome, impair'd her Health. She us'd to say of those poultry Diversions, so very different from those she had been us'd to, "The Duke D'Orleans may judge of my Pains, by my Pleasures."

THOUGH narrowly watched, she had found Means to settle Correspondences, by which she was pretty well informed of every Thing that pass'd, and even of the Reports that went about, though this was usually no more than an additional Torture. News, which Prisoners feed on with such Avidity, is a Poison to them. They come to the Knowledge of one Part, and remain ignorant of the other; and, on these defectuous Lights, build and pull down a thousand Systems, which produce as many Chimeras and Anxieties. Their happiest Condition, according to my Experience of it, is that where nothing reaches them.

THE Report that Monsieur *De Malesieu* was to be removed to the common Prison, in order for Tryal, and to be prosecuted with all the Severity of the Law, came to the Dutches *Du Maine's* Ears, and gave her an inexpressible Uneasiness. It was afterwards said, that he would be confin'd in the Island of *St. Marguerite* *. Besides his own Hand-

* A small Island in the *Mediterranean*, on the Coast of *Provence*.

Hand-writing to be produced against him, the Ministry bore him little good Will, that his Situation was more dangerous than that of any other; and it must be own'd that, with all his Learning, he had no great Share of Fortitude. His Fears were such, as often to put him on ill-digested Projects. He desired me to give Evidence, that the King of Spain's Letter, which had been found amongst his Papers, was a Translation from a Spanish Original. I signified to him, that very probably I should have no occasion to speak of it; and that if I had, I could not bring myself to say a Thing, which might be so easily disproved.

THE Dutches Du Maine had now been about three Months at *Châlons*, when the Duke D'Orleans, on some Representations of the bad State of that Princess's Health, to avoid the heinous Charge of having suffered such a Person to perish amidst the Hardships of an ignominious Prison, allow'd of her going to spend some Time at a Country-Seat. *Savigny*, in *Burgundy*, was propos'd to her, as a delightful Place. She ask'd the President De -----, to whom the House belonged, to lend it her; but he, fearing the Displeasure of the Duke of Bourbon, Governor of the Province, desired to be excused. Another was mentioned to her, called *Sevigny*, which was readily given up to her Highness.

MONSIEUR De La Billarderie was returned, with his Detachment of Guards, for conducting her thither. In the mean time the President, who at first had refused his House, understanding that the Duke's Thoughts of the Matter were quite opposite to his Supposition, came to make an Offer of it, which now the Dutches declined: But
La

La Billarderie, representing to her that such a Man was not worth her Resentment, and that she would be much more conveniently at *Savigny*, she went thither, and staid some Time. At length, by fresh Sollicitations, she was brought nearer to *Paris*; and *Chanlay*, a stately pleasant Seat, within thirty Leagues of the Capital, was assigned for the Place of her Confinement. She lay at several Seats in her Way, and arrived there about the Middle of Autumn. The Princess Dowager was allow'd to come and see her, and spent a Fortnight with her. As she had nothing so much at Heart as her Daughter's Liberty, she conjured her to acknowledge sincerely every Thing that related to her Affair. The Dutchess *Du Maine* gave her an exact Account of it; by which she convinced her, that in all she had done there was nothing against the King nor the State, nor which could essentially prejudice the Regent.

AFTER this Narrative, the Princess advised her to make the like Confession to the Duke *D'Orleans*, as the most certain and perhaps the only Way for obtaining not only her Liberty, but that of all the Persons engaged in the same Affair, then suffering on her Account. To this the Princess added, with great Tenderness, the Necessity of the Duke *Du Maine's* Release, who had been dangerously ill, without her knowing of it; and the Horror of his dying under Confinement, innocent as he was; and Monsieur *De La Billarderie* pathetically seconded these Representations.

POWERFUL as these Considerations were, she strongly insisted on the Inconveniences of such a Step, and protested that no single Interest of hers

should ever bring her to it; and that however urgent the other Motives were, she could not make such a Confession, 'till she knew whether the other Associates had discovered themselves; without which she should hazard their Ruin and her own Honour.

It was decided, that this Point should be previously cleared up. Monsieur *Pompadour* and the Abbè *Brigaut* were known to have made ample Declarations; but if Monsieur *De Laval* and Monsieur *De Malesieu* had persisted in their Denial, an Acknowledgement, which could not be done without indangering them, was not to be thought of; but a Petition should be carried to the Parliament for the Dutches *Du Maine's* Discharge, agreeably to the Laws of the Kingdom, by which no Person is to be detained in Prison beyond the Time appointed for producing the Cause of their Commitment and Detention. The Dutches *Du Maine* drew up the Model of this Petition, leaving it in the Hands of the Princess Dowager.

THESE Resolutions being thus concerted, the Princess assured her Daughter, that she should no sooner be at *Paris*, than she would positively know (and to her it seem'd an easy Matter) what Count *De Laval* and Monsieur *Malesieu* had done; and that she, or the Abbè *De Maulevrier* her Confident, should immediately acquaint her with it. To avoid all Risque in this Intelligence, the Dutches *Du Maine* gave in Writing to the Princess some common Phrases, to which she annexed the Sense of the principal Heads she was to be informed of. One of these Phrases implied, *Laval* has confessed; another, he has said nothing. There were the like for Monsieur *De Malesieu*.

SOON

SOON after the Princess's Departure, the Dutches^s *Du Maine* received a Letter from the Abbè; acquainting her, under the Cypher agreed on, that Monsieur *De Laval* and Monsieur *De Malesieu* had said nothing. Some Days after came another from this Abbè, signifying the contrary, under the same Cypher, that *Laval* and *Malesieu*, after standing out a long Time, had at last declared all. Yet this Testimony the Dutches^s *Du Maine* did not think of such Authenticity, as to determine her Measures. *La Billarderie*, who was still with her, desiring nothing more than the Princess's Liberty, and conceiving that he could be of Service to forward it, returned for *Paris*, and was several Times with Monsieur *Le Blanc*, who signified to him, that she would never obtain it, without a sincere and complete Declaration of all that had been transacted in the Affair, both by herself and her Associates and Agents.

THE Regent wanted to bring Matters to an Issue, but with Honour; that thus, he would be cleared from having, without any Foundation, put Indignities and Hardships on Persons of such Distinction. It was his firm Resolution, that the Chiefs and their Adherents should purchase their Liberty, by such an Acknowledgement as would be an absolute Justification of his Conduct *. But Monsieur *Le*

X 2

Blanc

* The Regent had been often heard to say, "There are two Things, which, rather than suffer, I will be burned alive. One is, that any Attempt should be made against the Life of this Child; the other, that the *Spaniard* should reign in *France*." Those who knew him intimately, did not doubt of his Sincerity in this Declaration; but the People saw only his Libertinism, and in that a Will to dare any Crime.

Blanc commissioned *La Billarderie* with a Message from that Prince to the Dutches *Du Maine* : That if she would give in Writing an exact Detail of the Affair, to be seen only by himself, she and all the several Persons included in it should be set at Liberty.

LA BILLARDERIE, along with this verbal Commission, brought her Letters from the Princess and the Abbé *De Maulevrier* ; positively, and without Cypher, acquainting her, that the Count *De Laval* had declared every Thing, and that the Whole of the Affair was now known.

THE Dutches *Du Maine*, persuaded by this Testimony which was not to be suspected, that she might reveal all her Associates without hurting any, acquiesced in the Declaration required of her ; and, as a Mark of Candour, it was drawn up very circumstantially. She delivered it to *La Billarderie*, to carry it to Monsieur *Le Blanc*, after shewing it to the Princess, to whom she also wrote a Letter, intimating the Motives by which she had been brought to what the Duke *D'Orleans* had required of her : At the same Time intreated her Highness, to secure the speedy and faithful Execution of the Promises made on his Part ; and represented to her, that herein not only her Interest lay at Stake, but her Honour, which was infinitely more dear ; and that she remitted it to her Care and Diligence, as she could avoid the Blame of such a Step only by the entire Satisfaction of all the several Persons concerned.

THE Princess read the Letter and the Declaration, along with the Abbé *De Maulevrier* ; who said to *La Billarderie*, that the great Care which appeared in it, for clearing the Abbé *De Polignac* and

and Monsieur *De Malesieu*, might bring a Suspicion on the Truth of it. To this neither he nor her Highness made any Answer. *La Billarderie* carried it to Monsieur *Le Blanc*, in order to its being delivered to the Regent. A Warrant was immediately made out for the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Return; but, contrary to her Expectation, ſhe found *Seaux* was appointed for her Residence. This firſt Infraction made her fear others.

IN our Priſon we knew nothing of the Premises: There was indeed a vague Report of a Discovery, but this had been ſo often talked of, that no Manner of Credit was given to it. At laſt Monsieur *Le Blanc*, who had not made his Appearance within our Walls for ſome Time, came here towards the End of *November*. He was alone, and the firſt Perſon he ſent for was Mrs. *Pruden*, Baron *Waleſ*'s truſty Correfpondent, and lately taken into Cuſtody. I was afterwards called for. He ſaid to me, That I ſhould have ſaved him a great deal of Trouble, if when I was before Monsieur *D'Argeſon* and him I had ſatiſfied them concerning what I knew of the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Affair, with which I was perfectly acquainted; that ſhe herſelf had ſet it forth, in an exact Declaration; and that my Secreſy now was quite unſeaſonable. I anſwer'd, That it did not appear to me that I was thought to know ſo much; in effect, they had examined me but once, and then very ſlightly: "Beſides," added I, "if the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* herſelf had ſpoken, what can I ſay to give you further Inſight? Who ſhould know ſo well as herſelf what concerns her? If ſhe had told me what I am ignorant of, I could not add any Thing to the Lights ſhe has given you."

"At least," reply'd he, "you cannot deny having given to her Highness Letters from *Spain*." I answer'd, "That the Letters which I might have received were for myself; that some were sent me from different Countries, no wise relating to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*." "These," said he, "were from Baron *Waleſ*, and deliver'd to you by an Opera Girl." I told him, and it was true, that I knew nothing of the Person, who had brought me the Letters from Baron *Waleſ*, which were for me." Monsieur *Le Blanc* reply'd, "But you know the whole Affair; and speak you must, or stay in the *Baſtile* all your Life." "Well, Sir," said I to him, "that's a Settlement to such a one as I, who have no Fortune." "It is not," answer'd he, "a very agreeable Situation." "Neither," said I, "should I chuse it; but contentedly will I stay in it, rather than purchase my Releasement by any Fiction." "It must be owned," said he, "that the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* has had strange Confidants." "For my Part, Sir," reply'd I, "without taking up your precious Time any longer, I declare to you, that if I know nothing, I can tell you nothing; and that if I had been intrusted with any Thing, still less would I tell it." He could not forbear saying to me, though it was not in his Part, "Well had it been for the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, had she trusted no other than you:" Adding, that "Her Affairs were over, and she was returning." "Then I am easy," said I; "And, as to your own Concerns;" "Those," answer'd I, "are not worth disturbing myself about." "Whence this Confidence?" said he, "has your Nativity been cast?" "The Nativity of one born
" in

"in such a bad Fortune as mine, is cast of itself," answer'd I; "one knows one is to be unhappy; no matter how." Monsieur *Le Blanc*, seeing I only meant to rant, told me he would come with Monsieur *D'Argenson*, and bring me a written Order from the Dutches *Du Maine*, to tell whatever I should be ask'd. My Answer was, That I should receive it with the most profound Respect, but without saying one Word more: And indeed such Secrets one takes upon one's self, in Compliance with those who will obtrude them; but it is from Self-Love that they are kept. Monsieur *Le Blanc* went away but indifferently satisfied with my Answers; and though the Dutches *Du Maine*, after his Return, extreamly urged him to question me again, he eluded it; saying, it was unnecessary, that he knew all that I could tell.

I WAS no sooner returned from this perplexing Dialogue, than *Menil* came to see me. I related the Scene to him, as there was no Indiscretion in saying to him as much as I had to the Commissaries; for, great as the Confidence was which I reposed in him, I never thought it warranted me to reveal to him any Thing of the Ground of our Affair. In his Rapture of Joy at my Answers to this last Interrogatory, he was going to forget the Circumspection which he had been used to observe towards me; when I sung to him these Words of an Opera, which was then acting:

"Non, ne mêlons point dans un Jour

"Tant de Foiblesse à rant de Gloire."

"Forbear;

"Forbear; let us not in one Day
 "Such Weakness with such Glory blend."

I extricated myself as artfully with him, as I had with Monsieur *Le Blanc*. Some Days after, which was the Fifth of *January*, 1720, an Order came for clearing our Castle of all the Dutcheſs *Du Maine's* Domesticks, Valets, Footmen, Rubbers, &c. except Monsieur *De Malesieu* and myself. The Marquis *De Pompadour* and the Chevalier *De Menil* at the same Time received their Warrants to quit the *Bastile*, and go into Banishment; the latter to his Estate in *Anjou*. He came hastily to take Leave of me. This was an abrupt Separation, which I did not expect; and much less could I think of being the only one of our Company left in Prison, as all the Dutcheſs *Du Maine's* Household were going out, and she was returning. But, in this Juncture, I scarce minded what personally concerned me, so much was I struck with *Menil's* Removal; whereas our parting seemed to set very easy on him, and the Joy of being released from our disagreeable Mansion, manifestly overcame any Sorrow of leaving me in it. It would have been otherwise with me, had I gone out first. This Difference of our Sentiments, which I had sometimes suspected but never so plainly seen, was a most torturing Affliction. He allowed me no Time, nor was I willing to express any of it to him. He went away, leaving me in that Kind of Immobility in which the Soul, oppressed by a Crowd of jarring Sentiments, remains without any direct Action.

I WAS

I WAS roused from it, to go and dine at the Governor's House with the Marquis *De St. Genies*, the unfortunate Companion of my inauspicious Fortune. The Governor, knowing nothing of the great Events of that Day, was gone to take a Turn in the Country. We had only the King's Lieutenant, who, from Concern at our Adventure and what he was to make known to us, could not utter one Word. Never was a more doleful Meal than this. After Dinner, as I was going up as usual to drink Coffee, the Lieutenant stopp'd me at the Stair-foot, saying, "Don't go up; you must return to your Room, and not stir out any more." "Be it so," said I; and, taking hold of Mademoiselle *Rondel's* Arm, I went to my Room. He paid the same Compliment to *St. Genies*; who, I believe, did not so well digest it. Having discharged his Commission, he follow'd me to my Apartment; there he informed me, that Monsieur *Le Blanc*, at the same Time that he brought Warrants for the Releasement of others, had given Orders that we should be closer confin'd than ever; that he had asked him to let us dine together that Day, as usual, and that he might defer notifying this Change 'till after Dinner. The poor Lieutenant was sensibly afflicted for this Fulmination, which I took as a Comfort; being over-joyed that, no longer seeing what supremely pleased me, I should see nothing at all, thus not expose my Sorrow, lest the Cause should be seen into, and still more unwilling that it should be attributed to a Want of Spirit. We have naturally a greater Contempt for the Weaknesses which make no Part of our Compositions, than for those by which we are sway'd. *Maisonrouge* did not distinguish

guish the different Emotions of my Mind, and imagined all my Desolation to proceed from this Renewal of my Captivity, at the very Moment when it should have ended. He was for knowing the Cause, and asked me what I thought of it? "Probably," said I, "they have pitched upon me as the poor Ass in the Fable, who had stole only a single Bite of Hay, and was devoted to Death for the other Beasts; who were more guilty, but stronger than he." We reasoned a long Time on this Event, but were just where we were at setting out.

THE Governor call'd upon me in the Evening, and expressed how much he was concerned at it; adding, That he had never known an Instance that a Prisoner, after being allow'd the Liberty which I had, should be shut up again. He was still more surpriz'd not to find me under any Consternation, for a Calamity of so ugly an Aspect. He could not sufficiently applaud my Serenity, because he did not perceive the wretched Support of it. Thus often we are extolled for that, which, if more narrowly search'd into, would produce a contrary Effect.

THE King's Lieutenant, seeing me excluded from all Company, and every Way in a very melancholy Condition, told me, two Days after the *Chevalier De Menil* was gone, that he had received a Billet from him, full of Love for me. He was for showing it me, but could not find it again. I knew him too well to suspect any Artifice. The next Day I receiv'd one address'd directly to myself, which gave me no great Pleasure.

I WAS

I WAS some Days without hearing one Word of the Chevalier *De Menil*, during which my Mind ran on a thousand piercing Reflections concerning his Behaviour. I perceiv'd that the open Air had instantly dissipated those Sentiments, which I had thought so solid. This gave me inconceivable Anguish: At last the Lieutenant told me he had call'd on him, and had desir'd him to give me a Letter, and to prevail on me for an Answer; with which I complied. I receiv'd also another before he left *Paris*, unknown to the Lieutenant, by the Hands of his Footman; signifying to me, that in a long Conversation with a Friend of his, very zealous for our Court, he had intrusted him with our Connection and his Design, from a Perswasion that it might be of Use to bring him into our Interest, and induce him to serve us with my Princess. This Step quite reviv'd me, as it certified the Reality of his Intentions, and of his Eagerness for carrying them into Execution; but it put me to no small Pain, that I could no longer hear from him, nor write to him. He was on the Point of setting out, and nothing was to be ventured by the Post. Here our incomparable Friend stepped in to our Relief. He felt what Uneasiness such a Silence would give me, and said to me, "You can neither write to the Chevalier *De Menil* nor he to you, in your present Situation; and all would be lost, if your Writing was to appear at the Post-House. I'll write to him every Week. You shall see my Letters and his Answers; this will be a reciprocal Information to both." I saw all the Merit of this last Service. The Appearance of the Connection with a Person so lately under his Guard, might render his Fidelity suspected; but my Satisfaction

risfaction preponderated against any other Consideration.

TOWARDS the Close of the Year the Dutchesse *Du Maine's* Equipages had been sent away to fetch her at *Chanlay*. *La Billarderie*, who carried the Court's Order to her, was to overtake them and go before. Monsieur *De Saily*, Master of the Horse to that Princess, who conducted them, took Post and went to *Joigny*, a little Town two Leagues from *Chanlay*, there to wait for Monsieur *De La Billarderie*, and to go to the Dutchesse *Du Maine* at the same Time with him. He staid two Days there *incognito*, till the Officers of the King's Kitchen, who were in Waiting on the Princess and used to come every Day to buy Provisions, concluding, by his Questions to them, that he was very much concern'd for her, reported it to the Dutchesse, who directly sent to find out who he was. To refuse informing them was more than he could do. On this she immediately dispatched a Messenger for him to come to her; and, though this was transgressing other Orders, he obeyed: Previously, however, sending a Message for Leave to Monsieur *De Sangles*, the King's Lieutenant in the Citadel of *Châlons*, who had follow'd the Dutchesse *Du Maine* to *Chanlay*, and had there the Guard of her Person. He acquainted him that he might come, but that he would be glad to speak a Word to him, before he made his Appearance to the Princess. All that the Lieutenant wanted with him was, that he should say only such Things as were agreeable to the Situation of Affairs. He afterwards waited on her Highness, who was raptur'd with the Sight of him, as the Signal for her Return; but her Joy was allayed

allayed by *La Billarderie's* Delay, of which she could not conceive the Reason.

A PROMISE had been sent to her, that on her Arrival at *Seaux* she should there find the Duke *Du Maine*, with his Sons and Daughter. Just as *La Billarderie* had got his Men together and was setting out, the Dutchess of *Orleans* informed him, that the Duke *Du Maine* had desired to go to *Clagny* near *Versailles*, and not to *Seaux*, whither he had appointed that his Children also should not go.

LA BILLARDERIE, foreseeing the Agony which this Alteration would bring on the Dutchess *Du Maine*, would not go to her, 'till he had tried every Way for bringing the Duke *Du Maine* to what she was desirous of. This Negotiation, after delaying him several Days, had no Effect. He, at last, began his March, but with a Resolution to conceal these disagreeable Tidings, lest there should be no getting her from where she was, unless her Desires on this Article were complied with.

HER Uneasiness at his not coming had been increasing, ever since the Hour when she had depended on his being at *Chanlay*. She ask'd *Sailly* a thousand Questions on the Causes of this Delay. He was no Stranger to the Duke *Du Maine's* Resolution against returning to *Seaux*, but, that it was not proper to tell her; yet his Confusion, when she mentioned the Joy of seeing herself again at *Seaux* with that Prince and her Children, had nearly betrayed him. She perceiv'd it, and ask'd him the Cause of it; but, by an exquisite Presence of Mind, he removed her Apprehensions. At last *La Billarderie* arrived, and she was now quite easy; for he told her nothing but what was

agreeable to her Wishes; it having been resolved not to let her into the true State of Things 'till she reached *Petit-Bourg*, where she was to lie the last Night, and this Commission was conferred on the Duke *D'Antin*. She sat out, and *La Billarderie* omitted no Measure for preventing her having any Notice of this Incident before the Time appointed, that her Return might not be protracted, or his Rout interrupted. Amidst all the Care taken that no Body should speak to her on the Road, one of the House-Keepers at *Fontainebleau* gave the first Alarm; telling her, That it was whispered that the Duke *Du Maine* was gone to take up his Residence at *Clagny*. At this she was seized with Amazement and Grief, and determined to know the Truth without Delay, which *La Billarderie* could now no longer avoid making known; and he did it the more readily, as now she was come too far to go back. When she knew that this Residence of the Duke *Du Maine* at *Clagny* was his own Choice, it greatly added to her Grief, such a Disposition in the Duke appearing to her a Presage of fresh Calamities. However she went on, and came to *Petit-Bourg*, the Place, which at other Times would have filled her Mind with a thousand delightful Recollections. Monsieur *D'Antin* was glad the Secret had transpired, without his being oblig'd to break it to her; and, in the Conversation they had together, gave her to hope that as soon as she should be on the Spot every Thing would be settled to her Liking.

ON her Arrival at *Seaux*, she found no Body there; and was informed that, without an express Order

Order from the Princess Dowager, no Person was to go to *Staux*, and such Order she thought it proper to give only to very few. She knew that the Writing, which the Duke *D'Orleans* had promised to keep secret, had been read in open Council; where, though it had been ill read, scarce listen'd to, and less understood, it was tried and condemned. The Publick, who had not seen it, and never did, was exasperated against the Dutches *Du Maine*, and broke out into the most virulent Invectives against her, not knowing that she had been led into an Error by those whom she could least suspect, and without examining the Motives on which her Proceedings were grounded. The current Supposition was, that she had betrayed Persons embarked in an Affair of manifest Danger, purely from a Devotedness to her; yet had she done no Detriment to any of them, and, in Reality, had for their Release exposed herself to the Censure of the World, which may be readily foreseen on an Occasion of so delicate a Nature.

THE Abbè *De Maulwrier*, alarmed at the publick Clamours, in order to ward off all Suspicion from the Princess or himself having any Hand in this Step, was one of the loudest in exclaiming against the Dutches *Du Maine*; and he even brought the Princess Dowager absolutely to disapprove of her whole Behaviour. He charged her with sacrificing two valuable Men, the Cardinal *De Polignac* and Monsieur *Malesieu*, in whose Defence, but a few Days before, he thought she was too solicitous. Honest *La Billarderie* was for putting him in Mind of what he had said to him and written to the Dutches *Du Maine*, so contrary to what he was

then saying. He denied it all; surely it could not so very soon have slipped out of his Memory, or rather he preferred a present Interest to Truth destitute of Proofs. He came to *Saux*, where he very rudely poured forth to the Dutches *Du Maine* his utter Disapprobation of her Measures. At first she was, as it were, petrified with Astonishment. She was in Bed, and under her Bolster had all his Letters and those of her Mother, that she might easily have silenced him. She was tempted to it, but her Prudence overcame her Impatience. She saw all the Danger of irritating, under the Situation she was in, a Man who without Reserve possessed the Confidence of the Princess, the only Support remaining; and who, if provoked, might give an unhappy Turn to her Dispositions: She was aware also that if he should know she had kept such Letters, he would not let the Princess alone 'till he had them in his Hands: That to refuse delivering them, would bring her Resentment on her; and that by giving them up, she deprived herself of the Vouchers for her Conduct.

A FEW Days after, the Dutches *Du Maine* obtained Leave to visit the Princess Dowager, who, being indisposed, could not go to *Saux*. She was very affectionately received, as the Princess could not enter on Reproaches which she was conscious must reflect on herself; and the Dutches *Du Maine* confined her Talk to the Necessity of urging the Performance of the Regent's Promise, relatively to the Discharge of the Prisoners, and of reconciling the Duke *Du Maine* to her.

THIS Prince, chagrined at a Year's harsh Confinement for an Affair in which he was not concerned, had

had determined to remain at *Clagny*, and not see his Dutchess. He had been persuaded that such a Mark of his Resentment would be looked on as a Proof of his Innocence, which it greatly concerned him to set in a clear Light, that the Regent might then be in some Measure obliged to restore him to the Function of his Posts, and the Rank of which he had been deprived at the Bed of Justice, prior to his Imprisonment. Another Trouble to him was the Disorder of his Affairs, and the Expences which occasioned it; that he had some Thoughts of settling a fixed Allowance on the Dutchess *Du Maine*, and taking Measures for paying off his Debts, without contracting any other.

THESE Schemes for a Separation the Dutchess *Du Maine* laid to Heart more than the public Censure, or the Defection of most of those who, in her Prosperity, had affected the warmest Attachment to her. She omitted nothing for reconciling the Duke to her; but it proved such a very long-winded Negotiation, that the Issue must be referred to the Sequel.

DURING these Transactions, I remained a confined Prey to melancholy Reflections. One Day a Turnkey, and not he who attended me, came into my Room; and, throwing a large Packet into my Lap, said he would call for it again, and disappear'd. I eagerly open'd it, and found it to be the Dutchess *Du Maine's* Declaration, with a Letter; in which she acquainted me, That she sent me that Piece, as a Guide in what I should say, concerning which she left me entirely at my Liberty. This Letter being of her writing, I burned the material Part of it; but with great Care preserved the last Lines,

which I often wetted with Tears and Kisses. They were as follow :

F R A G M E N T.

" I LOVE and esteem you more than ever ; tho'
 " all you have done has not surprized me. Your
 " good Sense and Fidelity were not over-looked
 " by me. Whenever I have the Pleasure of seeing
 " you, assure yourself of such Marks of my Friend-
 " ship as you deserve. Adieu, my dear *Launay*."

BESIDES the Kindness with which it was fraught, the bare Writing of my Princess gave me a sensible Pleasure. After giving it more than one reading, I began with the long Piece annexed to it ; but in the Midst of my Reading, in comes the King's Lieutenant. I huddled the Papers into a Trunk, that all he saw was my Vexation at being interrupted. He was used to the Irregularities of my Temper, and paid a Regard to them, that he soon left us, and I took out my Papers ; but *Rondel* representing the Danger of being surprized in the Day-Time, I put them by 'till Night. The Declaration was very long, that it took me up two Nights reading. I writ a Letter to the Dutches *Du Maine*, the Contents are forgotten, and sealed up the Packet again. I was directed, when I had gone through it, to make a Signal opposite to the Tower where Monsieur *De Malesieu* was, that it might be fetched, which was done. The same Writing had at first been conveyed to him, with an Order to let me have a Sight of it. Him it more particularly concerned ;

cerned; for me, I was mentioned but as it were collaterally, and in a slight Fact, relating only to the insignificant Mademoiselle *Dupuis*, whom I have mentioned: But Monsieur *De Malestien*'s whole Affair was formally set forth in all its Circumstances, in order as much as possible to disculpate him, by the earnest Remonstrances which the Dutchesse declared he had made to her, and her express Commands authoritatively laid on him, with regard to the Paper found in his Bureau. The Continuance of his Imprisonment caused a violent Grief to this Princess, till, by her powerful Sollicitations, the Regent signed his Discharge from the *Bastile*; but, to save him from Exile, was beyond all the Activity of her grateful Friendship. He was carried to *Estampes*, where he remained six Months.

SHE also spoke to the Regent, in Behalf of the Count *De Laval* and me: But he told her, That we were both suspected of being concerned in the *Britany* * Affair, which then caused great Ferments; and, till that was cleared up, no Discharge was to be expected. She protested to him, that, as to me, such a Thing was impossible; that I never had,

nor
* An Historian of *Britany* had the Boldness to publish a Piece, shewing that the Power of the Kings of *France* over *Britany* was founded on Violence, without any legal Origin, and asserting the Independency of that Province. This indeed was answer'd by *Vertot*'s Treatise on the Dependency of *Britany*, yet some violent Insurrections broke out. They were suppressed by a Superiority of Force; and, to leave sensible Persons without any Colour of Argument for such Struggles for their pretended Liberties, the above-mentioned Abbè, in 1720, published his unanswerable History of the Settlement of the Britons in Gaul.

nor could do any Thing without her Orders, and it was manifest that she had no Hand in those Commotions. The Baron *De Walef* indeed, for Want of better Employment and being uneasy in his Circumstances, had, with a View of Interest, embarked in that Intrigue; and, in his Correspondence with the Insurgents, employed that Woman, whose Acquaintance I owed to him, which raised a Surmise that I might have some Knowledge of the Practices, to which she had been subservient. It was so strongly suspected, tho' absolutely guiltless, that I nearly escaped being sent to *Nantes* Castle. I was apprized of it, and my Consternation was the greater, as but a few Days before the Count *De Noyon* had been carried thither from the *Bastile*; and so abruptly, as not to allow him Time to take his Things with him. I imagined I should be stripped in the like Manner, and posted along the Highways to a Goal, where my Keepers might be more savage than those I had so thoroughly tamed: But it ended in my Fright, for, without carrying me so far, it appeared that I was none of the Incendiaries in the *Britany* Combustion.

HOWEVER the Regent, to elude my Release, insisted that I must speak as the others had done; that such was the Condition settled, and that he would not be baffled by the ridiculous Heroism I affected. To bring me to this Submission, Monsieur *De Torpanne* was deputed to me. As I had known him about the Duke *Du Maine*, it was judged that I should have no Suspicion of him. He had a Licence for coming into my Room, where I hitherto had not seen any one Person from without. He acquainted me, that he came from the Dutchess
Du

Du Maine, to release me of all my Oaths and Obligations to keep her Secrets ; that she had herself been obliged to make a Declaration of them, and dispensed me from all Observance and Duty on that Head. I answer'd, that I had taken no Oaths ; that I did not understand what he meant ; that her serene Highness was Mistress to give an Account of her Affairs ; that she could do it much better than I, who did not know so much, and that of what I might have known, I now remembered little or nothing, and that but uncertainly. He went away without getting any Thing further from me.

ON this and the like Occasions Mademoiselle *Rondel*, with a Courage above her Station, exhorted me not to suffer myself to be seduced by any Sollicitations put in Practice for making me speak. "The Conduct you have hitherto observed," said she, "has done you Honour ; let me advise you not to flinch from it. You are now out of Harm's Reach. The Affair is over. The worst that can be is to stay here a little longer ; and what great Matter is there in that ? Are we not sufficiently used to it ?" I have always wondered that a Servant, coming in for no Share of the Honour her Mistress may acquire, should be so nice in this Point, and so chearfully sacrifice her Liberty to it.

SOON after *Torpanne's* Visit, our Governor came to me to let me know, that Monsieur *Le Blanc* required a Declaration from me. I said, that I did not so much as know what a Declaration was ; that I had never seen any, but in Romances, and that it was probably nothing of that Kind Monsieur *Le Blanc* required ; that I would write to him for
more

more precise Information, and begged the Favour of him to take Charge of my Letter; which was as follows:

LETTER.

"SIR,

"THE Governor of the *Bastile* ordered me Yesterday, in your Name, to draw up a Declaration. Not knowing what the Subject of it should be, though entirely disposed to obey you, it is out of my Power to comply with this Order, till you are pleased to specify the Things of which you require an Account from me.

"In my Ignorance of the Faults which I may have committed be not a Justification of me, yet it renders me utterly incapable of making a Confession of them. Monsieur *De Torpanne*, who, by your Permission, has been with me, informs me that the Dutches *Du Maine* has given in very explicate Declarations of her Proceedings. If there can be any on which you desire further Lights from such a one as I, it is only taking the Trouble to indicate them, and I shall do myself the Honour of answering you with all the Clearness and Punctuality due to Truth, and the Persons who require me to declare it. I have the Honour of being, &c.

"April 20, 1720."

THESE

Madame DE STAHL. 263

THESE Motions made me think my Deliverance was drawing near. It being probable that the Regent would not allow of my immediate Return to the Dutchesse *Du Maine*, and having besides Intelligence that the Princess Dowager opposed it, I consulted about providing myself with a Settlement, of which I might stand immediately in Need. The Taste for Solitude which my forced Retreat had created in me, together with the disagreeable Life I had led in the World, brought me to look on a Convent as the most eligible Place. It was properly my native Country, and I had always longed to be there again. *La Presentation* had the Preference in my Wishes, dear Madame *De Grieu* being still there, and it had also been my first Receptacle, on my leaving the Country. I communicated my Design to *Maisonrouge*, who, in this also, proved my invariable Friend. He spoke to the Marchioness *Du Châtelet*, who had a great Esteem for him, to write about me to Madame *De Richlieu* her Sister, Abbess of *La Presentation*, who sent her the following Answer.

L E T T E R.

" DEAR SISTER,

" THO' I take no grown-up Boarders, yet was I
" at first inclined to solicit for Mademoi-
" selle *De Launay* to be committed to my Care;
" but, at that Time, it was judged that such a Step
" would be of no Service to her, and might be
" dangerous to me; so you may think whether
" I will

" I will not receive her, when she is discharged
 " from the *Bastile*. It is from more than one
 " Motive, that I shall very cordially; and none of
 " the least is, for the Sake of your good-natured
 " Major. He began his assiduous Cares of her to
 " please you, and he has concluded them to please
 " himself. It is fit I should receive her from his
 " Hand; and I even will have him account himself
 " obliged to me, as I am infinitely to him for all he
 " has done in this Respect. You are in the right,
 " my dear Sister, to express your Acknowledgements
 " of his Zeal and Complaisance to our Brother;
 " I cordially join in them, and a Million of
 " Compliments to that worthy Soldier."

SOON after this little Negotiation, I was inform'd, that the Dutchesse *Du Maine* strongly insisted on having me again with her, whenever I should leave the *Bastile*, so that my Projects became very uncertain. That which I had most at Heart, depended on the Chevalier *De Menil's* Return, and his Dispositions. *Maisonrouge* punctually kept his Word, writing to him every Week and receiving Answers, which he immediately brought to me, as he likewise shewed me the Letters he writ. Both were very circumspcct, by reason of the Hazard of being intercepted.

AFTER three Months and a Half past in Banishment, he sent us Word that he was on his Return, and follow'd close upon this Notice. At his Arrival he came to our Lieutenant, ask'd him a great many Questions concerning me, and desired him to give me a Letter, with which I was little pleased. It principally turn'd on the Necessity of getting myself discharg'd.

discharg'd. His Style seem'd to be quite alter'd, and I suspected there was no less Alteration in his Sentiments and Intentions. What *Maisonrouge* told me of his Conversation, what I saw he conceal'd of it, the Air of Sadness while he was giving me this Account, every Thing concurr'd to alarm me. Afterwards I used to gather Hopes, from the very same Things which had produced my Uneasiness. Can the Grief of a Rival be any Sign of Infidelity in him who is preferred? would not it rather give him a Joy beyond Concealment? It is the Certainty of his Unhappiness, and not of mine, which afflicts him. This is what I used to say to myself; but a thousand other Replies threw me again into my former Troubles.

He writ several Letters to me, during the Remainder of my Captivity; most of them only form'd my Doubts and Anguish; which however, in my Answers, I conceal'd from him as much as possible.

THE Dutches *Du Maine*, who ever since her Return, which was now five Months, had been soliciting my Deliverance, desired the Princess of *Conti*, her Niece, who in all Respects behaved suitably to such a Relation, to prevail on Monsieur *Le Blanc* that he would once more see me, and put an End to my Affair: But all the Princess could obtain of him was, that Monsieur *Bochet*, Secretary to the Prince of *Conti*, might be sent to me with the Dutches *Du Maine's* Orders. Instead of writing them herself, she made Use of a Hand which I was acquainted with, and could not suspect; on a Card, which I have kept, was written, "The Dutches *Du*
Z " *Maine*

"*Maine* orders you to write ; and I am directed to tell you so, in her Name."

MONSIEUR *Bochet* came to the *Bastile*, and delivered the Card to me ; giving me to understand, that a longer Perseverance would offend all Parties, and that it would be every Way best for me to comply with this last Order. Accordingly I writ, but without any great Professions of Sincerity, and mentioning only such Things as were not wanted to be known, and others which some Persons did not care to hear of. To this Piece I annexed a Letter to Monsieur *Le Blanc*. They were both as follow :

DECLARATION.

"**B**ARON *Walef*, who sometimes used to come to the Dutchess *Du Maine*, since her living at the *Thuilleries* ; and who, from Time to Time, would be bringing Pieces of Poetry of his composing, for me to shew them to her Highness : This Baron one Day told me, that he had some Thoughts of going to *Spain*, in order, if possible, to recover his Rights to a Succession that had fallen to him in that Country : That possibly he should go to *Italy*, where he had some other Business ; that before he set out he would wait on the Dutchess *Du Maine*, to receive her Commands. Soon after the Dutchess *Du Maine* told me, that Baron *Walef* had mentioned his Journey to her ; asking, at the same Time, whether she would not honour him with some Commission ? that she made answer, that if he should hear any particular News in the Places through which " he

" he pass'd, she should be glad to have an Account
 " of it: That he needed only to write to me, and
 " she should see his Letters. He came to me also,
 " and talk'd to the same Purpose: Adding, that
 " he had a Female Friend, but did not name her,
 " who would bring me his Letters. Afterwards he
 " own'd to me that he was extremely at a Loss,
 " being disappointed of the Money, on which he
 " depended for his Journey; that without it he
 " should lose a very favourable Juncture for his
 " Claim; that the only Resource was to dispose of a
 " most curious Set of China that he had, desiring
 " me to see whether the Dutchess *Du Maine* would
 " not buy it. He brought it me the next Day to
 " show to her Highness. Her natural Generosity
 " immediately suggested to her, that she could not
 " decently refuse some Assistance to a Man of Quality,
 " who had shewn a Zeal for her Service, and she
 " order'd his Set of China to be carried back, with
 " a Present of a Hundred Louis. He set out, and
 " it was some Time before he was heard of: At last
 " a Letter, dated at *Rome*, came from him, which
 " surprized the Dutchess *Du Maine*, as he had not
 " said one Word about his going thither. This
 " was succeeded by some others from *Madrid*. They
 " were all delivered to me by one of my own Sex, of
 " whom I know nothing; except that she told me
 " she was an Acquaintance of Baron *Wales's*, and
 " her name was *Pruden*. I never mentioned her
 " to the Dutchess *Du Maine*, or had any particular
 " Conversation with the said Person, only thanking
 " her for the Trouble of bringing me these Letters.
 " The Contents of them I have quite forgot, except
 " that they were not worth remembering. I have indeed

" some Idea of a Memorial, which Baron *Walef*
 " had drawn up to be delivered to Cardinal *Alberoni*,
 " and of which he sent an Abstract in one of his
 " Letters. It was a Heap of Chimeras, so con-
 " fusedly huddled together as not to be understood,
 " much less could any regular Account be given
 " of it. The Dutchess *Du Maine* was not a little
 " provoked at such impertinent Officiousness; and
 " said to me, that should this Man take it into
 " his Head to make Use of her Name in his Visions;
 " he might bring her into a great deal of Trouble:
 " And directed me, without Delay, to send him
 " Word to be quiet, and by no Means to offer to
 " take upon him Things with which he had not
 " been commissioned. The Letter was wrote with
 " Smartness, that he might the better understand
 " how much his wrong Steps were disapproved of,
 " yet we had more of his Visions; upon which I
 " remember the Dutchess *Du Maine* told me, he
 " was absolutely besides himself: Adding, *This is*
 " *an Accident so common to those who, like him,*
 " *set up to be Rhymers, that it was Weakness in*
 " *me not to foresee it; that such a Man might not*
 " *have it in his Power to boast of being known to*
 " *me*: So that, fearing the Effects of his distemper'd
 " Fancy, she thought the best way would be to
 " intimate to him that he should return; promising
 " him, as she knew this was the Scope of his Ad-
 " ventures, to procure him a genteel Employment.
 " He wrote word back, that most willingly would
 " he return, seeing no Appearance of terminating the
 " Affairs which had call'd him into *Spain*, but that
 " he had not a single Penny for his Journey, and
 " that he even was at a Loss for present Subsistence;
 " that

" that being destitute of Means to return, he could
" have wish'd to have met with some Employment
" where he was.

" THE weak State of my Health having hindered
" me from attending the Dutches's *Du Maine* in her
" Journey to *Seaux*, I was for a considerable Time
" without seeing her. At her Return, she told me
" that she had taken Measures, as she thought it
" incumbent on her, to prevent any Regard being
" paid to what might come from Baron *Walsh*, and
" that she had also made Interest for procuring him
" a Place in *Spain*, in case he would not come back.
" This she believed would settle his Mind, that he
" would no longer think of making himself a busy
" Body, without being required; and directed me
" to inform him of it, and tell him to write no more;
" for his Letters became more and more offensive.
" Accordingly we heard no more of him.

" I ALSO had Knowledge of another Thing,
" which perhaps is not worth relating; however,
" it was as follows:

" THE Abbé *Le Camus*, having informed the
" Dutches's *Du Maine* that one Abbé *De Verac* was
" the Author of a certain Libel, which had gone
" about on the Contest of the Princes, she was de-
" sirous of having all possible Proofs of this, in order
" to overthrow the current Opinion of that Pamphlet's
" coming from her House. On this Occasion I was
" directed to have some Talk with a Woman of the
" Name of *Dupuis*, an Acquaintance of these two
" Abbés, from whom the Dutches's was assured that
" I should get the clearest Informations and Proof
" of the Fact in Question. I had but indifferent
" Success in my Commission; not a Word to the
" Purpose

" Purpose did Mrs. *Dupuis* tell me. I was order'd
 " to see her again, but to no better Purpose than
 " before: However, she made a Handle of it for
 " coming often to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine's*, under
 " a Pretence of having ſomething to ſay to me; yet
 " the Amount of all her ſeveral Diſcourſes were, that
 " the Abbé *De Verac* would be very prond of ſerving
 " the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, if ſhe wanted any Thing
 " to be written. I told her over and over that all
 " her Affairs were concluded, ſo that ſhe had no
 " Occaſion for a Writer. She returned to the Charge,
 " ſaying, that if the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* would be
 " pleaſed to ſee the Abbé *De Verac*, ſhe would like
 " him much, and that he could tell her ſome Things
 " ſhe would be glad to know. I reported this
 " Overture, which was again urg'd to me. The
 " Dutcheſs *Du Maine* refus'd ſeeing the Abbé *De*
 " *Verac*; and, ſuſpecting ſuch an unſeaſonable Ur-
 " gency, ſhe directed me to tell *Dupuis* not to come
 " any more within her Doors. She would not im-
 " mediately take a Denial; and, though the Orders
 " were ſo preſiſe, ſhe returned on ſeveral Pretences;
 " alledging, that ſhe had a weighty Information,
 " which could only be imparted to the Dutcheſs
 " herſelf. At laſt I procur'd her an Opportunity of
 " ſpeaking to her Highneſs, to whom ſhe ſaid ſome
 " Words, which however did not in the leaſt give
 " a Turn to the Suſpicion ſhe had entertain'd againſt
 " this Woman.

" THEſE are the only Things in which I had
 " any Concern, or any Knowledge of. I muſt add,
 " that I perceiv'd, by the Dutcheſs *Du Maine's*
 " frequent Motions, that ſhe was embarras'd in ſome
 " troubleſome Affair, of which I never knew the

" Particulars;

"Particulars; what I most observed of it was, her
"extreme Fear that the least Knowledge of it should
"reach the Duke *Du Maine*."

"Feb. 1, 1720."

LETTER to Monsieur Le Blanc, on sending him the
foregoing Piece.

"SIR,

"YOUR repeated Orders I hold too indispen-
"sable any longer to delay complying with them.
"Here is an exact Account of what I know, both
"with regard to the Things which you took the
"Trouble of questioning me about, and likewise
"those which of themselves came into my Remem-
"brance. It is, perhaps, neither in the Form nor
"Style of a Declaration, which I probably under-
"stand nothing of: But at least, Sir, you will see in
"it my Sincerity and Submission to your Orders.
"If I was wanting in conforming to them at the first
"Notice, I have sufficiently expiated that Fault,
"by the Dread that I had incurred your Displeasure;
"which I hold to be worse than all my other Misfor-
"tunes. I have the Honour of being, &c."

THE Regent, I believe, did not much like this
Piece; but as an apparent Compliance with the
Conditions he had imposed for obtaining our Liberty
was all he wanted, he put up with it, and no further
Mention was made of it, that the Publick did not
know I had delivered any Writing.

SOME

SOME Days after, being at my Window, I saw Monsieur *Maisonrouge* hastily crossing the Court, with a Paper in his Hand, which he held up to me. He came to me under an Oppression which amazed me. None but those skilful Painters, who can blend the Expression of Joy to that of a Heart-felt Grief, could take off what I observ'd in his Countenance, at his giving me the Paper. It was the Warrant for my Discharge out of the *Bastile*. "Now you are at Liberty," said he, "and now I lose you. This Moment is what I have passionately wish'd. I would have laid down my Life to have hasten'd it; but now I shall see you no more, what will become of me!"

THIS News excited in me only confused Motions; at least Joy, if there was any, did not distinguish itself above the rest. I regretted a Friend, who was susceptible of an Affection which I too well saw to be particular to him. I was desirous of seeing again the Chevalier *De Menil*, and to clear up my Suspicions; and, perhaps, was not less afraid of so doing. I also longed to be again with the Dutchesse *Du Maine*, and was not without Dread at the Fatigues and Troubles which I was again to take on me. Thus all my Sentiments were suspended, by the Equilibre of an opposite Sentiment.

WITH my Freedom I received an Order to repair immediately to *Seaux*, where the Dutchesse *Du Maine* then was. I sent to the *Temple*, desiring the Abbé *De Chaulieu* to send me his Coach, and I would call on him in my Way. He was then confined to his Chamber by Illness, of which he died three Weeks after. I saw him, and observ'd how, in that Condition, what is of no further Service to us, becomes indifferent.

indifferent. He had shewn an extreme Concern at my Imprisonment, but not the least Joy at my Deliverance. I had a true Sense of the approaching Loss of a Friend, who seem'd to make it his Business to enliven my Life with all the Satisfaction and Pleasure it was capable of. I was not indeed without some who took care I should want nothing that was really necessary to me; but in this agreeable Function he was never replaced. I staid with the Abbé to the utmost, but not so long as I could have wish'd, being oblig'd to hasten to *Seaux*.

It was in the Evening when I arriv'd at *Seaux*, and the Dutches *Du Maine* was gone to take the Air. I hasten'd to meet her in the Garden. On seeing me, she stopped her Chair, saying, "Ah! here's Mademoiselle *De Launay*; I am very glad to see you." I went up to her, and she embraced me, and drove on. I returned into the House, and was shew'd the Room which she had appointed for me. I bless'd myself at seeing a Chimney and a Window. I also heard, to my great Joy, that there were two new Chamber-Maids, one in the Room of the first, who was dead; and the other to fill up my Place, of which, consequently, I was eas'd. The Dutches *Du Maine* had sent Word to me, that she would have Mademoiselle *De Rondel*, of whom she had heard a mighty good Character, to be her Wardrobe-Maid, the former unhappy Person being dead in Prison. This was a Sacrifice I voluntarily made, in hopes it would prove a Step to something better, and I took a younger Sister of her's; but both of them continue Chamber-Maids to her Highness to this Day.

THERE

THERE was scarce any Body at *Seaux*, when I return'd thither. The Dutches *D'Estrees* had come, as soon as she had been able to obtain Leave. The Dutches *Du Maine*, hitherto, was allow'd to see but very little Company, that her Custom was to sit up the greatest Part of the Night, playing at *Biribi* with her upper Domesticks, and sleeping away the greatest Part of the Day. I was to sit and read by her, as heretofore; but this was now grown very uncouth to me, and these fatiguing Exercises soon made me regret the Ease and Tranquillity of my Confinement. The Dutches *Du Maine* gave me an Account of her's; inform'd me of every Thing that had happen'd to her, which I did not know; and said a great deal to me, but with very few Questions: She also shew'd me the Princess's and the Abbe *De Maulevrier*'s Letters. The following I receiv'd from poor *Maisonrouge*, the Day after I left him.

L E T T E R.

" 7th of June.

" **T**HINK, my most dear Pupil (this is a
 " Title which I desire you will keep up)
 " think, I say, in what a Situation I am. I fluctuate betwixt Joy and Sorrow. You know how passionately I have wish'd for your Liberty. At length you have it. So much the better: I would have purchas'd it with my own. But what Pain has it given me, and I foresee will continue to give me? It is without any Design
 " or

Madame DE STAHL 275

" or Art that I lay myself open to you, such as
" I am. My Sincerity and the Uprightness of my
" Heart are not unknown to you. I use no Pre-
" caution for justifying my different Caprices. I
" have passionately desired to lose you; I have lost
" you, and am now on the Rack. I often think on
" this Contrariety, yet cannot absolutely condemn
" it; and do you, my worthy Friend, kindly excuse
" it. I shall always love you with the utmost
" Tenderness; and, during my Life, shall rejoice
" infinitely in every Thing that makes for your
" Happiness. Your Virtue, your Courage, have
" made me entirely yours. So many other fine
" Qualities, of which I had so near a View, make
" me continually lament my Wretchedness, but
" will also make me ever remember, that he who
" has once loved you, must never give over. Pray
" be careful of your Health. Yesterday's Business
" had not the best Effect on mine. The different
" Motions in which I was agitated caused me
" such a Night, that I would not wish to the
" worst of my Enemies. I take great Care of your
" Cat."

Two Days after, I ask'd Leave to take a Journey
to *Paris*, for bringing away many Things I had
left at the *Bastile*. I was extremely impatient for
seeing my hearty Friends again, and especially to
have some Talk with the Chevalier *De Menil*,
to whom I sent Advice of my Excursion in the
following Billet:

BILLET.

B I L L E T.

" **A**T length, unless some sudden Disappoint-
 " ment falls out, I hope, by next *Monday*,
 " to be at *La Presentation*; and there we will come
 " to a right Understanding, for my Mind and Heart
 " are full. In the mean Time, as nothing is cer-
 " tain, I will tell you what can be said of my
 " present Situation, not what I think; for you
 " would conclude my Mind to be disordered: How-
 " ever, it is no more than the Effect of the continual
 " Watchings, to which I have been oblig'd ever
 " since my Return. Never have I hitherto had
 " such a Weight of Melancholy upon me; and if
 " I do not receive from some other Quarter the
 " Satisfaction I want, I am afraid I shall be want-
 " ing to myself."

THE next Day but one I went to Madame *De Grieu*, at *La Presentation*. She was in an Extacy of Joy at seeing me. In the Parlour I found the Chevalier *De Menil*, who, far from any such Raptures, betrayed Guilt and Confusion. I was myself struck with his Looks, as from them I augured a total Change.

HE began to plead the bad State of his Circumstances, occasioned by selling an Estate, which he had unnecessarily parted with for an Annuity. His Fondness for this Kind of Income, plainly shew'd that he had never any other Thoughts than of living for himself. The Veil, which with more or less Thickness had 'till then covered my Eyes, now dropp'd off; before me I saw the Abyss
 into

into which I had thrown myself, by a hasty Credulity. In order at once to shake off my Illusion, I ask'd him, where were his former Intentions? He told me, that he was as desirous of executing them as ever; that he was very far from having renounced 'em, but that suspended they must be 'till it was seen what Turn Affairs would take; that, in the mean time, as he had mentioned in my Letter, he would go to *Switzerland* (this was to see the Marchioness *D'Avaray*, whose Husband was Embassador there, and from whom he pretended great Expectations:) This, he said, could not be dispensed with; but how great soever his Desires might be of seeing that Lady, he was still more desirous of being at a Distance from me. However disgusted I was with him, I was not for returning without speaking once more to him. I told him, that my Stay at *Paris* would be for two Days, and that I was with Madame *De Réal*, my most intimate Friend, Madame *De Grieu's* Niece, where he might find me the next Day in the Afternoon.

AFTERWARDS I went round amongst my Friends, from whom it may be supposed I met with a better Reception, yet I remember nothing of it. The Grief which had absorbed my Soul, rendered it incapable of admitting any other Sentiment. I was at the *Bastile*, as that had been the Object of my Journey. Here I found my worthy Lieutenant, dejected and indisposed; but of what we said to each other, I have not the least Remembrance. I do not so much as know whether we had any particular Discourse; all I recollect is, that I gave him a little Piece, which at his repeated Entreaties, I had made a

A a Sketch

Sketch of when confined. To it was annexed this Kind of Epistle-dedicatory.

L E T T E R.

To M^{ns}. De Maisourouge.

“SINCE it is to you, Sir, that I owe that
 “Freedom of Mind which I enjoyed in my
 “Captivity, it is no more than just that the Fruits
 “of it should be dedicated to you. The Worth
 “of them, except the Necessity, is so slender, that
 “I scarce dare present my Offering, which consists
 “of some Reflections, of which none are carried to
 “their proper Extent, and collectively they fall short of
 “the proposed Scope of the Work. This is indeed
 “but a small Fragment. I cannot plead either Hurry
 “or Want of Leisure; the only Excuses of the
 “Brevity and Imperfection of this Writing, are that
 “Supineness and Indolence which are bred and gather
 “Strength in Solitude. If you are pleased to re-
 “ceive it as a Testimony of my Confidence in you,
 “and of the Acknowledgements which I owe to the
 “many Favours you have done me, it will be an
 “additional one; of which, as of all the others,
 “I shall preserve an eternal Remembrance.”

THE Transactions of the Remainder of the Day are quite out of my Mind. The next Morning Monsieur *De Silly* paid me a Visit at Madame *De Réal*'s, expressing a deal of Joy at seeing me again, and no less Applause of my Conduct. I again jaunted away the Day, and came Home early. Madame
De

De Real was gone to the Opera. I had declined going with her, and would not allow her to stay at home to keep me Company. I promised myself a more interesting Pastime. I waited continually for the Chevalier *De Menil*, who did not come. It was the Impression of this torturing Evening, which struck out of my Memory what had immediately preceded, and what follow'd it. There is no Part of my Life that I can compare to this. *Menil's* Infidelity I now saw as confess'd; I saw that he even no longer observ'd any Decency or good Manners towards me; and, what gave the keenest Edge to my Despair, was that I at the same Time saw that, perfidious as he was, I could not tear my Heart from him.

MADAME *De Réal*, on her return home, finding me under a Disorder of which she had never seen any Thing before in me, though we had spent Part of our Lives together in the most intimate Confidence, could not be easy 'till she knew what had thrown me into such a violent Agony. I open'd the Affair to her, and related the whole Adventure; and I found some Consolation in pouring forth my Heart to one, who loved me with so tender an Affection. I had, in some Measure, brought her up, and consider'd her as my Daughter: Besides, she was in herself a most amiable Creature; easy, good temper'd, sensible, a great deal of Wit, without knowing it; and of Beauty, without any Intent of pleasing.

THOUGH my Conversation with her had a little eas'd me, I pass'd the Night in an Agitation, which was not reliev'd by one Instant of Sleep. At Day-break I wrote to the Chevalier *De Menil*.

HE came to Madame *De Réal's* before I went away. His Failure the Night before had, it seems, been occasioned only by a Mistake, being told at the Door that I was gone out. In fine, there he was not to blame, but in many other Respects so much, that I was but little better pleased, as I signified to him in my Letters, after my Return to *Seaux*.

AT the same Time I receiv'd a Letter from Madame *De Vauvray*, informing me, that my Want of Leisure for dressing myself and enquiring into the Fashions, excused her Forwardness in sending me the Patterns. With this Letter was brought a Box, in which I found a Woman's Dress from Head to Foot, with all the several Appendages, and the Whole in the most elegant Taste imaginable. So polite an Attention, and at a Juncture when it was so seasonable, very much affected me. All the Cloaths which I had sent me in my Confinement were quite worn out, that at my Releasement I may say I was all in Rags. I now found myself brilliantly equipp'd by the Care of a Friend, whose Generosity I have not been able to acknowledge any further than by a grateful Remembrance, retained 'till this awful Time, when I am passing into a Forgetfulness of all sublunary Concerns.

AFTER my Discharge from Prison, I found sufficient Notice taken of me. My small Share in an Intrigue, which made so much Noise, imparted a Kind of Lustre to me. The steady Consistency of my Behaviour acquired me greater Applause, than the little Conflict it put me to in Reality deserved: But our Actions cannot be estimated by their intrinsick Sources, these not being known; it is
the

the Position in which they are exhibited to the publick Eye, that determines their Value. The Warmth of my former Friends, pleased with this Kind of Success, revived. Many Persons, to whom I was not known, sought my Acquaintance; and I might have swam in Pleasures, had not the wretched Poison, with which my Heart was imbibed, hardened it against any Gratifications.

IN the mean time the Dutches *Du Maine* was still under extreme Uneasiness, with which I could better sympathize, than have joined in her Diversions. Many Persons kept away from her, for fear of giving Umbrage to the Regent, with whom, notwithstanding the apparent Reconciliation, she was thought not to be on good Terms; and she herself was not, at that Time, very fond of Company. The Cardinal *De Polignac* and *Malesieu* were still at the Places of their Exile; but what afflicted her above every Thing, was, that the Duke *Du Maine* persisted in staying at *Clagny*, and would not see her. He sent to her a Proposal to name a Sum for the Expence of her Household, and she to have the Management in her own Hands; but she would hear of nothing which tended towards a Continuance of this excruciating Separation. On the contrary, every Means that could be thought of the employed to bring about a Reconcilement. The Princess Dowager, and every Body who had Access to the Duke, were entreated to join their good Offices; and to work upon him through his Conscience, she employed the Cardinal *De Noailles*, so distinguish'd for his Moderation, and for every other Christian Virtue.

THE Duke *Du Maine*, thus urged on all Sides, could not refuse at least an Interview; which was

held at the Country-House of Monsieur *Landaïs*, Secretary to the Ordinance. The Duke came thither, and the Princess brought the Dutchess *Du Maine*. She exerted all her engaging Graces and Politeness, but they had not the Effect on the Duke's Mind which she expected. If the Case had been only a mere Discontent, there would not have been that Obduracy in his Reluctance; but a determined Resentment is to be overcome only by such Reasons as demonstrate the Impropriety and Disadvantage of it: And this at length he was brought to see, and became reconciled.

Thus he returned to *Seaux*, and there lived nearly as usual, still prepossessed that great Cautions were to be observed. To this Intent, when Monsieur *Malesieu* return'd from Exile, he sent him a mild Intimation not to come into his Presence. The Duke had settled on him and his Posterity the absolute Property of the Estate of *Chatenay*, which had, on that Occasion, been dismembered from the Barony of *Seaux*, and there he remained with his Family. The Dutchess *Du Maine* bore this Absence very impatiently, and all her Relief was a continual Intercourse of Letters, without ever going to *Chatenay* in Person.

MADAME *De Malesieu*, his Spouse, had follow'd him in his Exile, and continued with him ever since his Return. She was Governess to Mademoiselle *Du Maine*, whom it was thought proper to leave at *Chaillot* Convent, 'till every Thing was again brought to its usual Course.

THE Cardinal *De Polignac*, at his Abbey of *Anchin*, being under no less Fears than the Duke

Du

Du Maine, durst not entertain the least Correspondence with the Dutchess *Du Maine*, which left him more Leisure for an unsuspicious Cultivation of the didactic Muse; in which he so much delighted, and applied to the most excellent Purposes. The Dutchess, in the mean time, was very solicitous for vindicating her Conduct to him. For this she availed herself of Madame *De Chambonnas*, who was going to *Flanders*, to write, and by whom she sent him a Copy of her Declaration. He would not so much as cast an Eye upon the Papers, 'till a Person, to whom he referred them, assured him he might read them over without Danger. Though he must necessarily see, in the attentive Perusal of that Piece, how much the Dutchess *Du Maine* labours to palliate every Particular relative to him, and ought to have taken it kindly of her; yet thro' a pusillanimous Fear, which in some Measure throws a Shade over the Dignity of his Poesy, he could not be brought to any further Commerce with her: And, at his Return, only paid her a frivolous Visit of Ceremony. He even refused (such Timidity had Punishment impressed on him) to be present at the Marriage of the Marquis *De Chambonnas* with Mademoiselle *De Ligne*, to which he had been invited as a Relation, because the Ceremony was performed at the Dutchess *Du Maine's* House in the Arsenal, and she was to be there.

SOMETIME after, the Demise of the Pope calling him to *Rome*, he came to take his Leave of her, and seemed free and open; and, at going away, assured her that she should often hear from him; that, when he returned, he would reassume the Behaviour of a true Friend, of which he had inter-

mitted

mitted the Duties, to avoid giving Umbrage to the Regent. These were indeed fair Words, yet Fear kept its Ascendancy, and the Dutchess heard no more of him.

In the mean time this Princess gradually rose to her full Liberty, and they who had kept away from her, either willingly or by Compulsion, now crowded about her. *Malesieu* returned to *Seaux*. She saw Company, without Restriction. She went to *Paris* when she would, and stayed as long as she pleased. The Duke *Du Maine* was reinstated to the Exercise of all his Employments, and the only Trace of their Misfortunes was the Degradation from his Rank; to this likewise he was restored under the Ministry of the Cardinal *De Fleury*.

Soon after my Discharge from the *Bastile*, I lost my Mother. She had, for a long Time, been in a Convent; and besides many bodily Pains, but indifferently provided for. Though I scarce knew her, I was very much concerned for her; and the more, as I now was beginning to see myself in a Situation to afford her a more liberal Relief.

BEFORE my Commitment to the *Bastile*, Monsieur *De Valincourt* had brought me acquainted with Monsieur * and Madame *Dacier*. He had even

* Born in 1651, died in 1722. Studied under *Tanquillus Faber*, or rather *Taneguy le Fevre*, who was then also instructing his Daughter. Monsieur *Dacier* was charmed with the young Lady's fine Qualities, and their Inclination for Study was the Source of that mutual Tenderness, which lasted, without any Interruption, during the forty Years of their Marriage. He published some of the Classics *à usum Delphini*; was a Member

even admitted me to an Entertainment, which he gave for reconciling the ANTIENTS with the MODERNS. *La Motte* *, at the Head of the latter, had been smartly attacked by Madame *Dacier* †, whom he had

ber of the Academy of Inscriptions, likewise of the French Academy, and afterwards chosen its perpetual Secretary. When the Medallick History of *Lewis XIV.* was finished, Monsieur *Dacier* had the Honour of presenting it to His Majesty, who knowing the great Share he had in it, settled on him a Pension of Two Thousand Livres, and nominated him his Librarian. In his Manners, Behaviour and Sentiments, he exhibited a perfect Model of the ancient Philosophy, of which he was a great Admirer; and which he improved, by the Rules and Principles of Christianity.

* Born in 1672, died 1731. Was brought up to the Law; afterwards totally addicted himself to Poetry and Plays. The Miscarriage of his first Piece, call'd *The Originals*, chagrined him so that he retired to a very austere Life in an Abbey; but his Fervour being evaporated in a few Months, he returned to *Paris* and wrote for the Stage 'till his Death, before which he lost his Sight. His Translation of the *Iliad* does him no great Honour.

† Born about the same Year as Monsieur *Dacier*, who marry'd her in 1683. In 1674 she publish'd *Florus in usum Delphini*. Queen *Christina* wrote her a Letter, to induce her to quit the Protestant Religion, and invited her to her Court with very considerable Offers. On her Marriage she immediately made known to the Great *Bossuet*, the Design she had for some Time entertained of returning to the *Romish* Church; but Monsieur *Dacier* not being yet convinced of the Necessity of such a Change, they retired to examine the Controversy betwixt the Protestants and Papists; and determining for the latter, in 1685 made their

had answer'd with equal Politeness and Force. Their Contest, after having for a long Time been the Entertainment of the Publick, ceased, by the Mediation of Monsieur *De Valincourt*; and a Peace having been negotiated, the Act was solemnized in this Assembly, to which the Chief of the two Parties had been invited. I represented Neutrality. The immortal Memory of *Hamer* went round, and all was well.

MONSIEUR and Madame *Dacier* had been greatly concerned at my Imprisonment, and gave me such Marks of it as were in their Power. At my Deliverance they express'd no less Pleasure; and Monsieur *Dacier*, though over-whelm'd with Affliction for the dangerous Illness of his Wife, wrote me a Letter in both their Names, full of the warmest Esteem and Tenderness. He lost that celebrated Woman, so exactly made for him, and his Grief was such as arises from

their publick Abjuration. This was follow'd by considerable Favours from *Lewis XIV.* She died in 1722, more esteem'd for her Virtue, Firmness, Benevolence and Equanimity, than for her eminent Learning and Intellects. Her chief Works are a Translation of *Homer's Iliad* and *Odysses*, with Notes; and of *Plutarch*, jointly with her Husband: Of *Anacreon*; Part of *Plautus*, and *Aristophanes*. She had also compos'd Observations on the Scriptures; which, being often urg'd to publish, her constant Answer was, "That a Woman should read the Scripture, and meditate on it as a Rule of Conduct; but that, agreeable to *St. Paul's* Precept, she should keep Silence." It must not be omitted, that on her Marriage a young Gentleman complimented her with this Distich:

"*Docto nupta Viro Docto pregnata Parente;*

"*Non minor Anna Viro, non minor Anna Patre.*"

from a Sense of the Impossibility of repairing the Loss. I signified to him, in a Letter, how much I shared in it. His Answer spoke an excessive Affliction, and his Obligations to me for my high Ideas of the Person he so much lamented. Six Weeks after I writ to him in the Dutchess's Name; and, in his Answer, there was still the same Degree of Sensibility as in the first Moments of his Loss. I truly pitied him, and then thought no more of the Matter.

SOMETIME after, the Dutchess *De la Perre*, in whom my Captivity had revived some Degree of Favour, said to me, "In returning from *Ver-sailles* Yesterday, I met poor *Dacier*, at the *Marshall De Villeroy's*. It really grieves one to see him. He declared to us, that his Grief was the same as the very first Day, and it would soon or late be his Death. Well, said I to him, there is still one Way to relieve you; you must marry again. *Bless me!* cried he, *where shall I find a Woman to replace her whom I have lost?* *Mademoiselle De Launay*, answer'd I. He appeared quite struck; and, after some Pause, reply'd, *She is the only one in the World with whom I could live, and who would not injure the Memory of Madame Dacier.* The *Marshall* and I, seeing him stagger, jointly push'd the Overture, and have entirely brought him to listen to it. He shall marry you. He is a famous Man and has Money, and you will succeed an illustrious Woman: There will be Honour and Advantage too in this Match." That I was well convinced of, and expressed great Acknowledgements of the Care which she was still pleas'd to take of a Provision for me. She assured me that she would follow
the

the Affair close, and bring it to a good Issue: However, Avocations fell out; the Dutchess went a Journey into the Country, where Diversions superseded this Intention. I mentioned it to Monsieur *De Valincourt*, who approved of it, and took more connected Measures for bringing it about. He was intimate with Monsieur *Dacier*, from a Similarity of Talents and Dispositions, and easily got out of him what the Dutchess *De la Ferté* had said. He own'd that the Motion, though but slightly thrown, had made a strong Impression on him, and that ever since his Thoughts had been chiefly taken up about the Means of rendering his Views acceptable to me. Monsieur *De Valincourt* undertook to break the Affair to me, and to let him know my Inclinations.

AN unsurmountable Love of Freedom and Quiet, had made me for a long Time desirous of whatever could procure me both. Monsieur *De Valincourt* was to carry a favourable Answer, dependant however on the Duke and Dutchess *Du Maine's* Consent.

MONSIEUR *Dacier*, overjoyed at this happy Beginning, embraced the Proposals which Monsieur *De Valincourt* made to him, of dining with him and me the first Time I should be at Liberty to come to *Paris*, and he would acquaint him of it. This took Place soon after. We had a great deal of Talk, in which he assured me of his Readiness to do every Thing in his Power for me, referring to me only the Care of obtaining the Duke and Dutchess's Consent.

THOUGH I had nothing of Madame *Dacier's* Merit, the Hopes of living again with a Person whom he could esteem, inflamed Monsieur *Dacier* with a Kind of Passion for me, more vivacious than seemed

seemed to comport with his Age and Condition. As his Grief, and the Melancholy resulting from it, were insupportable, the more necessary did the Solacement which now presented itself appear to him, that he shew'd even a juvenile Ardour for concluding the Engagement which he had projected. He brought to Monsieur *De Valincourt's* a State of his Substance, the Whole of which was to come to me; and he shew'd that it amounted to near Twenty-five Thousand Crowns, exclusive of his Apartment at the *Louvre* and his Pensions, Part of which he thought there would be no Difficulty in securing for me. The Dutches *De la Ferte*, at her Return, had again set the Affair in Motion, and mentioned this Article to the Dutches *De Ventadour*, to the Bishop of *Fréjus*, at that Time the King's Preceptor, and to the Marshal *De Villeroi*, who all promised to obtain the Favour, as it was to facilitate an Affair so unanimously approved.

ALL that now remained, was the Dutches *Du Maine's* Consent; but, at the first Mention of the Overture, she took Fire; said, that I was necessary to her, and that she could not consent to a Settlement which deprived her of me. Though of such great Advantage to me, I was not for accepting it against her Will; neither could I with Decency, nor without forfeiting the Rewards of a long Service. I ask'd for Time, in order gradually to gain upon her Mind, and bring her to consent to this Separation; which yet I myself could not think of without some Reluctance, neither was I extremely fond of this new Engagement; and I pleased myself in protracting an Affair too good to be missed, yet not so alluring as to be hurry'd.

INCENSED as I was against the Chevalier *De Menil*, my former Sentiments still secretly worked in the Bottom of my Heart, and counterbalanced my highest Interests. The new Passion which had risen in him, during his Exile in *Anjou*, for that Female Relation of his whom he ridiculed to me, only let me into his Fickleness, without exciting the least Jealousy. His Journey to *Switzerland*, and his seven or eight Months Stay there soon after my Discharge, though, through all my Dissimulation in this Respect he saw the extreme Grief it gave me, convinced me that I had no longer any Share in his Heart. His Return, with another Journey into *Anjou*, not less to avoid me than to be again with my worthless Rival; his Coldness and Confusion when I saw him, in the Interval of these Journeys; the Acknowledgement of his Change, which he made at my peremptory Demand; his total Renunciation of any Claim to me: These did indeed give me a Right to dispose of myself, without his Consent or Knowledge, but had not yet excited in me the Power of doing so on the first Proposal of a new Engagement, that I could not forbear founding his Thoughts. I writ to him in *Anjou*, where he then was.

HIS Answer was like those mysterious Oracles, the different Meanings of which may always be accommodated to a Construction favourable to what is desired. I saw in it a Concern at losing me, some distant Hopes of a Renewal; the Whole richly gilded over with a generous Preference of my Prosperity, to every other Consideration: In fine, more of Sentiment than for a long Time past; and, possibly, there might be some Truth in it. There

is

is nothing so indifferent which one does not endeavour to with-hold, when we are losing it.

THE Dutches *Du Maine*, at her Return from Confinement and before my Release, had been informed of my Connection with the Chevalier *De Menil*, and his pretended Intentions; and, when I came to *Seaux*, talked of them with some Slight. The Indisposedness which I perceived in her to countenance them, stung me. She forbid me seeing him at her House, under Colour that his Proscription was not yet quite taken off, and seemed to set herself against whatever I might ask on that Head. I could easily see, that all she meant was to keep me with her: But when she came to hear of *Mons. Dacier's* Offers, it turned her Mind in Favour of my former Settlement. She told me, that she had wished it might take Place; that the Times had not allowed of her promoting it; that now she was delivered from such Circumspection; that if I preferred my former Views, to those which then offered themselves, I might be assured of her Readiness to forward them; and that she would the more willingly concern herself in this, as it would not remove me so far from her: And besides, it seemed to her infinitely more suitable to me, than the Match in Question. She even entered into Particulars; saying, that considerable Vacancies might fall out in the Duke *Du Maine's* Household; that they could not be better filled, than by my Chevalier; that they would make up any Deficiency of his Fortune, and take away all his Pretences for eluding his Engagements with me.

HAD I been guided only by my own Lights, however ordinary they may be, I should easily have discovered the Snare; but Passion, ever blind, led

me into it: Yet, under all my Waverings, I kept off for some Time. Deference to the Counsels of my Friends buoyed me up. Monsieur *De Valincourt* and Madame *De Réal* were continually representing to me the considerable Advantages of my Settlement with Monsieur *Dacier*; the Independency and Fortune which would, at least, accrue to me hereafter, and urged me to conclude it. The Marchioness *De Lambert* *, perhaps, being a staunch *Modern*, from Dislike to a Chief of the opposite Party, gave me a doleful Description of the Life I should lead with Monsieur *Dacier*. "What will you do," said she, "with a Man, who makes such a Parade of his *Greek*? and much he'll look upon you, who know not a Word of it."

IN the mean time Monsieur *Dacier* solicited several Persons, to intercede with the Duke and Dutchess *Du Maine* for their Consent. Madame *De Chiverny*, one of his Patronesses, desired her Royal Highness the Dutchess of *Orleans* to speak to the Dutchess *Du Maine*. The Prince of *Conti*, to whom he had Access also, spoke in his Behalf. So many various Means unsuccessfully employed divulged the Affair that it became publickly known, and it was also generally approved of. Innumerable were the Compliments paid to me, and even to the Dutchess *Du Maine*, who plainly indicated how little acceptable they were to her.

I USED

* Was finely educated by her Father-in-Law, who early perceived her admirable Genius. Her House was a Kind of Academy, where Persons of Letters used to meet. Her Advice to a Son and Daughter is much esteemed. Died at *Paris*, 1733; aged 86.

I used to see Monsieur *Dacier* now and then, either at Monsieur *De Valincourt's* or Madame *De Réal's*. He often writ to me, and grew more and more desirous of concluding our Union; particularly I had once a Conversation with him, when he showed an Eagerness which made me draw back. I then felt the Inconveniency of a Husband with such a Degree of Fondness which one cannot bring one's self to. I had gone to *Paris*, and returned to *Seaux*, full of this Conviction. The Dutchess *Du Maine*, unknowingly, took Advantage of it, in a Conversation we had on this Subject, and in which I gave Ground. She began with a Preamble full of Kindness; expatiating on the Use I was of to her; what a Loss my going away would put her to, consequently what a Vexation it would be to her; and at length said to me, "To be sure you have not an unmountable Inclination for Monsieur *Dacier*: Interest is the Whole. Pray, what are the Emoluments he proposes to you?" I gave her the Particulars of them. "That's but a small Matter. I can and will do a great deal more for you; only sacrifice to me this unequal Match. Consider on it." "Madam," answer'd I, "to you I have given myself, and will not sell myself else-where. I am at your Highness's Disposal." "Well," reply'd she, "think no more on your Scholar, and I will think of making your Life as pleasant and happy as possible." In Reality, she heaped unexpected Favours on me; took me with her in her Airings, her Parties of Pleasure; and, very few Things excepted, used me like the Ladies of her Household.

MONSIEUR *De Valincourt* was very much displeased that I should recede so giddily, and without any Security of a Provision. I imagined that what I had done would, on that Account, be the better taken; yet I might have known that the Dissipation of Pleasures, or Attention to higher Objects, hinder Princes from remembering these Kind of Things.

THIS zealous Friend laboured to persuade me, that what I had said to the Dutches *Du Maine* was no more than a Compliment, and was still for prosecuting the Affair; but Monsieur *Dacier*, who at the Beginning of it had a threatening Illness upon him, found himself unable to fulfil his Views, and, in his Turn, asked a Demur. I went to see him. He immediately left the Academy where he then was, and came up very fast; but could scarce utter a Word, being almost suffocated by the Distemper in his Throat: Yet he struggled hard to express a mighty Affection for me, and still hoped to spend his Life with me. Though he seemed to me in a very bad Way, I was infinitely surprized when, two Days after, I heard of his Death. Many said he ought to have considered me in his Will; I don't know whether I had not myself some little Thought which looked that Way.

THE Dutches *Du Maine* was a little mortified at this News, and signified to me that it gave her an extreme Concern to have hindered me from embracing the Advantages he had proposed to me. I was sorry for him, more from his known Esteem of me, than from the faint Hopes I had of our Union. Now I could see the irretrievable Fault I had committed, in letting slip so fair an Opportunity of procuring Quiet and Freedom.

THE

THE Chevalier *De Menil*, now returned from his second Journey, was more indifferent to me than ever. The few Visits he paid me, I perceived to be so much against the Grain, that I plainly told him he was welcome to dispense with them. He made little or no Excuse, and we never saw each other but accidentally; sometimes at Madame *De Menou's*, a Relation of his, whose Acquaintance I cultivated as a Person of solid Accomplishments and an amiable Virtue, and she always received me in a Manner correspondent to my great Esteem of her.

THE other Relation from *Anjou*, so different from this, came to *Paris*. He boarded her with the above Lady, and became enamoured of her to an Excess, that it grew a Town-Talk. He was desirous I should see her: Perhaps he might think it a Justification of his Change; for I cannot imagine that he meant to make a Merit of the Sacrifice he made to her, in me. However it be, he prevailed on her to make the first Advances; to which I answered in the usual Way, that I might not seem to treat her differently from any other. Perhaps also, I was not sorry to behold the Rock on which I had been wrecked. She writ to me, and invited me, when I could come to *Paris*, to dine at Monsieur *De Menil's* with Monsieur *De Fontenelle*, and some others of my Friends. I came and saw her. I thought her, as she was, tall, well shaped, not handsome, and less pretty; her Discourse and Behaviour quite Country. She appeared the same to others. My most solid Comfort was, to see the powerful Charm which had alienated that Attachment I had so highly valued, and now I seriously determined to obliterate the melancholy Remembrance of it. Among the Distractions which occurred, that
from

from Monsieur *De Sully* occupied the chief Place in my Mind. I have noticed, that at my leaving the *Bastille* he was soon with me; for the Kind of Lustre which that Confinement had given me, was not indifferent to him. He sought me out when I came to *Paris*, and was with me more than ever. At that Time his entire Soul was taken up with a Passion for an Object, more distinguished for Rank than Beauty. In his high Opinion of her Merit, he was persuaded that she was incapable of Weakness for any other than himself. This Victory gained over Virtue which had seldom come in his Way, inflamed his Sentiments beyond other Charms to which he was more accustomed. This Work of his Imagination he was every Day decorating with the most ornamental Allurements; but the more brilliant Illusions are, the more rankling is the Catastrophe of them. He saw, or imagined, that this Woman, of whom he conceived himself the sole Favourite, bestowed a favourable Look also on others. As the Vexation this gave him was insupportable, he opened it to me, together with his whole Adventure. This was a Confidence which displeased me, yet it was a Pleasure to see him quite ignorant of any Concern which it might be of to me. He asked my Advice. I told him, that my Regard for him would incline me to hear him relate his Disquietudes, and the Cause he had for being under such Trouble, but that my Way of Thinking would allow me to go no further; that besides, being in every Respect so very unfit for the Business in Question, I was surprized he should think of bringing me into it. He conjured me, by the Friendship which I had ever shewn him, at least to hear him. I consented, which was no small Matter;

Matter ; for he had so many Things to say, all vague and indeterminate, and with so many Repetitions, that I myself wonder'd how I could hear him out. Speaking was not all ; he used to write me Letters of a Length to frighten me, that unquestionably his Passion was very violent. However, he resolved to sacrifice it to his Vanity, which he conceived to be outraged. This Design he also communicated to me. I told him to think well of it ; and, when I perceived him to be pretty well fixed, I became more free of my Counsels, as I might with more Decency take Cognizance of Ruptures. This he was for beginning with a Letter, of which he instantly requested me to give him a Model, his Mind being too agitated to write with Regularity ; and the Tranquillity of mine was not a less Impediment in finding out something to say : Yet, willing to gratify him, and perhaps, though without any Pretension, desirous of detaching him from one whom I did not like his loving, I composed a Letter, which he approved of. He copied it, and sent it to the Lady ; who was exasperated at it, and, in the most pressing Terms, required to see him. He would not. Here was a fresh Perplexity for wording his Refusal, and a new Entreaty to me that I would also furnish him with this Piece. This drew on another ; being embarked, there was no stopping. A Lady of great Rank and Celebrity was privy to this Affair ; and, as she pretended, had come into it to save her Friend's Reputation, and guard her from her own Imprudence.

MONSIEUR *De Silly*, who was under some Obligations to her, had taken the Opportunity of her Absence to break with her Client. The latter

latter writ a doleful Account of her Disaster to their common Friend, who immediately writ a fulminating Letter to the faithless Lover. He sent it to me, and I must answer it. All this was doing whilst I was at *Seaux*, where not a Day passed but an Express came from him with very prolix Dispatches, and always some Employment or other for me. Nothing has ever so much shewn me the invincible Power which a first Inclination had given him over me, as the Complaisance with which I followed the Course of this Affair.

THE Lady Confident returned from the Country, I was much in her Favour. She knew I was acquainted with Monsieur *De Silly*, and complained to me of him; assuring me, that he had meant only to impose on the Person whom she espoused. I told her, that I believed I knew the contrary. "Oh!" said she, "had you seen the Letters he has writ to her, you would be convinced that he never had any Thing of Love for her." Indeed they did not express a Heart strongly affected, but then it was not from him that they properly came.

THE forsaken Mistress having, after this harsh Denial of an Interview, received Intelligence that we had agreed to dine at a Seat of the Friend's near *Paris*, came thither. This was an Apparition which extremely surprized me; but much more when at rising from Table, she, without any Pretence or Ceremony, hurried Monsieur *De Silly* into the Garden, and kept him so long, that the Hour approaching for my indispensable Return to *Seaux*, and he having engaged to bring me back, I was under a Necessity of sending him Word of it. He was not to be found, that I mentioned my Uneasiness

to the Lady of the House. She was vexed to the highest Degree that I should be present at such a ridiculous Scene, acted within her Purlieus, and of which she was conscious what Judgement I should form. Seeing no good came of Messages, she went herself with me into the Garden, and at length found them in a very animated Colloquy, but the Spirit of it was a more turbulent Passion than Love. The Woman with her Cap half off her Head, and the Look of a Fury; the Gallant in a Composure full of Indignation.

He was now driving to *Seaux*. He told me, that nothing she could say in her Defence had been of any Weight; that she had refused to comply with what he had required, to prevent further Suspicions; and that he was more than ever fixed in his first Resolutions. In effect, he withstood all her Assaults, and did not close again with her; yet his Mind ran on her so that he used to send me a Detail of all her Proceedings, with diffuse Annotations. Some of them offended him; and, in his Pique, he compos'd Verses against her, and though the first he ever made were so full of an acrimonious Poignancy, that I advis'd him by all Means not to let them go abroad; that if his Sword might successfully vindicate his Muse, the tremendous Law had Thrusts not easily parried. My good Will made me pretty large on this Head, and he yielded to my Reasons. He continued a long Time talking and writing to me on this Subject; and the natural Inscriptions of the clashing Motions of his Heart, used to give me the more sensible Concern, being what I had myself partly experienced. I listened to him, and answered him whilst he had any Thing to say.

THE Letters which I had writ to him on this Affair he secretly kept, and most of those which he had received from me since my Inlargement. He had taken Measures for their coming to my Hands, with many other Papers, in case I survived him; and they were punctually delivered to me, after the tragical * Event of his Death.

THE Remainder of my Life, though long, contains very little, the Remembrance of which affects me; and the latter Part quite obscure and uniform. All Correspondence betwixt the Chevalier *De Menil* and me had long since been over. Some Thoughts I had of rewarding poor *Maisonrouge's* faithful Attachment, were disconcerted by his Death. A lingering Illness, with which he was seized soon after our Separation, obliged him to go into his native Province for the Benefit of the Air and to drink the Waters, but there he died. I lamented him infinitely more than I had been able to value him.

I WAS now destitute of every Object; and this Want of Sentiment threw me into a Kind of Annihilation, worse than the total Cessation of Life. I conceived a Disgust of it, and the World became odious to me; all my Desire was to withdraw from it. Monsieur *De Valincourt*, still my Friend, but whom Devotion now kept in an almost continual Retreat, not only approved my Disposition, which I had communicated to him; but, that I might be enabled to put it in Execution with Decency, of his own Accord solicited a small Pension for me, and obtained it. But the Negotiation was spun out

* A most cruel Assassination. Several Conjectures about it, but never clearly known.

out so long, that some intervening Obstacles entirely broke it off. The Dutches *Du Maine* fell dangerously ill, and it was a long Time before she recovered. On this afflicting Occasion, when I exerted myself as far as Nature could bear, she shewed me so much Kindness and Confidence that I was not able to acquaint her with my Design. I thought Time might bring about some more favourable Juncture. This Purpose I still continued to revolve in my Mind, when the Chevalier *De G----*, who had profess'd himself my Lover before my Residence in the *Bastile*, and to whom, at my Delivery, I had thought proper to make known that I had entered into more serious Engagements, mentioned to me a Thought of his that a Person attached to our House by several Ties, before my coming into it, had at that Time for me Sentiments above a common Esteem; that he had heard him more than once, talk of me in such Terms, as put it quite out of Question.

THOUGH living under the same Roof, we had little or no Acquaintance. He had an unsociable Haughtiness, and I was not forward, that we scarce ever spoke to each other; yet I had a Value for him. One saw in him a nice and punctual Probity. His Spirit in risquing to displease rather than disguise Truth, his Plainness and Candour, Virtues no less rare in small than great Courts; together with noble Sentiments, a distinguished Character in his Profession as a Soldier, had gained my Esteem. Though, what I had been told of his Sentiments for me, I looked on as a mere Chimera, yet it made me take more Notice of him. Curious of knowing further, weary of Inaction, and prone to fresh Engagements, when detached from all others, I made some Advances

to him, and embraced the Opportunities of conversing with him; which were not unfrequent, for he soon came to seek out the Places where I was to be met with. Being Summer, we were at *Seaux*; and every Evening I used to walk in a Part of the Garden close to the House, and he was as constant in making his Appearance, that not a Day passed but we had a pretty long Conference. The first Time he failed it gave me a Concern which I had forgot; that I began to dread the Horrors of a new Passion, yet by Nature and long Custom it was a Kind of Support I could not do without; but I now knew that such a Prop, of itself tottering, falls on her who rests on it, and fortunate is she if it does not crush her. The Contrast betwixt my Knowledge founded on Experience, and the Impulse of Propensity, threw me into a very convulsive State of Mind. I resolved to stifle this alarming Sentiment in its Birth, but I found it stronger than I had imagined it to be, and it even gathered new Force from my Struggles to overcome it. My very Sedulity to avoid the Object which was growing so formidable to me, rivetted the Idea of him in my Mind, that it became as a fixed Point, to be compared only to the delirious Effect of an Idea incessantly haunting the Mind. The Comparison, which I made of it in those young Days, filled me with terrifying Prognosticks.

My Care to shun, made me be the more sought. What I alledged for putting an End to our Commerce, indicated my Sentiments. Whatever Lessons Reason may suggest to the Heart, it will generally have its own Way. This Delusion added a Vivacity to his Desires: Vanity also kindled, and assumed all the Appearances of Sentiment. I, as usually happens, mistook

mistook it, and this strengthened my Bands; at the same Time I was more convinced of the Necessity of breaking them. The Person's Rank and Temper had nothing to recommend this new Passion. It tortured me, without subduing me; incensed me against myself, that it was all Bitterness and Reproach.

WHILST I laboured under these Agonies, Madame *De Réal* came to see me at *Scaux*. There was no Body in whom I had a greater Confidence; yet I was for concealing from her a Weakness which my Years, and the melancholy Trials I had gone through, rendered inexcusable. She perceived my Trouble, and urged me to know the Cause. My Answer was only Tears; but these put her upon the Scent. "I see," says she, "that tired of Indifference, you have taken some Inclination which you disapprove; and pray, the Person?" at the same Time naming a very accomplished young Prince. "Alas! no," answer'd I; "my Inclinations are whimsical. I am ever loving Persons whom I do not like." And indeed the Person, by whom I was thus captivated, had in him little that was pleasing, yet had he made some notable Conquests; but so elated was he, besides a Vanity natural to him and a dry unequal Temper, that his very Virtues were scarce supportable. I completed my Confidence in Madame *De Réal*; but told her, that if it cost me my Life, I would tear from my Heart Sentiments so indecorous, and which instead of placing me in Ease and Credit, could only bring me to Wretchedness and Disgrace.

My Resolution was firm; but the Execution difficult, being in a Place where I saw myself observed

served by him I was for avoiding; and who knowing my Weakness, could the easier manage it to his Ends, that I thought the Post too hot, and the only Way was to make a sudden and through Retreat. But how, and what Plea to alledge to my Princess? How stand her Indignation and Reproaches, having no plausible Reasons to alledge? To avoid these Embarrassments it came into my Head, at once and without letting any Thing be so much as suspected of my Design, to throw myself among the *Carmelites*. Once shut within those impenetrable Ramparts, I thought I should sustain any Attacks.

THE Countess *De Brassac*, a zealous Stickler for our Family and to whom I was very well known, had an Apartment there, in which she spent Part of her Life. I went to see her at her Parlour, and desired her to bring me acquainted with some of the Nuns, of whom she had often spoke to me as Gentlewomen of a very refined Conversation. I conversed with three or four, and excellent Company they were. I looked on their Acquaintance as a Cordial which would carry me through the Austerities of their Discipline, and my Resolution was inflamed by the Visit. I imparted it to Madame *De Brassac*, whose elevated Devotion encouraged me in it, though she foresaw how ill it would be taken by the Dutchess *Du Maine*. A few Days after I took the Opportunity of one of our Coaches, which was going to fetch her to spend the Evening. I went as if I was to receive her at the Convent Gate, but when I saw it open'd, in I went, and told her that there I would stay; and begged of her to acquaint the Dutchess *Du Maine*, that this being my deliberate Resolution I could not bring myself to declare it

it to her, neither should I have been able to withstand her Opposition.

THE Prioress and some Nuns, who had waited on the Countess to the Gate, were present. This Interruption of mine surprized them no less than her, who little thought I would put my Design in Execution so soon. Being recovered from their first Astonishment, they asked me whether I had well weighed it? I told them I thought so, and that too much Examination in these Matters only weakened the Resolution of performing them; that I requested them to admit me that Moment; that I could not answer for my being again in such a happy Disposition. This Answer raised to me Doubts about the Certitude of my Calling. The Prioress, an intelligent discreet Gentlewoman, told me, that in her Opinion it would be best for me to think further of it; that if I was truly called to that State, Reflection would incline me to it the more; that if it alienated me from it, it was better soon than too late. It signified nothing, I would be admitted; but the Prioress stood to her Point. The other Nuns and Madame *De Brassac* also sided with her, and all agreed that it was best to delay my Reception; so I returned with Madame *De Brassac*, who however laboured under some Doubts whether she had done well or ill. I, for my Part, was persuaded that a Delay would overset all. I felt myself too weak to expect such an Effort from me at Pleasure.

I THOUGHT however that this Step, though it had failed, would intimidate him on whose Account I had taken it. I informed him of the Risque which I had run, that he might be induced not to expose me to it any more. He was struck with it, and observed

a greater Distance. By this I only suffered the more, and could not detach myself from him. He saw it, and renewed his Advances. My Mind was teeming with new Designs for an utter Separation.

At that Time we had at *Seaux* Madame *Du D-----*. She sought my Acquaintance with Graces which it would be Brutality not to answer. No Person has more Wit, nor with so much of Nature in it. Its active Fire penetrates to the inmost Recesses of every Object, abstracts it from itself, and gives a Relief to every particular Lineament. She is supremely possess'd of the Talent of depainting Characters; and her Portraits, more animated than the Originals, give a better Knowledge of them than the most intimate Commerce.

SHE showed me several such Portraits, to which I owe quite a new Idea of this Manner of Writing. Among the rest was mine; but a little Prepossession and too much Politeness had, contrary to her usual Way, misled her from Truth. I ventured on it myself, that she might see her Mistake, and gave it her as it stands here,

PORTRAIT of the AUTHORESS,

By HERSELF.

" *LAUNAT* is of a middling Stature, lean, thin
 " and disagreeable. Her Temper and Mind are
 " like her Person; nothing amiss, yet nothing
 " pleasing. Her Misfortunes have greatly contri-
 " buted to her Reputation. Those who are without
 " Birth or Fortune, being supposed to want Edu-
 " cation,

“ cation, what little Worth they have is the more
“ esteemed; yet she has had an excellent one, and
“ 'tis from it she derives all the Good that may
“ belong to her, as Principles of Virtue, noble
“ Sentiments, Rules of Conduct, and which now by
“ Habit are become as it were natural. It has ever
“ been her Folly to be willing to be rational; and as
“ Women finding themselves streightened in their
“ Bodies think themselves finely shaped, so her
“ Reason having been troublesome to her, she has
“ imagined herself to have a great deal: Yet has she
“ never been able to get the better of the Vivacity
“ of her Temper, nor to bring it to so much as an
“ Appearance of Equality; which has often rendered
“ her offensive to her Superiors, disagreeable in
“ Society, and quite insupportable to those under
“ her: Happily Fortune has not put it in her Power
“ to bring many into this Misery. With all these
“ Defects, she has acquired a Kind of Reputation,
“ for which she is purely indebted to two fortuitous
“ Occasions; one displaying something of Wit in
“ her, and the other shewing that she was not
“ without Discretion and Firmness. These Events
“ having been of general Knowledge, caused
“ her to be known amidst the Obscurity in which
“ she was shrouded, and gained her a Kind of Re-
“ gard above her Condition. She has endeavoured
“ not to be lifted up by it; but the Satisfaction in
“ thinking herself free from Vanity, is itself a Piece
“ of it.

“ SHE has given up her Life to serious Occu-
“ pations, rather for strengthening her Reason than
“ embellishing her Wit, of which she makes little
“ Account. No Opinion appears to her so clear as to
“ fix

“fix her, but she is as ready to reject as to espouse
 “it; hence it is, that if ever she disputes it is gene-
 “rally out of Pettishness. She has read a great
 “deal, yet knows no more than is requisite to under-
 “stand what is said on any Subject whatever, and
 “to avoid talking impertinently. She has carefully
 “applied herself to the Knowledge of her Duties,
 “and has postponed her Inclination to the Observance
 “of them. From her little Complaisance to herself,
 “she takes upon her to shew none to any other
 “Person; in this she follows her natural Stiffness,
 “which her Situation has bent without destroying
 “the Spring.

“HER predominant Passion, is the Love of Li-
 “berty; a very unfortunate Passion in her, who has
 “passed the greatest Part of her Time in Servitude;
 “Accordingly, amidst many unexpected Pleasures
 “she may have found, it has always been a very
 “galling Yoke to her.

“SHE has ever had great Sensibility in Friend-
 “ship; yet engaged more by the Merits and Virtues
 “of her Friends, than by their Sentiments for her;
 “Indulgent when they are wanting to her, provided
 “they be not wanting to themselves.”

THE painful Alternatives just mentioned I under-
 went for several Years, without any Intervals of Set-
 tledness or Complacency; and in this Time I also
 lost the Persons who, of all others, were dearest to
 me; the Marquis *De Silly*, by a horrible Death;
 may it be buried in eternal Oblivion! A Year after
 died Madame *De Réal*, who was all my Comfort,
 Madame *De Grieu* her Aunt, who had brought
 both of us up with such Tenderness, followed soon
 after.

after. I also lost Monsieur *De Valincourt*, the only true Friend remaining to me. On all Sides I saw myself left alone, that the Ties which still bound me to the World being broken, I conceived a Disgust against it, which, being increased by others from my Princess, disposed me more than ever to the absolute Retreat; but not to the *Carmelites*, whose rigorous Life, on Examination, I judged to be beyond my Constitution, and perhaps beyond my Zeal. St. *Lewis*, at *Rouen*, was the Place where I longed to divest myself of worldly Concerns. The Affection we retain for the Places where we spent our Youth, made me prefer this to any other; and I spoke of it to Madame *De Buffy*, a Lady of an excellent Temper and Sense, and with whom I cultivated an Intimacy since my Loss of dear Madame *De Réal*. I disclosed my whole Heart to her, who, seeing that it was the only Way for breaking those Shackles which made my Life wretched, approved of my making an Essay of the Measures I seemed to have so much at Heart.

I LAID before the Dutchess *Du Maine* the Desire I had of seeing again a Place, where I had passed the greatest Part of my Life; and very earnestly entreated her Leave for taking a Journey thither, and making some Stay. She at first was displeased, that I should ask any such Thing: However, by importunate Instances, I obtained her Permission; but under a solemn Protestation to return. She suspected that this Journey might only be a Colour to a Design of retiring, and questioned me on this Article. I own'd to her, that I had for some Time past taken a Liking to Solitude, and that it had always been my Desire to end my Life where I had begun it. On this

this she required fresh Protestations, that I would renounce this Design; but all that I would promise was, to return at the Term prescribed.

I set out with that Joy which results from having, though in a small Matter, surmounted very great Difficulties. Those which I had met with from my Princess were not all. The Man whom I shun'd had used every Means, except that which he should, for detaining me. I had by Letters desired a Nun of my Acquaintance to break my Design to the Abbess, being myself unknown to her. I was receiv'd in the Convent with Transports of Joy of which Nuns only are capable. The Remembrance they had of me was much more lively, than what I had retained of them; but this, from our very different Walks, was no more than natural.

THEIR excessive Fondness grew a Burthen to me. The Abbess likewise took a Liking to me, that I must always be with her. I went there to be at my own Disposal, and found myself more in the Hands of others than when in the Midst of the World. The same Passions, the same Motions which agitate great Courts, are seen in these little monarchical States, but the Things are set at Work with less Skill, and for Views, the Littleness of which makes the Bustle more disagreeable. I found in it nothing less than that solitary, peaceful Mansion, which my Desires breathed after. I thought that a Place, where I should be neither known or carressed, would much better suit my Views, that I quite dropped the Design of settling here. After a Stay of about six Weeks, I returned to *Seaux* agreeably to my Promise. My Reception was none of the most gracious. My late Taste of Liberty had displeas'd.

THE

THE Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, apprehending that I would at once break the Ties which attach'd me to her, was inclined to ſtrengthen them. She at firſt debated with me about my Thoughts of retreating; was for diving into all the Reaſons of it; allow'd me to particularize the Perplexities and Diſguſts, to which my anonymous Situation near her continually expoſ'd me. The Diſtinctions which ſhe had granted me, ſince my Elevation from the Function and Appellation of Chamber-Maid, had no ſtated Boundaries, that I ſcarce ever knew whether I was within or without them. If I tranſgreſſed them ever ſo little, either unknowingly or by her Orders, the Pouts and Mutterings of her Ladies, ſtrict in keeping up the due Diſtance betwixt them and me, diſdainfully checked my involuntary Treaſpaſs. Theſe Inconveniences I adduced, in Plea of the Deſign I meditated: Though they were not the real Motives, they were the better adapted to ſtrike her. She told me that Evil might be remedied, by marrying me to a Man of ſuch Rank, as ſhould put me on a Level with all the Ladies of her Court; that the Poſts in the Duke *Du Maine's* Diſpoſal, enabled him to make the Fortune of a great many People; that it would be no Difficulty to find ſome Officer under her Prince, who, for Preferment, would readily lend an Ear to this Marriage; that ſhe would immediately look out for a Perſon, fit to answer her Views in this Reſpect, and who, at the ſame Time, ſhould be agreeable to me. I thought that ſuch a Perſon would not be eaſily found, and that I ſhould have Time and Means for avoiding it, if the Match was not advantageous enough; that, if it was, it would be preferable to my Condition; that the Neceſſity
of

of dividing my Services, would procure me a Kind of Liberty; and that, by my Way of Thinking, I should find in this Engagement a no less strong Barrier against my Weaknesses, than within the Walls of a Convent: So that, instead of gainsaying the Dutches's Proposal, I with great Respect thanked her for the great Care she was pleased to take of my Settlement.

SINCE my missing Monsieur *Dacier*, I had not been without Offers; but the Inconveniences I perceived in them, justified my Refusal. Amongst others, a Man who had frequently seen me whilst his Wife was living, as with whom I was very intimate, soon after her Death offered out of pure Esteem to share his Fortune with me. It had been large, as to Money; but at that Time his Affairs were in such Confusion, that I could not bring myself to enter into a Labyrinth, where no Outlet was to be seen.

A KIND of a Country Gentleman, whom I accidentally fell in Company with, for Want of better Knowledge of the World, imagined that one posted in a Court and in Favour with a Princess, might at any Time make a Person's Fortune. He had long served in the Finances, and a considerable Place in that Branch was what he aimed at. This Man looked on me in a magnifying Light, as one whom if by bidding high he could gain over, he should quickly carry his Point. He said nothing to me the first Time; but soon after he applied to me in a diffuse Letter, very finely writ, setting forth his Views; the Place he desired; the Grounds of his Pretensions; the Means of procuring it; and his Intention of acknowledging my Services, with a very considerable Sum or Pension. In Answer, I plainly told

told him I had no Interest; and if I had any, I should not sell it at any Rate: As, in Reality, when there has been a greater Prospect of succeeding, I have always looked on these Kind of Contracts with a Contempt they deserve.

THE Candour and honest Principle, which my Letter manifested, sensibly touched this Person. He returned an Answer, in which he changed the Offer he had made, into that of his Person, if his Fortune should turn out good enough for my Acceptance; or even such as it was, if he might presume to offer it me. I answer'd him again with the same Frankness; letting him know, that nothing was to be expected from me, with Relation to his Fortune; and that it being out of my Power to contribute to it, I could not handsomely accept of sharing it. He renewed his Instances, with which he sent an Inventory of his Substance, the Value of his Employments, and the great Hopes he had both from a considerable Undertaking, in which he had a Share, and from the Interest of some Men in Power. In these Offers I saw such a Suitableness, as to gain my Attention. There was in him also a great deal of Probity, plain good Sense without Culture, virtuous and even liberal Sentiments, and such an Esteem for me, that I could not but acknowledge it; further I did not go.

HE came to *Paris*, during which he was more than once with me, expressing the most respectful Attachment and strongest Desire to unite his Destiny to mine. I gave him to understand that, in my Situation, considering the Age that I had now reach'd, it would be inexcusable to alter my Condition, unless for a Fortune of a very advantageous Aspect; and

D d

that

that I was one of those Antiques, the Value of which is heighten'd by Ancientness.

He unfolded to me the Undertaking, in which he had engaged the greatest Part of his Substance. Immense were the Sums which he promised himself from it, as the Success, he said, was infallible. I had another Opinion of it, and would not enter into any Engagements on such dubious Appearances. In effect, the Affair miscarried, and his Ruin was the Consequence; and this likewise was follow'd by other Misfortunes. It gave me the greater Concern, from the Despair in which I saw him, at his Inability to make me any Offer. It would have given me infinite Pleasure to have repaired his Misfortunes, and by myself or others to have acknowledg'd his generous Sentiments; but I had the Mortification of miscarrying, on some Occasions which he named to me for serving him.

I HAD likewise other Matches offered me, which came to a like End. One was a Man of a middling Rank but rich, living at *Paris* very retired, and wanted a discreet Wife to keep him Company; but not knowing him, I question'd whether I should like his. The Conclusion was to be without any Enquiry, so mine was in the Negative.

A LADY propos'd to me another. This was a Gentleman about Fifty, who had lately retired from the Service to a pretty Estate, where he lived in a handsome and well furnished House. This Gentleman I saw at the Person's House, who first mention'd him to me. His Person and Behaviour were not to be found Fault with, nor did I appear to him so decrepit as he had imagined; and, being satisfied with my very small Fortune (for the Friends I had lost left me
some

(some Marks of their Affection) he said to his Friend that, provided I had no Repugnancy against spending my Life at his Seat, he was ready to conclude the Match.

ON this Proposal I consulted with Madame *De Buffy*, whom I had acquainted with all the other, which she had disliked, and who alone knew what made me listen to them. Concerning this I sent her Word, for she was absent, that it was indeed throwing myself out at the Window; but that was no more than I had long thought of. She, in her Answer, said that this Window seemed to her ten Stories high, and that she would not have me take such a Leap; representing, that to mure myself up with one whom I did not know, or who perhaps was not capable of knowing me, was the Way literally to realize the figurative Expression, under which I had exhibited this Match to her; that therefore she should not approve of it, unless he would allow me to divide my Life betwixt *Paris* and his Estate.

PURSUANT to this Advice, I desired the Lady Mediatrix to acquaint the Gentleman, that my Attachment to the Dutches *Du Maine* would not permit me to leave her without returning, nor to enter into an Engagement which she would never consent to on such Provisoës. His Answer was, that if I was for retaining any other Connections than those I should enter into with him, I did not suit him. This Answer also persuaded me, that he little suited me; so thus ended the third Offer.

OF all these frustrated Projects, the Dutches *Du Maine* knew nothing. She had, in the mean time, commissioned Madame *De Surl-----*, a *Swiss* Officer's Lady who was acquainted with me, and entirely devoted to the Dutches, to look out amongst the

Helvetic Corps, commanded by the Duke *Du Maine*, for one who would marry a Woman without Birth, Youth, Beauty, or Fortune; a Discovery which the thirteen Cantons, put together, could scarce afford. Accordingly the good Gentlewoman was a long Time about it; and, when her Mission was quite out of my Mind, coming one Day to *Scaux*, she told me, "I believe I have, by mere Chance, found the Man. Monsieur *De Surb*---- took me with him to an Officer, his Countryman, who lived in the Neighbourhood of the Seat where I was. I found a small new House, with every Thing clean to Nicety, and Abundance of Cows and Sheep about it. The Owner, who is not young, pleas'd me by a very advantageous Countenance. He is a Man of Birth, a Widower, and lives in this Retreat with two Daughters. They seem discreet, good temper'd Girls; at least I could see they were clever Housewives. He has met with but little Preferment, after a long Service and an irreproachable Discharge of his Duty, because he has kept himself private; as Merit, which does not endeavour to show itself, is seldom found out: But," added she, "I am inclined to think that an Interest, by which he could rise without any Trouble to himself, would be very acceptable to him; and, if the Dutchess *Du Maine* thinks fit that I should have him spoke to, I make no question, by what I can gather from Information, that the Proposal will be very well received by him; and for you, nothing can suit better. He is a Man of a good Family, has been but little in the World, and has not contracted its Vices. He is Master of a small Parcel of Land, which he keeps in

" in his own Hands, and the Box is only two
 " Leagues from *Paris*. This, with what may
 " be expected from the Duke *Du Maine's* Patronage,
 " will enable you to live very prettily."

WHILST she was thus speaking, her Discourse presented to my Mind an Image of rural Life; the Opposition of which to mine gave a Relief to every Object, and filled me with Admiration of its mild and simple Beauties. At that Time I was in Milk Diet, and nothing seemed to me so satisfactory as to have Cows of one's own. The Pride of Men carefully hides from them the low Circumstances which have contributed to determine them on the most important Occasions, and it is only an exact and difficult Retrospect which can trace them out. Now behold me quite in Love with the new Kind of Life which I propose to lead.

ANY Offers which I liked were unquestionably to be laid before the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*. These she approved of, and it was resolved that, without naming me, the Settlement in question should be proposed to Monsieur *De S-----*. Madame *De Surl----* had a Friend, who was more intimately acquainted with him than herself, and he was charged with this Negotiation. The Overture was well received by Monsieur *De S-----*, who; however, ask'd some Days to return a positive Answer. He lived with his Daughters, for whom he had justly all the Affection of a Parent; and his first Preliminary was, their free Consent to come under a Mother-in-Law, an Appellation always odious. In this he met with some Difficulty. Mistresses in their little Cottage, and directing all the Concerns of it, they fear'd that I would deprive them of their Authority,

churity, the great Object of Jealousy in the Country no less than at the Court. This they might have been easy about, from my Want of Capacity and Taste for those very useful Occupations, but this they knew nothing of. However, they yielded to their Father's Inclination; who, in this Offer, saw before him a sure and easy Fortune: But he, very prudently, was for giving a fixed Object to general Promises. He was only a Lieutenant in the *Swiss* Guards; the Captain of his Company had for some Time, by an Apoplexy, been incapable of doing his Duty. His Demand was, to fill the Post when it should fall, as the Captain's Death could not be far off; and that, in the mean time, he should have the Title of Commandant of the Company, of which he performed the Functions ever since the Disability of his Captain: Promising to conclude the proposed Marriage on receiving this first Favour, as a certain Pledge of the Remainder, which he was contented to wait for.

This was the Substance of his Answer; which the Dutchesse *Du Maine* approving, turned all her Thoughts on recommending the Design to the Duke *Du Maine*. She set forth to him all the Reasons she had for desiring to see me settled, and placed them in that beautiful Light which she can impart to whatever her Mind is set on; but he, with his usual Address, eluding what he would not directly oppose, applauded her Design in general, but proposed other Persons, whose Consent was dubious and their Suitableness less certain. The Dutchesse *Du Maine* would not take the Change; but, being used to his Doublings, follow'd him till she came up with him. This took up a long Time, during which

it was thought proper that Monsieur *De S-----* and I should see each other. This Interview was at Madame *De Surl-----*'s. He was better pleased with me than there was room to hope. Of him, I formed no determined Judgement at this first Meeting; but, some Time after, Monsieur and Madame *De Surl-----* and I went by Appointment to his Country-House, and dined there. The Place, the Repast, the Company, every Thing put me in Mind of the Golden-Age. Here was a little chearful House, with Walls as white as Snow; it looked the better for not being furnish'd. I have not since placed so great a Value on this Kind of Ornament. The Poultry of his Yard, the Flesh of his Flocks, and the Fruits of his Garden covered the Table. Our young Landladies dressed Part of the Food, and brought us Cakes and Cheeses of their own making. It was with Pleasure I contemplated this Manner of Living, so agreeable to Nature, which is become foreign to us; and I thought it would suit me. I liked the Master of the House; his Person, his Carriage, his unaffected Politeness, flowing from the Heart and expressive of a mild benevolent Temper; and such is his. His Soul, exempt from all Passions, is carried towards Good by a natural Propensity, which nothing can withhold or divert. Of this steady Calm the Result is a perfect Equanimity; upright and prudent Views, as not offuscated by any mental Disorder; Ideas rather just, than abundant; few Words, but sensible. In fine, one whose Company cannot be troublesome; something farther from creating Disgust, than exciting Fondness. All this I then confusedly perceived, but afterwards had a clear experimental Discernment of; and I found a Man whom Nature

Nature had placed, where Reason cannot reach. After Dinner we talk'd over the Business which had brought us thither. Monsieur *De S-----* made no Difficulty of declaring, that it was what he was extremely desirous of, yet required to be previously invested with the Title, as introductory to the Post. I myself did not conceal my Approbation of such a Preliminary, and we parted very well satisfied with each other. When I was got into the Coach, he put at my Feet a little Lamb, the fattest of his whole Flock, desiring my Acceptance. This Pastoral Present seem'd to me perfectly of a Piece with all the rest of the Entertainment.

I MADE a Report to the Dutches *Du Maine* of the Success of our Journey. She was impatient for the Execution of whatever was of her scheming, and the Delay of this put her very much upon the Fret. The Duke *Du Maine*, to whom she was continually urging the Condition required, started new Difficulties. Some Incident, which might render such a Step in Form, was to be waited for; none happen'd. In the Interim, it came to my Knowledge that the Land, thought to be Monsieur *De S-----*'s, belonged to his Daughters, and thus the only Emolument accruing to me from this Match, was to be married to a Man of some Rank; which, indeed, as to my Situation, was not without its Conveniences, but otherwise what I was very indifferent about. We went to *Anet*, a Seat of the Duke *Du Maine*'s, and subsequent Distractions seem'd to have swept away the Remembrance of this Affair. Not a Hint would I give of it. So much was it lowered in my Thoughts, that I wish'd it might never be remember'd any more; for I was continually advancing

vancing in Years, that all matrimonial Schemes became more and more ridiculous in me. Such were my Dispositions when, after our Return from *Anet*, about the Beginning of Winter, the Duke *Du Maine* said to the Dutchess, "*De S-----*'s Captain has had " another Fit of the Apoplexy, and I instantly seized " the Opportunity to make him Commandant of " the Company ; so that's over." This was the only Condition he had required for terminating the Affair. I was sent for, and the Dutchess, with an uncommon Effusion of Joy, told me the News, which I received with as much Coldness. What had pleased me at a Distance, looked quite otherwise near at Hand ; and at once several Inconveniences, hitherto latent, broke in upon my Mind, that I was perfectly amazed at my own Blindness. At the same Time I saw that, after such a Step, there was no drawing back from it. From the Agony this brought on me, or some other Cause, I fell sick ; but the Loss of my Life seemed to me the only Resource left me. Melancholy as this was, it failed. I recovered, and now was to take on the Yoke which I had assented to, and at first viewed with Delight. We went to *Paris*, where I waited on Madame *De Buffy*. She liked the Match, and endeavoured to revive my Spirits, but I was at least for putting it off ; and in Hopes of some lucky Incident solicited, though ineffectually, for a Delay 'till after the Campaign, which Monsieur *De S-----* was going to make. My Princess told me, that the Duke *Du Maine* had given his Word for the Commission, that it was noised abroad, and that ended it must be. As my last Trial I represented to her, that my supreme Duty being an Attendance on her, I was most

most inclined to keep only to this so honourable Engagement; but that if I enter'd into any other, that I would also fulfil, which would be incompatible with the assiduous Service I owed to her Highness: That I begged of her to think on it before the irrevocable Step was taken, that I might not afterwards fall under the Perplexity of reconciling opposite Duties. She reply'd, that she had foreseen that I should be oblig'd to divide my Time betwixt her and my Husband, and accordingly so it should be; Part of the Year he should have my Company, and the other Part I should be with her. I requested that, if it was in the least against her Inclination, she would not sacrifice it to a Settlement which it would give me no Uneasiness to relinquish. She was inflexible, and so little minded what I said, that afterwards she would never remember the Representation I had made to her, nor her Consent that I should divide my Duties.

THE Pension, which the Duke *Du Maine* had granted me on my Release, was secured to me. Her Highness gave me some Cloaths; and thus the Victim being decorated, was led to the Altar by Madame *De Chambonnas*, Mistress of the Robes to the Dutchess *Du Maine*, and afterwards brought back to her most Serene Highness; who received me, and even embraced me with great Transports of Joy. I was next ushered in to the Duke *Du Maine*, to whom I repeated this Verse of a Psalm, *He raiseth the Poor out of the Dust*: "I may also add," said he, "*and maketh the barren Woman to keep House.*" He was pleased very condescendingly to assure us of future Favours. Little did we think of losing him so soon.

ALL

ALL these Duties being performed, Monsieur and Madame *De Surl-----*, Monsieur *De S-----* and I, took Coach to go and dine with him at *Gennevilliers*, where I had been allow'd to stay some Days. By the Way I called on Madame *De Buffy*, who was now very ill. She had been lingering a long Time, yet at Sight of me Joy visibly sparkled in her Countenance. She gave me a fine Snuff Box, and several other Tokens of a tender Friendship. It was with a sensible Concern that I left her; and never saw her more, 'till in her last Moments. This Melancholy, which I brought away, might not a little contribute to put me out of Humour with my new Mansion. My Daughters-in-Law, who probably had flatter'd themselves that the Match would not be brought about, instead of coming to receive me, were not to be seen. They had refused being present at the Ceremony, which already had given me to judge of their Affections towards me. The eldest was prevailed on to shew herself; and, at last, she appeared, but with a Face and Behaviour little suitable to the Occasion: However, instead of taking Notice of it, I endeavoured, by a great many Blandishments, to overcome her ill Humour. Dinner was near over before the youngest came in, making some awkward Excuses for being so late; and the Whole took some Appearance of Concord and Chearfulness, yet far from satisfactory. Monsieur *De S-----* being vexed at my disagreeable Reception, and I in a Cloud to find myself married, a Confusion spread through the House, and the Company took Part in it. Besides those I have named, it consisted of some chosen Friends, who had follow'd us.

THE

THE Day after such inauspicious Commencements, being uneasy about Madame *De Buffy's* Health, I wanted to send to hear from her ; and the Means not being procured me with any Readiness, I withdrew to give Vent to my Tears. One of our Guests came to look for me, and being the same who had first opened the Match to Mons. *De S----*, was the more concerned to find me under such an extreme Grief, which confusedly included various Subjects. I excused my Uneasiness on several Pretences, and determined to hide it as much as possible. Mons. and Madame *De Surb----*, with their Friends, were gone ; and now I was under greater Trouble at being alone, and as it were a Stranger in a House, which I was intitled to look on as my own. Mons. *De S----* omitted nothing to render the Mansion agreeable to me, but the first Impressions could not wear off so soon. I remained there a few Days more ; we then went to *Paris*, to wait the Dutcheß *Du Maine's* Return from *Seaux*, whither she had gone to spend the Carnival.

SHE soon returned, and expressed a great deal of Joy at seeing me in my new Character. I had all the Privileges of the Ladies of her Household, Admittance to her Table and Coach ; yet, on an Occasion which came round soon after, I found she did not care I should be seen so near her in public. It was the Time when the King reviews the *Swiss* Guards. The Duke *Du Maine* said to her, he would have her be there, and entertain me with the Sight. She went, but I was put in a Coach with Madame *De Surb----* ; whilst Madame *De Beff----*, being more known at Court, was in hers : Whence I inferred, that

that the Sacrament of Marriage does not, like that of Baptism, wash away original Stains.

THIS Discovery was succeeded by another, which shewed me that I was still further out in my Reckoning. Mons. *De S----* had gone Home, to pass *Lent* with his Family; and, towards the Close, sent me Word that immediately after *Easter* he was to set out for the Campaign, expressing how agreeable it would be to him, if I would spend *Passion-Week* at his House at *Gennevilliers*. I intimated it to the Dutchesse *Du Maine*. She heard it with an Amazement, mixed with Indignation; and, to an absolute Refusal, added very vehement Complaints: Taxed me with Ingratitude and Deceit; as if, in paying some Regard to the Husband she had given me, I threw off all Duty to her. It was to no Purpose I offered to her Consideration, what I had represented previously to the Marriage: All was forgot; at least I hope so, for all was flatly denied. Then I saw that the Chain, which I had been for slackening, was drawn tighter. This Contradiction, which portended many others, was the more irritating, as I passionately desired this short Interval of Liberty to share it with Madame *De Bussy*, then at the Point of Death. That Week which I had destined for another Place, I was forced to spend at *Seaux*; and there it was that some Days after I heard of my Friend's Death. This filled up the Measure of my Grief; and the Marks of her Kindness left in her Will, shewed her deserving of all my Esteem. She left me a pretty Country-house completely furnished, which had been her Delight, and the Diamond Ring she always wore: Yet to me their chief Value has been, that they were Memorials of so dear a Friend; with whom, as deeply graved on my Heart, my Mind has been conversant in a thousand affecting Recollections.

E e

I HAVE

I HAVE not known a Woman so perfectly rational, and with so little Study or Formality in her Reason. Never was a more sensible Soul and more placid Mind. Every Thing in her was Sentiment, even to Thoughts; but Sentiment entirely consistent with the purest Lights. From this excellent Harmony resulted Sensibility without Inequality, and Passions without Vehemence; a mild Vivacity, exquisite yet complacent Sense. Her Heart was the Residence of Truth, Probity, Candour, and the most tender Benevolence; they were Natives of it, and throve spontaneously. Her Virtues were also embellish'd by that vivifying Warmth, which imparts a Grace to all Things, even to Faults. But what beyond any Thing attached her Friends to her, was that in her was found that true and perfect Friendship, so often suspected of being only a visionary Idea. The Confidence she inspired, was that which one has for one's self; and one would readily have told her, what would have given Pain to own to one's self. Her tender Concern, her solicitous Attention to what was said to her, penetrated the Heart, and laid open its closest Folds. Further, the Salutariness of her Advice, and her persuasive Talents added an Utility to the Charms of the Confidence reposed in her.

UNDER the Grief which the irreparable Loss of such a Friend gave me, I was obliged to accompany her Highness to *Aner*; where the Resentment of my Superior seemed to machinate in Combination with the Jealousy of my Equals and Inferiors, to increase the Lowness of my Spirits, which they effectually did. The sole Satisfaction I brought back, was a Sight of the delightful Hermitage which had been left me, as it stood within a small Distance from our Road; but Half an Hour was the longest I staid there. This cursory Survey, however, left in me a
great

great Desire of living in that peaceful Retreat. Here also my Intentions were to be crossed, by fresh and direful Misfortunes. The Duke *Du Maine*, who had hitherto enjoyed a perfect State of Health, was seized with a Distemper which at first seemed nothing, but was soon declared incurable. There is no expressing the Dutches's *Du Maine's* Anxiety. Her Affliction obliterated all bitter Remembrances of some Abuses of her Superiority, and she would have me entirely with her. The close Attendance which the Duke's Condition required, kept her a whole Twelvemonth at *Seaux*, in an excruciating Suspense; and during the whole Time, she, who excepting the Interval of Confinement had been immersed in Pleasure and Dissipations, notwithstanding the shocking Nature of his Distemper, persevered in the most punctual Discharge of all the Offices of Affection. She was losing a Prince, who was the Support of her House; and whose personal Merit kept up, after his Fall, the very great Regard which had been used to be paid him, both by the Publick and at Court. His Virtues indeed were rather the Effects of Religion, than the Gifts of Nature. He loved Retirement, Study and Work; and, with every Thing that is amiable in Company, shunned it; but when in it, no Person more easy, polite and chearful, and always the same Man. She was also losing in him a Husband, over whom she had an invincible Ascendancy; from which she used to draw great Advantages, without losing that of an absolute Freedom.

AFTER inexpressible Sufferings, the Cancer in his Face successively deprived him of all the Functions of Life; and, at length, of Life itself.

HE went through all the Tortures of his Death with a Christian Fortitude, and gave exemplary Instances of an elevated Devotion. With him seemed to
expire

expire all those Hopes of Fortune which had seduced me; yet they had a less Share in my Grief than my unfortunate Princess, and his own Person, so worthy of Esteem.

THOUGH I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no Evil.

HERE Madame *De Stahl*'s Illness suddenly became so violent, as to deprive her of the Power of writing any more; and, from a Sense of her approaching Death it was, that she writ that apposite Passage of *Psalm* xxiii. The subsequent Part of her Life was quite uniform. The most remarkable Passages are, that the Dutchesse *Du Maine*, after Affairs were settled, gave her a very honourable Discharge, yet continued her Pension, and procured Monsieur *De Stahl* a Company in the Guards. She writ two Plays, besides smaller Pieces, all very well received. Her agreeable Qualities in a little Time overcame the Jealousy of her Daughters-in-Law, and she even divided her Substance betwixt them and her favourite Convent of *St. Lewis*. Mons. *De Stahl* perfectly answered the Idea she at first conceived of him. It must naturally be supposed that a Person of such Sentiments as Madame *De Stahl*, left this World in the same hopeful Manner as the Duke *Du Maine*, and this I can attest. She died at *Gennevilliers*, in the Night of the Fifteenth of June, 1750. *Requiescat in Pace!*

“JAQUES TRISTAN.”

F I N I S.



ced
my
hy

a-

*
*
*

re-

of

p-

te

of

le

er

le

d

ne

ll

ne

y,

n

e

-

a

,

e

t

f

3.